

*A Lincoln*

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS  
MADE  
DURING FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE  
WITH THE  
NINETY-EIGHTH N. Y. VOLUNTEERS,  
IN THE  
WAR OF 1861.

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BY  
WILLIAM KREUTZER, COLONEL.

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## Dedication.

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TO THE HONORABLE  
WILLIAM A. WHEELER,  
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,  
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,  
IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS CONSTANT ATTENTION  
TO THE WELFARE OF THE NINETY-EIGHTH REGIMENT,  
AND AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS WORTH  
AND PATRIOTIC SERVICES,  
BY THE AUTHOR.





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## P R E F A C E.

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I N publishing this work, the author has sought to place in more convenient and durable form, the notes and observations made during his service in the late war. He describes what he saw from his own stand-point, and the pages are stained with the smoke redolent from bivouac, camp, and battle-field. His memoranda were often made in haste, in exigency, under fire, seldom from memory. In transcribing the facts, names, and dates, he has diligently compared them with recognized authority. To supply a missing link he has resorted to the histories of Lossing, Greeley, and Frank Moore. Colonel Davis' "History of the 104th Pennsylvania Volunteers" has been invaluable. While the regiments were together, in 1862 and 1863, the histories are almost identical, and he has copied from it freely.

A regimental officer has but few opportunities to collect material for a book which shall be interesting to the general reader; from those only who have attempted it can the author confidently expect appreciation. Field service, active campaigning, want of sufficient transportation, the wind, the rain, the dust, "accidents by flood and field," keep him constantly in the lightest marching order.

Originally, the writer noted his impressions; what he desired to remember; and in composing this volume he has taken the division for the unit, as suggested by army regulations, and marked out and pursued a plan entirely his own.

Solomon wrote of the cedars of Lebanon, and of the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, so the author has written of mules, horses, cooks, privates, officers, marches, battles and sieges.

Retrospectively, his military life appears like a dream. The fatigue, the suffering, the exposure, the carnage, the martial material and parade seem unsubstantial, like a pageant faded. Time changes experience into memory; in memory the colors fade, the darker lines grow light, the lighter lines grow dim.

Before entering the service, the volunteer possessed but little military knowledge; he knew nothing of active campaigning, and had seldom seen "the legion's ordered line." If the profession of arms is a routine, still he had everything to learn. Enlisting, from peaceful pursuits, to perform an imperative duty, believing the civil preferable to the military, it needed no small amount of study, fortitude, and endurance to meet the responsibilities of open, flagrant war, the trade of princes.

Without powerful political friends or affiliations, in this country, however great his merit, none could reasonably hope to rise. Without the arts of the politician, advancement was as distant to the friendless volunteer, as are places of honor and profit in civil life to the poor but respectable. The curious inquirer has yet to learn of one promotion made on the battlefield. Greeley, the philosopher, closes his history saying that the soldier melts into the citizen, with nothing but the proud consciousness of having served and saved his country. And Grant, in his farewell address to the army, says that the families of the dead soldiers shall be helped and sustained. When, and where, and how, he does not say; clouds and darkness rest upon it.

To compose and publish is one of the inalienable rights of American citizenship, to be enjoyed without apology, or per-

mission, or restraint. So the author exercises it, without hope of popularity, and without expectation of reward. As the manufacturer exposes his articles for sale, so the writer has composed his book, honestly, truthfully, faithfully, and now offers it to the public. He invites examination, criticism, charitable or censorious. But one man, poor Keats, ever died of a critic.

For composing this volume he has had but little leisure. His vocation is not professional, nor has he any literary aspirations. For an author, the advantages of a city are far superior to those of the country. He has had access to no public documents, no learned society, no extensive library, no historical celebrity.

Believing that the observations and experience of nearly every field officer who served four years during the late war, if carefully and plainly written out, will be interesting, if not instructive, to many, he publishes the work.





## INTRODUCTION.

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YOUNG men, everywhere, even in old commercial and manufacturing communities, are fond of reading the times of heroes, martial stories, and narratives of deeds of desperate daring. The warrior, the chieftain, is the model character for youth ; and every one who reads at all has read Plutarch's Lives, Rollin's History, Scottish Border Warfare, and our own Colonial history and biography.

The pleasure we experience in meditating upon expeditions, marches, battles, and exhibitions of energy, will, courage, and prowess, seems to arise from the gratification of one of the deepest propensities of our nature, and shows as conclusively as any of the deductions of Darwin, that we have all sprung from ancestors whose lives were spent in plundering forays and war. In fact, we are often led to think that civilization is nothing but a gilding or veneer, which hides the grain and color of our uglier and rougher character. We study and practice deportment, and the amenities, and civilities of enlightened refinement. We are every day told, and everywhere, that the light and knowledge, the benign institutions we enjoy, the charity and philanthropy which we see exhibited from youth to age, have chastened, subdued, refined, corrected, extinguished, our lower propensities ; that they have smoothed the raven-down of darkness until it sparkles into light ; so that, guided by our reason and prompted by our nobler feelings, affections and yearnings, we fancy that we have overcome ourselves and are approaching the Infinite. We persuade ourselves that the reign of universal brotherhood has begun ; and if angels do not walk with men, men approach the sphere of angels. But in an evil hour, while our minds are filled with love and beneficence, some extraneous, worldly considerations excite our interest, pride, or passions, and our aspirations for the Good, the Beautiful, the True

vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision; we become prehistoric men, and shout with demoniac savageness and frenzy: "On to Richmond; on to Berlin; on to Paris."

War is a refiner, a civilizer, a teacher, a chastener of society. Its lessons are grimly terrible and fearfully salutary; care, treatment, medicine, have failed, and the knife and fire must be tried. Its solutions often transcend the progress of years of peace.

Our statesmen appear to understand, but in part, what the war of 1861 achieved. They have done but little more than wrangle over its results, without being able to comprehend or answer the great questions which our new relations and conditions have proposed. For the past fifteen years they have told over and over again the same speeches; Conkling, Sherman, Schurz, Seymour, Johnson, Blair, each side all the same; the one for the South, the other for the North. Fighting old issues, not one of them is over the war yet. The financial inquiries of our industrial interests receive no intelligent attention or response; while the South is in anarchy yet, on the road to depopulation and desperately poor. It is thirteen years since the army was disbanded and Congress assumed command; and still that fair domain of ten states is, literally, a howling wilderness and an insurrectionary chaos. Our senators and our representatives, little men, too often, like our petty officials, buy their offices, and, resting on their laurels, attribute their distinction to their worth, and their success to their intelligence and sagacity. Like little fishing smacks, when once in office, they keep near shore, behind the bars and breakwaters; but do not resemble that adventurous pilot who, pleased with the danger when the sea ran high, sought the deep.

The large estates of the South should have been confiscated or purchased, and, resurveyed and broken up, they should have been given to our soldiers and landless millions. So the nations assimilate and hold their conquests; so Rome subdued the world.

The war lifted the nation to a higher agricultural, manufacturing, and social plane; and how to maintain it there, or take it higher, is the question for the statesman and financier; and how to return to its former condition is the question which the weak and the stupid are asking.

For the exhibition of stupidity and gross imbecility by public men, the period from the election of Mr. Lincoln to the battle of Bull-run stands ahead in the history of the world. The reason and

courage of the North appeared paralyzed. Our high officials, silenced by the arguments and sophistry of the South, thoroughly penetrated by the doctrine of state sovereignty, could not coerce a state.

Lincoln did not ask for troops until the Confederacy was organized and on foot. The Government durst not reinforce Fort Sumter until it was too late. Stephen A. Douglas was opposed to coercion. Until the people asserted their ideas of patriotism and treason, the politicians tried expedients, talked of peace measures, peace conventions, compromises, and wrangled over preambles and resolutions. Smitten with judicial blindness, they temporized, befooled themselves, groped and stumbled. Seward, while the Confederacy was taking shape, and form, and exhibiting unparalleled energy and vigor, announced that the "war would be over in sixty days." Buchanan, with a more correct idea of the strength and determination of the South, and, despairing of any adequate force on the part of the Government to resist, supinely said that the Constitution contained no provision for coercion. The activity and vehemence of opinion exhibited by the South led England and France to concur in this opinion of irresolution and imbecility. The patriotism and energy of the people conceived, inspired and demanded the war measures, and saved the country. It needed no speeches, pamphlets, dinners, processions, firings, rousings, mass-meetings.

"Amour sacré de la patrie!"

George Law, a citizen of New York city, one of many, had rather fixed and tangible ideas of the irresolution of the Government—tangible and definite ideas of treason and patriotism, of the temper and opinion of the men of the loyal states, when, on the 25th of April, 1861, he wrote to the President of the United States, saying: "That facilities by mail and telegraph have been cut off by an unlawful assemblage in Baltimore and other parts of Maryland, at a time when free communication was so much required between the Free States and Washington; that, unless the lines of communication were immediately re-established, the people would feel compelled, whatever the consequences, to take the matter in their own hands."

The calls of 1861 were filled without drafting, and generally

without municipal bounties. Money, means, men, were in excess. Before the close of the year recruiting was stopped by authority.

No doubt, promises of honest promotion (without favoritism, family, or political influence) from the ranks, a glittering lure and imposition, induced many a young man to enlist. A belief that the war would soon cease, that the South would not fight, prospects of ease and good pay, promises to provide for "the dear ones left at home," caused many a "bummer" to respond to the President's call. With others, a well-balanced self-respect, an imperative sense of duty inspiring the noblest resolutions were paramount; and those resolutions no fear, no hardships, no privations, no battle-fields could countervail. They went from places of ease and profit, from the quiet homes of security and luxury, from the waysides and farm-fields, from the college-halls and the counting-rooms. Men everywhere felt and said: "My country calls, and I must go. I cannot own property, hold office; I cannot hope to enjoy the security and sanctity of peace and law; I cannot keep my self-respect and stay at home in such a time as this. The most sacred duties of manhood and citizenship urge me to go." Like the Greeks against the Persians, like the Swiss against the Austrians, like the Scotch in the days of Bruce against the English, like the Americans in the Revolutionary war, united by the sacred love of country, the loyal North stood up and said: "Our rights are in danger. Let us march; let us fight; let us suppress the rebellion, or die."

Many did as commendably as that Roman matron, who, while the banners of Hannibal could be seen from Mount Aventine, led her two sons to the Consul and said: "I present my boys to you for soldiers. They will not disgrace me, and the state needs their service."

Reader, take some history of the late war; open it at the 15th of April, 1861, when Mr. Lincoln\*made his first call for seventy-five thousand *militia*, and consider the state of the Union. We do not propose to expatiate; we have no time or place here for remarks. Words are idle; let us pause and think. Seward's sixty days were up. The efforts, resolutions and measures of the peace-men were all played out. The wisdom of our little politicians had gone by the board. Sumter was taken, and somebody hurt. The Confederate government, with cabinet and all its appliances, sat in its capitol at Montgomery, face to face, with its antagonist at

Washington ; and Europe and the world were asked to recognize the latest born sister of the nations.

On the 3d of May following, the President again by proclamation called for a volunteer force consisting of forty regiments. On the 4th of May, the War Department, by general order, promulgated a plan of organization for infantry and cavalry, and company and regiment were formed according to its provisions during the war.

Congress assembled July 4th, 1861, and on the day after the battle of Bull-run, the 22d, the President approved its first great war measure.

The nation was rising ; Congress *was comprehending the popular feeling* the erring sisters shall not be allowed to go in peace.

This act was the basis of our volunteer force. It fixed the time of enlistment at three years or during the war. It subjected the volunteers to the rules and regulations of the regular army. It enacted general order 15, to which we have referred. It provided for the organization of brigades and divisions, and the appointment and promotion of officers. It fixed the pay of officers and privates, designated those entitled to pension and, generally, was the platform of our volunteer force.

Fort Sumter surrendered to the Confederates the 12th of April ; and Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation, the 15th, for seventy-five thousand militia. He had tried every expedient with the leading Confederates, made every overture for peace, tried for the North with the South what repentance could do. Past eleven at night of the 15th, sad, tired, sick, desponding, he lay down to rest. He slept soundly until a few minutes after one, when he awoke, and was restless and wakeful until morning.

Timid, with no fight in his nature, he pondered over the step he had taken ; and visions of the future pressed upon his mind. In the South and West, marches and battles, and sieges for a series of years crowded upon his thoughts. Pitched battles like Fredericksburgh and Chancellorsville passed in panorama before him. Such forms or demons as rise, pass over the stage and figure in *Der Freischütz* rose, fought on the side of the Confederates and drove his armies from nearly every field. He thought of his ships, and turning eastward towards the sea, saw his navy scattered along the coast, and out over its wide, tempestuous waves, no friendly fleet, no friendly shore appeared. The heavens were brass above



him, and the earth under his feet was iron. He arose and stood by the window, and while his eyes rested on Arlington or wandered down the Potomac,

“Wasting cares lay heavy on his mind ;  
In his black thoughts wide fields of slaughter roll,  
And scenes of blood rise dreadful on his soul.”

An hour passed on ; he returned to his couch, and, in a dreamy sleep, saw those frightful shadows disappear. The heavens brightened like the sky at Austerlitz ; the sea was covered with his victorious fleets, and he heard the united nation shout his name.

Four years, precisely, accomplished his vision, and the curtain fell.



NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS  
MADE  
DURING FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE  
WITH THE  
98<sup>th</sup> REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,  
IN THE WAR OF 1861.

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CHAPTER I.

The Organization of the Regiment—Officers: Field, Staff and Line—It is Armed with the Austrian Rifle while at Albany—Reviewed by Governor Morgan—Sent to Washington—It goes into Camp on Kalorama Heights—Assigned to General Casey, it enters the Third Brigade of his Division—The Composition of his Division—How we spent the Time at Washington—The Appearance of the City—The Army of the Potomac.

THE Ninety-Eighth was formed by uniting seven companies raised in Franklin county, with three recruited in Wayne and Ontario counties. Companies F, I and K had their provisional camp of instruction at Lyons, and the remainder of the regiment had a similar camp at Malone. The primary organizations of the companies were made in October and November, 1861.

Clothing, quarters, blankets, knapsacks, subsistence, medical attendance—every thing necessary to equip and make the men comfortable—were supplied by the respective departments at Albany. In each camp the men were drilled daily in the School of the Soldier and of the Company, according to the Tactics of Hardee, as promulgated by the general Government.

The rendezvous at Lyons and Malone created excitement throughout the counties. The war feeling ran high, and a disposition to sustain the Government against an armed rebellion was

universal. Citizens of all parties, ladies and gentlemen, tendered their assistance, and labored in the enterprise. More prominent for their interest and activity at Malone were Hons. William A. Wheeler, Albert Hobbs and Albert Andrus. At Lyons were Messrs. George C. Strang, Thomson Harrington, E. W. Bottum and De Witt Parshall. A few arms were procured for drill and guard duty. These, with the uniforms, made a wonderful change in the appearance of the men, and gave them some of the characteristics of a standing army. The companies, while in line, appeared like organized bodies. Men came for miles, bringing their wives and children, to "see the soldiers drill."

At Malone, Charles Durkee, a merchant and prominent citizen of that village, commanded the camp. At Lyons, William Dutton, a graduate of West Point, an officer in the Mexican war, a resident of the county, and subsequently colonel of the regiment, was commandant of the post.

The state authorities commissioned the officers and held full control over the volunteer organizations until they were complete and mustered by the general Government. After December 3d, 1861, no new companies could be formed. The state authorities were required to fill up, consolidate, complete, and hand over those in course of formation as soon as possible. The Government had troops enough, and the people were requested to withhold recruits and supplies. About the 1st of February, 1862, the commanders of the two camps were ordered to report with their men at Albany. Captain E. G. Marshall mustered and inspected the men at Lyons, Feb. 1, and at Malone, Feb. 6.

Preliminary arrangements were made as to the officers of the field and staff, and the rank of a few companies; and, by an order dated February 5th, 1862, the ten companies at Malone were consolidated into seven, and the five at Lyons, into three. Of the ten companies thus formed, the 98th regiment of New York volunteers was constituted.

Its aggregate was nine hundred and ten, of whom eight hundred and seventy-two were enlisted, and thirty-eight were officers. In social standing, intelligence, appearance, and military ability, its field and staff were equal to the average of other volunteer regiments of the state. After the expiration of a year, but two of these remained in the organization. The colonel died of sickness, and the remainder resigned, or were mustered out. The men were

hardy, strong, generally young, and of full size. Governor Morgan remarked, as he saw them at dress parade, that in "general appearance," New York had sent no better regiment to the war. A large proportion of those from Franklin county were farmers and lumbermen; and to march, to dig, to build roads and bridges, to endure hardships and exposure, fatigue and privations, was their element.

#### THE FIELD AND STAFF OF THE 98TH.

*Colonel*, Wm. Dutton, who died July 4, 1862, in the city of New York. *Lieutenant Colonel*, Charles Durkee, promoted colonel and resigned, March 25, 1863. *Major*, Albon Mann; resigned June 4, 1862. *Surgeon*, Wm. G. David; resigned Sept. 26, 1862. *Assistant Surgeon*, G. B. Balch; resigned Sept. 23, 1862. *Adjutant*, E. H. Hobbs; mustered out June 2, 1863. *Quartermaster*, George H. Clark; promoted major and dismissed from the service by order of the War Department, May 4, 1864. *Chaplain*, Wm. C. Hubbard; resigned Oct. 3, 1862.

About the middle of February the different companies arrived at Albany and went into barracks at camp Rathbone.

The quarters had been occupied by thousands before; they were fearfully filthy and dirty, and

"Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chains had bound us,  
We felt, Oh! the cursed bite,  
Of something crawling round us."

To many it was a treat to visit the city, the large stores, the saloons, the Delavan, the capital, and the legislature. Hundreds came to visit us daily. We saw a great many officers flitting about in gay uniforms, and were forcibly reminded that, fine feathers make fine birds. We bought for ourselves more expensive clothing, made in better style, and imagined ourselves members of the regular army. The privates wore white gloves and blacked their shoes, and the chevrons of the non-commissioned officers were more attractive.

But the days of our sojourn at Albany were numbered. The soldier must leave that attractive place of peace and plenty, and go where well-dressed ladies, legislators, and high officials will never come to see his drills and dress-parades. They snatched

every rumor, for they knew that they were only waiting the arrangements for transportation to Washington. The order to go was not long delayed. It was read one evening and commanded us to be ready to march at daylight. All night long the barracks echoed with shouts and cheers. The men sang, "Uncle Ned had no wool on the top of his head," "Carry me back to Ole Virginny," "Way down South in Dixie," "The Star-spangled Banner," and "The girl I left behind me."

Could they have read what the future had in store for them, the deaths, wounds, disease and hardships, they would have been less boisterous in their gladness and hilarity.

The barracks which the regiment occupied at Albany were its first and last permanent quarters.

Before leaving, it was armed with the Austrian rifle; a rough, serviceable, beech-stocked weapon of 56 calibre, shorter and inferior to those made by the British government at Enfield. The Springfield rifle at that time was not in requisition.

Our tents, wagons, camp-kettles, hatchets, axes and shovels were drawn at Washington.

The state and national colors were presented by Governor Morgan. With knapsacks prodigiously swollen with clothing and personal trinkets, with haversacks filled with three days' rations, and canteens with coffee or whiskey, the regiment thus equipped and accoutred, on its march to the depot, passed in review before the executive mansion. Happy time, glorious days! A train of 16 cars was required to transport the men and their five days' rations in bulk, and the horses of the field and staff.

They passed through New York city, Easton, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Long before they arrived in Washington, many of the men caught a glimpse of the Federal capital for the first time, as high and bold it glanced through the valleys among the forests and the hills. They shouted like Christian pilgrims at the sight of Jerusalem, or Mohammedans at a distant prospect of Mecca. They had, too, as they approached, a fine view of the Potomac, smooth and silvery, and of the tall, white national monument standing near it on the flat ground.

They were *landed* almost under the shadow of the dome of the marble senate-house. The hour was 10 A. M. Congress was in session; thousands of civilians and soldiers filled the approaches or collected on the porticoes and corridors. Beside the depot was

a "Soldier's Rest," where the regiment had dinner, but no rest. We were ordered to go into camp on Kalorama heights, out 14th street, on the western border of the city. More definitely, we learned when we arrived there, that we were to encamp on Meridian hill, near Columbia college, just where the meridian of Washington passes, and where the government had erected a great sun-dial. We must carry all we can, all we have, and tents and rations will follow when the quartermaster receives his teams. So out 14th street we go,—up 14th street we go, through mud and slush and mire. The sun shines hot, the wind blows high, and, by turns, snow and drizzling rain descend; still, tramp, tramp, we push along, slow and steady and sure, as the march of destiny. Without tents we bivouacked on the cold, sandy ground, in the keen night air, and late in the hours, we watched the clouds and stars like Palinurus, with our martial cloak wrapped around us.

We arose at sunrise and took our reckoning. Ten acres of sloping ground, bordered behind by a little brook, composed our camp, under the meridian of Washington. It was just back of Georgetown, and overlooked the city of Washington and the Potomac river. We were assigned to General Casey, and were on the right of the regiments of his division.

Exercise and sunlight soon gave us animation. We cleared the ground from brush, fence and trees, and, in the afternoon, pitched our tents with regularity and precision.

Casey had established a rigid system of drills and camp-duty. He sought to put his division, composed for the most part of raw recruits, on the best possible war-footing. Casey was a fighter, an earnest, courageous man, and always intended business.

We drilled twice a day, six days in the week, and had inspections on Sundays. The regiments spent much time in loading and firing blank cartridges, and sent large details twice a week for target-practice.

The 98th was paid on the 27th of March, to include the 31st of December, 1861. The men were enabled to discharge their debts. The regiment received, we think, about \$29,000.

For a great part of the summer and fall of 1861, the regiments arriving at Washington from the different states, had been assigned to General Casey for the purpose of arming, equipping, instructing, and brigading. He began the formation of his celebrated division in October, 1861. It was now complete, and contained fourteen



regiments, of which the 100th regiment, New York volunteers, was the youngest, and four batteries of light artillery, all from New York, and commanded by Capts. Regan, Fitch, Bates and Spratt.

The division consisted of three brigades; the first was commanded by Col. W W H. Davis, 104th Pennsylvania volunteers; the second, by Gen. Keim, and the third, by Col. Wm. Dutton, 98th New York volunteers. Gen. H. M. Naglee was soon after assigned to the command of the first brigade, and Gen. I. N. Palmer to that of the third. These officers were graduates of West Point Military Academy.

The effective strength of this division was roundly 12,000 men, and sixteen three-inch rifled, and six Napoleon guns.

The regiments of the third brigade were the 81st, 85th, 92d, 93d and 98th regiments of New York volunteers. The reader has now our latitude and longitude; and, until our organization is changed, he will know where to find us.

A division of infantry consists of two or more brigades, to which are added in necessary proportion troops of other corps, cavalry, artillery and engineers; and the formation by divisions is the basis of the organization and administration of armies in the field. In its various movements this history will follow the division to which the 98th belongs; for we shall be at home in our division, understand its positions, and be acquainted with all its principal officers.

While at Washington we had a review and several brigade drills out on the old Georgetown race-course. Distinguished, wealthy, patriotic citizens, ladies and gentlemen, visited us every pleasant day. They watched our manœuvres, rode through our camps, and sought our acquaintance. Off duty, we in turn, strolled through the city, the department buildings, the capitol, and attended the President's levees. One day we looked in upon the senators, the representatives, the Supreme Court, and descending into the basement of the capital, saw how the bread was baked there and distributed to the army; on another, we visited Arlington, the Long Bridge, and the Navy Yard.

Washington was in a state of war, with martial preparations, forts, magazines and cannon everywhere. Tents rose on all the plains and hill-sides, and troops were drilling on every hand. Long trains of provisions, baggage, quartermasters' and sutlers' stores rumbled along the streets and roads. A hundred batteries and pontoon bridges were parked about the city, on the vacant

squares and fields. Mounted orderlies, bearing dispatches, officers in gay uniforms, soldiers lounging off duty, regiments arriving and marching, squadrons of cavalry, with jingling sabres and prancing horses, were always in view ; and gave interest, animation and character to the scene.

March 1st, 1862, the Army of the Potomac had an aggregate of two hundred and twenty-two thousand men. The people in their response, rising, arming and coming at the call of President Lincoln, in 1861, for five hundred thousand volunteers, have not inaptly been compared to the vigorous and united activity of the Greeks and Romans in the palmy days of their meridian splendor and power.

Great God, we thank Thee for this home,  
This heaven-blest country of the free,  
Where wanderers from afar may come,  
And breathe the air of liberty.



## CHAPTER II.

Marching Orders: How Received by the Men—March through Washington to Alexandria—  
Embarkation—Voyage to Old Point Comfort—Old Point—March to the Peach-orchard—  
Camp—Major Mann—The Long Roll—The Windows of Heaven Opened—Lieut. E. M.  
Allen Sings—The Voice of the Minstrel.

**I**N the latitude of Washington, the month of March has a great many pleasant days. The mud dries up, the sun grows warm, the wind becomes soft and mild.

"Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,  
Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze."

As the fine weather advanced the air became full of rumors. Cooks, servants, privates, felt the agitation; for opinions, reports, guesses, have the utmost freedom in camps and take often the substantial form of fact and verity.

The orders of the President dividing the forces of the government had been promulgated. The Army of the Potomac had been definitely given to McClellan with explicit and special instructions. The Republic was mobilizing its forces. The nation felt that a new chapter in its history was about to be made. The great Army

of the Potomac commanded by its Young Napoleon was about to move. The people everywhere were anxious expectants. The times were brooding, and all the air a solemn stillness held.

On the 18th of March, Casey's division received an order to march the next day at ten o'clock. The order prescribed forty rounds of ammunition, and three days' cooked rations to a man, and limited an officer's baggage to a carpet-bag. Shouts, songs, mirth,



and bonfires gladdened the night. The reveille sounded a little earlier the next morning, and, long before the hour arrived, the division was under arms. While the drummers were beating the long roll, and the men were falling in, a mounted orderly came with a dispatch announcing the suspension of our marching orders. We have ten days more on Meridian Hill, ten days more of drilling, before we leave for the field of war.

On the 28th of March, at two P. M., the division left its barracks and tents on Kalorama Heights, and, passing through Washington, over Long Bridge, beyond the fortifications, turned to the south and took the road to Alexandria. Large crowds assembled at Willard's hotel and along every street to see it pass. The men wore their best clothing, and were neat and clean in every particular. They marched to the sound of martial music furnished by a dozen regimental and brigade bands; and the polished equipments and glittering bayonets flashed back the rays of the declining sun.

The night was dark and chilly. The men unused to marching, and weighed down with knapsack, haversack and rifle, soon became weary and straggled as we advanced. From Long Bridge the road was blocked by artillery and army trains. Standing, halting, starting, halting, exhausted us more than constant walking.

Reaching Alexandria after eleven o'clock, we stacked arms along the side-walk, wrapped ourselves in our blankets and lay down on the pavement to sleep; but a cold wind drove "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," from every weary lid.

In the morning we learned that transportation to take us down the river would not be ready for several days. The division was sent into the edge of a wood a half mile distant to camp. We had not even shelter-tents, to cover us. We buttoned our rubber blankets together, and stretched them on frames or sticks cut with our knives and hatchets. A cold storm of rain and snow set in, and continued for several days. The snow on the morning of the 30th was four inches deep, and at nine o'clock our camps were one expanse of mud and water. As to comfort and condition, from a brigade commander to a private, we were all alike. Division headquarters may be in a brick-house, but brigade and company headquarters are down in the slush. Sinking in the earth, covered with clay, Antæus-like, we hope to renew our strength and age. The centuries shall return to dust and ashes. We have changed to mud.

While sitting on an empty, hard bread-box, on the evening of the 31st, contemplating the dreary scene, thinking over the bitter and the sweet, revolving in our mind the various ups and downs of life and turns of fate below, a tall, rather spare, gentlemanly, young, blue-eyed officer rode before us, and inquired for brigade headquarters. We conducted him to Col. Dutton's bivouac. He announced himself an aide-de camp of Gen. McClellan, and said that the General directs that the brigade shall be at the wharf ready to embark for Fortress Monroe, in the morning at 10 o'clock. He wore captain's shoulder-straps, spoke in broken English, and was the Duc de Chartres, the Bourbon heir to the throne of France. He touched his hat and left the Colonel's quarters. As he mounted his horse, which we had held, we said, "Vive la France!" He smiled, raised his hat again, and said, "We hope for better days."

We were in line at 8 A. M. April 1st, and marched to the wharf in a drenching rain. The batteries were placed upon sailing vessels and towed; the first brigade embarked on the steamer *Constitution*, the largest steamboat in the world, except the *Great Eastern*; the second and third brigades were broken and distributed upon transports. To the 81st and 98th was assigned the steamer *Elm City*. By 2 P. M., we were all on board and steaming down the Potomac. During the afternoon we passed Mount Vernon, and later, the *Constitution*, with Gen. Casey and the first brigade, aground in the river.

Brigade commanders, field officers, a few line officers, may know our objective point, but the rank and file, generally, do not.

We are going to Richmond by way of the Peninsula. The greater part of the Army of the Potomac has already landed at Fortress Monroe. Casey's division belongs to Keyes' corps, and the divisions of Couch and Smith have preceded us. We are making history.

On the morning of April 2d, we rounded the promontory on which the far-famed fortress stands, and entered Hampton Roads. We landed at once, and, by 2 P. M. were marching up the Peninsula, past the village of Hampton, to our new camping ground, by the edge of a wood in front, near a swamp and a peach orchard, at the right of Newport News.

Old Point Comfort, on which Fortress Monroe is built, lies at the mouth of the James river, under exactly latitude  $37^{\circ}$ . It is twelve miles from Norfolk, two and a half from Hampton, twenty-

six from Yorktown, thirty six from Williamsburg, and ninety-eight from Richmond. The wall is built of freestone, and includes about seventy acres of land. A deep, wide ditch, stone-faced and filled with water, surrounds the wall. Within the fort are several buildings, and a fine, level parade ground ornamented by collections of live-oak trees. It has guns in casemate and in barbette. It is the nation's pride.

Our limits forbid a description of Hampton Roads and their surroundings. There we passed, subsequently, many happy months, and we associate them in our imagination with the Elysian Fields.

When we arrived, the shipping of all the North seemed concentrated there; steamers, tugs, and various sailing vessels—the transportation of the Army of the Potomac. Rocking idly on the waves were the Minnesota, the Roanoke, steam-frigates, the old Monitor and a dozen gun-boats; behind Craney island, near Norfolk, lay the Merrimac; and in the distance, up the James, at Newport News, were the projecting masts of the Congress and the Cumberland.

Within a space of twelve by twenty-five miles are included three of the original counties into which Virginia was divided in 1634. Except a distance of about ten miles on the northwest, these counties—Elizabeth City, Warwick and York—are entirely surrounded by the James and York rivers and the Chesapeake bay. The land nowhere rises above fifty feet from the surface of the water. All along the water line, at low tide, on the eastern and western sides, may be seen a stratum of blue clay. Above this clay is a stratum of comminuted shells of indefinite and uncertain extent. The bluffs of Yorktown rise upon it, and in it Cornwallis' cave was dug. Over these sea-shells is spread a layer of the red clay of Virginia. The surface is composed of clay, sand, shells, and humus; generally, the soil is light and porous, easy to work, and, back from the coast, for many products extraordinarily fertile. The holly, the cedar, the pine, compose the forests; and the products of the farm are oats, corn, wheat, and potatoes. Not a leaf of red or white clover grows below Williamsburg.

Out of the whirl of business and the grooves of trade and travel, unacquainted with the luxuries of dress, furniture and equipage, the population exhibits no enterprise and feels no inducement to raise more than it consumes. Three-fourths of the country are forests; no attention is paid to roads and bridges; the dwellings

are generally neither ceiled nor plastered ; the farms are not fenced, though a few lots may be enclosed ; there are no public or private schools, and though the man may read and write, he is unacquainted with arithmetic and geography, and has no taste for literature and science. Evidently, in view of such facts, the planter is deteriorating, and the mystery and art of planting is falling into discontinuance of practice. No small proportion of the surface is low and level, and in the spring, wet and swampy.

The Warwick river rises near Yorktown, on the York river, and, crossing the peninsula, empties into the James. In its description it exhausts the nomenclature of river-features, and, from a spring, becomes a morass, a swamp, a creek, a pond, a river with short rapids and a tide. Two old, time-worn roads, without fences or bridges, lead from Hampton up this Peninsular quadrilateral, and unite at Williamsburg ; the right, or York river road, passes through Big Bethel and Yorktown ; the left, or James river road, passes through Newport News and Lee's mill. Not along these roads, but rather off from them, at various distances, the "inhabitants," the "natives," "the autocthones," "the first families of Virginia," live.

It was after eleven, on the evening of the 2d of April, when we turned aside from the main road and marched upon a cleared piece of ground, where we were commanded to make ourselves comfortable for the night. We had marched from Fortress Monroe ; eight miles in as many hours—halting, marching, marching, halting. The afternoon had been warm and bright ; the ground was dry, the air clear and mild. The road was crowded with army trains, cavalry and artillery. As we passed, we noticed that the peach trees were in blossom, and in the old door-yards at Hampton, the crocus and daffodil, childhood friends of ours, shook their yellow heads in the vernal air ; and the robin and oriole, as if catching some indistinct recollection of our appearance, indulged their longest songs.

On the morning of the 3d, we arose from our slumbers on the ground after the sun had dried the dew from our blankets. We ate our frugal meal consisting of soft bread, boiled ham and coffee which we had brought from Alexandria, and after giving a few orders, proceeded to take our surroundings. On the north and west, nothing separates us from the enemy—we are at the front. Keyes' corps extends from Newport News on the south to our

camp on the north, at a swamp, which leads into Southwest Branch, an arm of the Chesapeake.

The troops present lay in order from left to right, as follows : Smith's division at Newport News on the James ; at its right, the division of Couch, and, next, the division of Casey, comprising the fourth corps ; at the right of the fourth corps, the second corps, of which Sedgwick's division only has arrived ; and, lastly, the divisions of the third corps, commanded by Heintzelman. Of the Army of the Potomac 53,000 are present. Themselves, their tents, their trains, their cavalry and artillery, fill the woods and cover all the fields and shore for ten or fifteen miles.

At 11 A. M., our quartermaster arrives with our rations, camp equipage and shelter-tents. We lay out our camp, issue the rations and distribute tenting. A piece of cotton cloth, sheeting or drilling, six feet by five, was given to each soldier, with which to construct his *tente d'abri*. Two or three soldiers uniting tie these pieces of cloth together, stretch them over sticks cut from the woods, and construct of them a tent. Around this tent, thus formed, they dig a shallow trench, and their quarters are tolerably comfortable in ordinary weather. This is the *tente d'abri* of the French military writers.

At evening we furnished our first detail for picket. The soldiers were contented and happy ; they called our new camp The Peach-orchard Camp, from the proximity of a dozen peach-trees.

In the afternoon, the second and third corps received orders to march on the morning of the 4th, at 6 o'clock, by way of Big-Bethel, to Howard's creek, half-way to Yorktown. Gen. Keyes was ordered to move at the same hour, with the divisions of Smith and Couch, by the James river road, to Young's mill and Fisher's creek. For want of transportation, Casey's division was left behind.

Our Colonel was absent in charge of the brigade, and, for some reason, Major Mann was in command of the regiment on the night of the 3rd. Without saying a word to any one, he resolved to exercise us in the very important duty of getting ready for a battle on the very shortest notice possible. In other words, he desired to see how quickly he could get the men in line.

About one o'clock of the morning, he went quietly to the tent of the boy Wolff, the drummer, shook the drowsy curls of slumber from his head, and bade him go on the color-line and beat the long roll.



The long roll is an alarm. It bids the infantry form immediately to meet the enemy. The boy obeyed. The men awoke, and with the greatest haste and precipitation grasped their clothes and equipments, and formed in front of the tents in every possible condition of a hasty toilet.

The Major did not try to conceal his pleasure, but, standing before them in the starlight, said: "I am perfectly satisfied with your promptness and expedition; it is just three minutes since I called the drummer." He then told them that he had ordered the long roll beaten to see how quickly they could form, that no enemy was near, and that they could go to their quarters again. The men greeted the Major's speech with a shout and laugh and yell, that tore night's concave.

But the alarm of our long roll had roused the guards of the whole army, and far and near it was repeated; regiment after regiment fell in, until the whole Army of the Potomac stood to arms. The noise and uproar roused the watches on the gun-boats and frigates in the river; the navy, wishing a hand in the battle or assault, got up steam and cleared for action.

The next day, Gen. Casey sent for the commanding officer of the 98th, Major Mann, and required an explanation. The Major, glowing with patriotic zeal and animation, replied, that he was practicing his regiment in, just at that time, the very useful exercise of forming to meet the enemy on a sudden emergency. It was said that the expression of anger and vexation painted on the face of the author of the Books of Tactics, melted into a broad and complacent smile, as he remarked: "Major, you were very thoughtless, and must not on any account do so again." The men of the regiment never forgot this ridiculous indiscretion.

On the afternoon of the 5th, Heintzelman's troops halted before Yorktown; and those of Keyes confronted the enemy at Lee's mill, where the James river road crosses the Warwick river.

It rained all day the 5th; the waters of the flood were upon the earth. We lay down at night to sleep, cold and wet, in our frail shelter-tents. Our camp was low and level. Still we had faith in the weather, and went to sleep. About 10 P.M., the rain began to pour in true intertropical style. In a short time the water stood from a foot to a few inches over all the ground. One after another gathered up his clothes and traps, and getting out of his tent, stood looking about in the drenching, pouring, driving rain.

The tent poles loosen in the yielding mud, and the tents go down before the sweeping wind. Man after man crawls out, collects his earthly effects, wraps his oil cloth around him, and looks for higher ground. At this time some one began to sing, high and loud, in his tent, near the middle of the officers' line :

"My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
These hours of toil and danger ;  
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore,  
We may almost discover."

It was dark as Erebus ; the rain fell in sheets and torrents, and still that singer sung his hymn loud and clear, so that it rolled far over the fields and the woods. The hollow, shelvy shores of the James, a mile away, took up the refrain, and reverberated the song. The time and the occasion heightened the character of the action. We all became cheerful, and when he came to the refrain, and the words "Should coming days be dark and cold, we will not yield to sorrow," many accompanied the minstrel.

There was something irresistibly ludicrous in the application, and the men, vexed, mad and drenched, were forced to laugh. All, long after, confessed that they never heard such singing before, nor knew that one man had such volume of bass or force of tenor. Paul and Silas, shaking with their singing the foundations of the Macedonian prison, were children to him. That singer was Lieut. E. M. Allen, subsequently school commissioner of the western district of Wayne.



## CHAPTER III.

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The Materialization of Man—Gen. Casey—Transportation for the Army of the Potomac—The Enemy, his Position and Numbers—Anecdote of Charles Kipp—March to Young's Mill—Position before Lee's Mill—A Rain again—Duty Excessive—Camp Winfield Scott—Evacuation of Yorktown by the Enemy and pursuit by the Union Army—Battle of Williamsburg and Retreat of the Confederates—De Joinville—The Battle of Williamsburg fought by the Corps Commanders.—Strictures on the Battle.

THEOLOGIANs say that La Place, in his Celestial Mechanism, has materialized the universe and dwarfed its vital energy to a force. Gen. Casey has taken up the work where the great French mathematician left off; and, in his tactics, has effectually succeeded in reducing man to a machine and the will and power of government to the word of command.

Every morning, mounted on a large iron-gray racking horse, this man, followed by three or four of his staff, may be seen riding at a rapid gait among the camps of his division. He is about sixty years of age, has a severe, nervous look and manner, is not over five feet six inches in height, wears a buff-silk sash with bullion fringe, and hangs his little, straight, gilt-hilted sword with silver grip to his gold-embroidered Russian leather sword-belt. One silver star glances from each shoulder-strap. In his left hand he holds the reins, and in his right, a little branch or twig.

After he has gone over his camp and attended to the duties of the day, you may see him, of an afternoon in his tent, sitting in dressing-gown and slippers, or reclining on his camp-bed, reading the Bible or Casey's Tactics. He is the author of a system of tactics, in three volumes, mostly compiled or copied from the French, and issued by the government for "The instruction, exercise and manœuvres of the soldier, a company, line of skirmishers, battalion, brigade or corps d' armée."

He has great personal magnetism, and every body has the ut-

most confidence in him. His ability and courage are beyond question. He led the forlorn hope in one of the severest battles for the city of Mexico.

We were busy all day, the 6th, changing our camp for drier ground near the main road on the bank of the James. The wind and sun of yesterday and to-day have fanned out and warmed our clothes, but we are feeling dreadfully old and heavy. To-morrow, the 8th, Gen. Casey has ordered a review of the division out on the level, well-beaten plain towards Newport News. We feel that some broth or toast and tea would be better for us than a march and a review.

On the 12th, our transportation arrived, and with it our tents, which we left at Washington.

No expedition on record, ever moved with such rapidity as this. In twelve days the Government has transported from the vicinity of Alexandria and Washington 121,500 men, 14,592 animals, 1,150 wagons, 44 batteries and 74 ambulances, besides pontoon bridges, telegraph material and enormous quantities of equipage, food and forage required for an army of such magnitude. Time, distance, weight and numbers are the elements which enter into the calculation of such a transfer and to transport the army of the Potomac the Government employed for ten days 113 steamers at an average cost per day of \$215.10; 188 schooners, at an average price per day of \$24.45, and 88 barges at an average of \$14.27, per day.

The division has had no opportunity to drill since it left Kalamazoo; and the rains, the exposure, the malaria, begin to tell upon its numbers.

We now know where the enemy is, his probable number, and the line of fortifications which he occupies. From scouts, spies, negroes, we learn that he lies behind the Warwick from its mouth on the James at Mulberry island to Yorktown; that he has a continuous line of breastworks and forts, and two wide roads well corduroyed behind them. The whole distance is between nine and ten miles; the fortifications are garrisoned by 15,000 troops commanded by Gen. J. B. Magruder. Good, say the men, and we all say good; for we will soon dust him out of there. Thus far and no farther, Richmond has not been a hard road to travel; but the days which try men's souls are yet to come.

On the 14th, we received orders to march in the morning, and take the place assigned us in the lines before Yorktown. Couch's

division is at the James extending up the Warwick ; Smith's is at the right, connecting with Sumner's (second) corps ; and we are to take the line between Couch and Smith, facing Lee's mill and extending on both sides of the James river road. Just the place we wanted.

Before leaving, the writer rode to Newport News to visit some eight or ten of his company sick with Peninsular fever.

They were quartered in houses, sheds, hovels and barns. Among them was a certain private, Charles Kipp, who, the surgeon said, was too sick to recover. We found him in a shed on a couch of straw. After sitting a few moments on a box by his side, Kipp extended his hand to us and said : " Captain, I have one last dying request to make. Promise me on the faith of a soldier and a man that you will not refuse it." We paused. He said : " Will you promise me ?" We replied : " We will do as you wish if we can." " Thank you, Captain," said he. " If I die send my body home to Walworth ; I don't want to be buried in this God-forsaken ground. I am willing to die, but I do not want to leave my body in this devilish sand and clay." We told him not to be discouraged ; to escape the burial by getting well, and to follow us.

Private Kipp is alive to-day ; but there was a striking similarity between the poor, sick boy's request and that made by the patriarch Jacob, of Joseph, when the old man thought of the slimy, oozy, yearly inundated soil of Old Egypt, and said : " Bury me not, I pray thee, bury me not in Egypt ; but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt and bury me in their burying place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife ; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife ; and there I buried Leah."

On the 15th, before the birds had sung their morning carol, our tents were struck, our baggage packed, our breakfast eaten, and we were halting along the river road waiting the order to march. The third brigade is the last ; and trains, troops and batteries are moving by. We are to go to Young's mill and encamp ; but not before 8 o'clock are we on the way. The day is warm, the road uneven, often muddy or covered with water, often dug out by the rains and little streams. Cheerful, laughing, smoking, talking, telling anecdotes and stories, we jog along. We drink from our canteens as we are thirsty, and eat from our haversacks as we are hungry, the food which we carry. We sing " The Star-spangled

Banner," "Away down South in Dixie," and "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave," and thus beguile the way. At 5 P. M. Young's far-famed saw-mill is passed, and the brigade halts on the farther bank of the stream.

Thus far we have observed that the enemy has generally burned his farm-houses, (for he has no other buildings), and removed his hearth-stones and filled up his wells. With these miserable people hatred to the North has been no pretence; no effort for political effect. They hated us with a deep-seated, malicious, Indian hatred, and, leaving at our approach, they burned their homes and never looked behind them. Not a potato, an egg, a chicken, a pint of milk can be found. Around us is nothing to eat, and we have marched away from everything but the army ration.

Sitting by a little fire, on a roll of blankets which we had carried all day, we looked into the setting sun and ate our evening meal, consisting of boiled salt-beef, hard bread, boiled rice, and tea.

At eight, we notice a rattle of moving troops, a clatter of orderlies and staff-officers, and perceive that the brigade is getting under arms. We learn the cause: Couch fears an attack near Warwick court-house, and has sent for support. "Ninety-eighth, fall in," passes along the line; and, marching, halting, we arrived about ten o'clock within supporting distance of Couch, and lay down on the ground to sleep.

This bivouac was in a thin pine-wood, a few rods at the right of the road, which was skirted in place of a fence with hazel, brier and other bushes. In front, the ground was open or covered at intervals with bushes and sloped, low and swampy, to the Warwick a mile and a half away. The next day our tents came up, and we pitched them among the pines. Those trees were from ten to fifteen inches through, a hundred years old; and the corn rows or tobacco hills were still visible among them.

"With merry songs we mock the wind,  
Which in the pine-tops grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves."

Gen. Keyes had his headquarters at Warwick court-house, a mile to our right; the James is three miles to our left; the enemy is in our front, beyond the Warwick river. From the York river

come, every few moments, the reports of heavy guns on the water-batteries and the gun-boats.

We have no longer tents of ease, for every day our duties and labors become more arduous. The details for picket and grand-guard are frequent. The army is building numerous bridges and miles of corduroy roads. Our labors are excessive, equaling those of the anvil and the mine.

Straight through the forests, over marshes and swamps, across an arm of the sea, from left to right, it constructed a road to Cheesman's creek on the Chesapeake. For a time Capt. Ellsworth of the 98th was division path-master. To him the details reported and received from him their orders and directions. Soon, we cease to go to Fortress Monroe, and Cheesman's landing becomes the depot for supplies.

"Don't trust to appearances," says the Latin poet. On the 20th came again, at night, another of those drenching rains. At evening the meteorological aspect, the horoscope of the heavens, indicated nothing unusual. At eleven, the rain began slow at first, but with increasing force; at 2 A. M. the windows of heaven were opened. The water stood a foot deep on our saucer-shaped campground. No sagacity could have selected a better place to catch the rain. The ground grew soft, and the wind loosening the tent-pins, tents and beds and men went down together, and one prodigious ruin followed all.

The next day we struck, if not for higher, certainly for declining ground. It was found at the right, in a field before a wood, in front of Warwick court-house and directly opposite Lee's mill. This was the last camp of the regiment below the Chickahominy; and here, at the evacuation of Yorktown, we left our tents standing and joined in the pursuit. We named it camp Winfield Scott, in honor of the hero who directed, from his home in Washington, the battle of Bull-run.

While there, the sick of the division increased rapidly. The details for picket were large; numerous fatigue parties were working day and night building intrenchments, abatis, approaches and roads.

The lines were not more than two hundred yards apart, while the camps were a mile or more. In going and returning, we passed through the fields and woods without track or road. Our shoes and clothes were seldom dry. While on picket we lay out

day and night watching the enemy from a fence-corner, a tree, or a brush-heap. He often fired at our line, and here we saw the first soldier wounded. Alarms were frequent; the troops were called out at all hours, often twice a night. When Col. Crocker of the 93d N. Y. volunteers went over to the enemy the utmost excitement prevailed, and every precaution was taken to avoid a surprise. We doubled the pickets, we took positions, we slept with our arms in our hand. One night the enemy sent a large shell screaming, whizzing over our camp; and half the regiment, of its own accord, arose and listened.

From this camp the 98th sent over one hundred and fifty to the hospital.

McClellan's plan is to turn the enemy's position, get behind him and gain the Williamsburg road. The Army of the Potomac contains over 100,000 men. They cover the ground as thick as autumnal leaves, and the day for making that attempt is at hand.

History is constantly repeating itself; and battles, sieges and retreats conducted under similar circumstances are almost identical. In the siege of Yorktown by Washington in 1781, the investment was complete, his lines extending from the river above the town to the river below: so now, McClellan proposes to surround Magruder. Cornwallis retreated down the peninsula from Williamsburg to Yorktown; Magruder will not stay to be surrounded, but will retire towards Williamsburg.

In 1862, the investment was from below; and on the 1st of May McClellan's lines extended from the mouth of Wormley's creek on the York to the mouth of the Warwick on the James. He intended to turn the enemy's position, and capture or surround him. For this purpose he built roads, dug approaches and parallels, and brought up his siege guns. At the right, along Wormley's creek, where the ground is high and broken, the engineering skill of Gen. Barnard had so contrived the breast-works and approaches, that a regiment could march or a six-horse army team could be driven from the camps in the rear to the front line within twenty rods of the enemy with perfect security. There we saw, as this continent never exhibited before or since, how to use with advantage a hill, a ravine, a river-bank, the depressions and elevations of the ground, for curtain, approach and parallel.

On the 29th of April, we rode slowly through that labyrinth from



the rear to the front. Our road led across a bridge, along the shore of a little stream, under the side of a hill, through the hill, deep and wide through a level pasture-field to the high bank of the York, and along this bank to the front line or parallel. We returned by a shorter approach farther to the left. On our return in the evening, we passed over the high ground declining to the west and north, on which all of Heintzelman's and most of Sumner's corps were encamped. Regiments, brigades, divisions, appeared to lie without intervals together. Seated by their camp-fires they were eating their evening ration. We saw them later in knots and circles, jumping, running, wrestling. Everywhere we heard the voice of mirth and song.

Their camps were clean to neatness, and they had none but shelter-tents. Many of the camps were decorated with arches and shades of evergreens. They sat on benches, chairs and stools of their own construction, and were playing cards, talking, smoking, reading or writing. The Wormley in their front, the York on their right, the Chesapeake in their rear, were bright with the light of their fires.

More than two thousand years ago Homer wrote, as Pope translated, the following description of a similar scene :

"The troops, exulting sat in order round,  
And beaming fires illumined all the ground;  
As when the moon, resplendent orb of night,  
O'er heaven's pure azure sheds her sacred light,  
When not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,  
And not a breath disturbs the deep serene;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;  
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,  
And tipped with silver every mountain's head."

So early as the 1st of May indications justified the opinion that the enemy was evacuating that part of his line in front of Casey's division; the troops in sight became sensibly fewer, and all night our pickets heard the sound of moving troops and trains. Our brigade front covered something more than half a mile; and on the morning of the 3d, the officers in charge of the picket line reported to Gen. Palmer that there were not a hundred men in the defensive works about Lee's mill. From the top of the highest

trees they could see none but a few camp followers, scavengers and the picket line. On the morning of the 4th, some of our men ventured nearer and nearer, until they ascertained that the enemy's pickets were withdrawn, and his intrenchments silent and deserted.

Sunday morning, the 4th, was bright and warm. Sending our sick away, leaving our tents standing, our baggage in them under guard, by eight o'clock, we were all on the road in pursuit. We crossed the Warwick and halted an hour in the works at Lee's mill. Before leaving, the enemy had buried shells and torpedoes in the forts and roads. By the explosion of one of these, a soldier in the 52d regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, was literally torn to pieces; one of his toes was found in the haversack of a comrade.

Our skirmish line advanced slowly fearing an ambuscade; behind, the troops following hurry and crowd together in the road.

On each side, at the edge of the road, marched a line of infantry by the flank; between these lines, in the beaten way, the cavalry and artillery moved. At intervals, we pass the wreck of a wagon, a horse or a cart. We march with spirit and enthusiasm, but are unable to make this day more than six miles. Keyes and Casey make every effort to get ahead, but they encounter Heintzelman and Sumner, and must wait. When the sun went down that day the division encamped in a large field on the Yorktown and Williamsburg road, four miles below the latter place. In the morning Stoneman, had skirmished with Wade Hampton over the field, and had driven him into the defences of Williamsburg.

All day the utmost confusion was apparent. Generals, troops, trains, orders, clashed, obstructed, interrupted each other, so that no infantry reached the front before the morning of the 5th. Our camp was in an old wheat-field, interspersed with bushes, on a little hill, behind a thin oak and pine wood, which sloped in front to a brook. Sunday night it rained again—a drizzling, misty, steady rain.

During the day and night we had nothing to eat, nothing but water to drink; for we did not see Alfred Courtright who carried our rations and blankets. A double cloth overcoat was our covering, tent and bed.

Monday morning about 4 o'clock, A. M., as we lay on a pile of rails, cold, wet, hungry, we felt some one pulling at our sleeve and waking, recognized Alfred. Said we: "Courtright, in the name

of humanity, where have you been?" Said he: "I was cut off by the trains; I lost my way and have been traveling all night. Do you wish something to eat and drink?" Said we: "The Lord bless you, Courtright, what have you got?" "Here," said he, "is a canteen full of milk, and this other canteen I slipped from the shoulder of a sleeping commissary over under the tarpaulin in Regan's battery. Then, I have part of a quarter of pig and a loaf of corn-bread, which I *bought* of an old Secesh as I struck across the lots." There are cases when a word of explanation is sufficient; we did not feel like pressing the cause of his absence any further.

By sunrise we were under arms again. Troops, trains, and artillery had been coming up all night. The road was wedged full; we were compelled to march in the fields and woods. The rain fell rapidly; the mud was hub-deep, and resembled a long bed of grayish yellow mortar. Wagons, horses, men, dragged with difficulty, their slow length along. As we moved, we heard the sound of cannon; we could even at intervals distinguish the rattle of small arms, and we knew that our troops were engaged at the front.

At three corners near Chesapeake church, we took a position by the side of the road and stacked arms. Less than a mile in front, all this day, May 5th, they fought the battle of Williamsburg. The spirits of our men were exuberant; yet they anxiously inquired of every one coming from the front.

The divisions of Hooker and Kearney, and the brigade of Hancock were fighting the battle, while thousands and thousands of troops, just out of range, filled the woods, the roads and the fields. Casey pushes forward with his division, but Sumner orders him to halt. Naglee, and Keim commanding our first and second brigades, importune to no effect. Even our brigade commander, Palmer, wanted to fight!

About 10 A. M. we saw an officer, followed by an orderly, riding at a fearful rate, splashing, plunging past us down the muddy road. He is a captain; wears a broad-rimmed felt hat, and a dark-blue overcoat. He is about five feet ten, rather spare, and, though black as a mulatto, his features are Caucasian, his nose sharp, his lips thin. Because he rides so fast in the mud, the men yell at him as he goes. He smiles, touches his hat, and spurs again his dark bay horse. Who is it? ask a dozen men at once. Some one

says, "The Prince de Joinville." Hurrah for "Johnville" echo the woods around.

At 2 P. M., De Joinville returned from Yorktown with McClellan. The latter, on the ground, disposed and dispatched but little. Keim, however, was permitted to assist Kearney and Naglee to support Hancock. Repeated attempts were made by the troops in front directly on the enemy's works, and each advance was repulsed with heavy loss. Night and the rain came on, but nothing was accomplished except the killing of our men. After 11 P. M. the foe retired and left his works unmanned; and his heavy guns were harmless as logs.

Before 8 A. M. of the 6th, our brigade marched into Fort Magruder, and the 98th stacked arms along the parapet. We immediately sent details to pick up the enemy's wounded and bury the slain of both armies.

Historians agree that the battle of Williamsburg was a blunder. It afforded the enemy an opportunity to try his guns on our advancing troops. In his report McClellan makes his explanation and apology. Had he employed the forces which were at hand, he might have captured the enemy; had he restrained Hooker and Kearney from fighting, he might have saved 2,500 men. Hooker and Kearney were rash and imprudent, and fought the enemy in precisely the way in which the enemy proposed. Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes, in the language of De Joinville, were old women in frills and curls; and, since we must work out our salvation with the means which Providence has given us, what under the circumstances could McClellan do better than to leave the conduct of affairs to them? He could not slightly esteem their rank, their dignity, or their political influence.



## CHAPTER IV

THE Anabasis of the Army of the Potomac—Fort Magruder—The Evacuation of—We start in Pursuit of the Enemy—The Battle-field of Williamsburg—William and Mary's College—Lemuel Bowden—On the March—Mrs. Pickett—West Point and a Flank Movement—Roper's Church and the Moving Army—Colonel Van Wyck in Arrest—New Kent Court House—The Country Improving—Baltimore Cross-roads—The Chickahominy before us.

FORT Magruder was built on a level plain about two miles from Williamsburg and eight from Yorktown. The Confederate line of works there was four miles long, extending from an arm of College creek, a tributary of the James, to an arm of Queen's creek, a branch of the York. Before this fort the two roads from Fortress Monroe come out of the woods and meet at a point eight miles above Yorktown. It is the largest earth-work we have seen; and from right to left, along this four mile front, there are twelve redoubts, or inclosed forts of small dimensions, having strong profiles, deep ditches, and high faces. Before the line, within artillery range, the woods were slashed, the roads obstructed and numerous rifle-pits dug. While at Yorktown, the enemy had his first line, this was constructed for his second. Along the Warwick was the first shell, before Williamsburg the second, and beyond the Chickahominy the third shell, covering the kernel; so we found Richmond a hard nut to crack.

The rules of strategy taught him that, with the rivers in our possession, both of these lines became untenable. In his retreat, the enemy left his heavy cannon which he had stolen from the Gosport navy-yard at Norfolk.

At Fort Magruder, May 6th, we made the following memoranda: "Yesterday afternoon and evening, Gen. McClellan had his headquarters at Mr. Adam's house, a half mile in rear of our line of battle across the Yorktown road, where Hooker, Smith, and Kearney were fighting. We have seen him several times with staff and escort riding about in the rain, having consultations, making ob-

servations and giving directions. By the agitation of the troops we can tell where he is.

"Our regiment, in fact, our division, was kept on the move and awake all last night; our generals fancied the enemy making a concentration for a sortie, or heavy attack. The darkness was intense, and the rain poured down until 3 o'clock. We held our arms in our hands, and either stood at attention, or marched through the wood, brush, mud, water, and fields, tired, wet, sleepy, and hungry

"At 4 A. M. of the 6th, the regiment marched about 80 rods to the right of Mr. Adams' house and took a position in a field along a rail fence with an oak and pine wood in front, and there became a part of the second line of battle.

"All was quiet: not a random picket shot disturbed the morning hours. Insensibly our discipline relaxed, and many of us snatched an hour's sleep, holding, resting, or lying on the fence.

"Soon after 6, while the men were making coffee in their tin cups, and dividing the contents of their haversacks among each other, Gen. Casey's adjutant informs us that the enemy has evacuated, and that we must join in the pursuit. At hearing this, said Lieut. Adams: 'Anything for a change.' 'All promenade,' said Lieut. Washburn, as he shouldered a roll of blankets and two rifles belonging to some sick men. 'On to Richmond again,' said Capt. Mannix, as he placed himself at the head of A company and began the march. Our road crossed a tributary of Queen's creek, on the head of a mill-dam, and passing through an evacuated redoubt, ran over the field on which Hancock made his brilliant advance the evening before. Two or three hundred of the enemy's dead still lay where they fell. His wounded were collected in a barn and shed near the battle-ground.

"Arriving at Fort Magruder, the division sent details to bury the dead down the Williamsburg road. The regiment dispatched twenty men with an officer to camp Winfield Scott, to store the tents and surplus articles at Yorktown, and return with the baggage and provisions.

"Near the middle of the day, with two or three officers, we walked over the battle field where the burial party was collecting the dead. The Yorktown road half a mile south of Fort Magruder approached out of a dense wood which stretched away indefinitely to the right and left. The enemy had felled the trees in the front

of this wood on both sides of the road ; and there in the slashing, in the wood, and in the edge of the wood, along the felled timber, the battle was fought. There, the wounded, the dying were thickest. On the brush, among the limbs, against the stumps and trunks, in the mud, in the water, on the wet ground, they lay. In the road, along the road, in the grass, on the leaves, in the slashing, in the ditches, cold and dead they lay, a heart-rending commentary on a nation's quarrel.

"In the wood, in an old ditch, which Cornwallis or La Fayette had made, we counted thirteen dead soldiers from Michigan, lying so close that they touched each other. We saw a North Carolinian sitting with his back against a rail fence ; a three inch ball had pierced his breast ; his heart hung by a ligament on his waist outside his clothes. He was of the enemy's picket. As useless all their death as if an earthquake had smacked 'its mumbling lips above them.'

"We remained bivouacking in Fort Magruder until the 9th. Our baggage, or *impedimenta*, came up, and we slept and rested. A few of our sick joined us and we sent a few to hospital. But one, Lieut. Storms, has died on the Peninsula. Many of us are neither sick nor actually well. Want of regular and suitable food and rest have left their traces upon us all. Our clothes have become worn and soiled ; our cheeks, skin and eyes, betray the exposure and irregularity of our lives.

"The 98th numbers about 700, officers and privates, present. Lieut. L. A. Rogers has command of the guard of the balloon train. On the afternoon of the 8th, Professor Lowe passed us with his balloon corps.

"Not satisfied with all his men had borne, Naglee, that restless officer, tried to drill his men out on the level plain before the fort, but it would not do ; Casey stopped him. Had you, reader, seen the old man when he forbade him, seen him when he expostulated, seen his sleeve shake and his chin tremble, you could have formed some idea of the fire which burned within him, and would have concluded that he was no ordinary man, provoked at no trivial circumstance."

On the 8th, we walked to Williamsburg, to see the town and the inhabitants thereof. From a boy this was a place of no ordinary interest to us. Henry, Lee, Randolph and Jefferson first distinguished themselves here. It is intimately associated with the

early history of Washington ; and in it the old colonial governors held their court with vice-regal pomp and ceremony. The great men who graduated at William and Mary's college have added to its celebrity.

In its day and generation Williamsburg was an important town. It became the seat of government in 1698, and never contained over two thousand inhabitants ; but the fashion, wealth and learning of this old capital have left their impression upon the manners and characteristics of the Old Dominion. The royal state in which the governors lived has vanished, the polite and brilliant circle which surrounded them, is broken ; yet, in the college, the library, the statuary, the old buildings, pictures and furniture, are relics and figures which help to reanimate and repeople the town.

The town contains a court-house, an insane asylum and William and Mary's college, which was burned by our soldiers subsequently during the war. On the college green, near the point where the road divides, is the statue of Lord Botetourt, shaded by live oak-trees. It is a specimen of elegant sculpture in court-dress, with a short sword. The Confederates made a hospital of the college, and everything was broken and in disorder.

At the head of a cross-street stood the palace of Lord Dunmore ; the office and the guard-house are standing, but the palace was burned accidentally, by some French troops after the surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781. The old magazine, built of brick about 140 years ago, is crumbling to ruins beside the street, near the college. Moving the powder from this, in 1775, Lord Dunmore, *by that arbitrary act*, threw the whole of Virginia into excitement, and occasioned the first assembling of an armed force to resist royal authority. Near this magazine, after the expiration of his presidency, John Tyler lived for a few years.

A place not of least interest was Raleigh Tavern, a one-story house, built in form of an L, with basement and garret and dormer windows. It is still a public house, with Walter Raleigh's bust on the portico ; but the weary, the hungry, the dry, can find no entertainment there.

In its rooms many important committees of the colonial legislature met. Here Richard Henry Lee originated the plan for uniting the colonies.

Williamsburg is the oldest incorporated city in Virginia ; and in it no house has been built since 1820. The dwellings, though



antiquated, are comfortable; all the chimneys are on the outside, and all the first floors are on a level with, or below the surface of the ground. A few of them have been painted; the rest have never felt the painter's brush.

The population, as well as the town, is in decline; "the land eateth up its inhabitants." As we pass along, now and then, a hand unseen turns the blinds, or draws the curtain, and a pretty face looks at us through the window.

Many of them have gone away; and those who remain stay within doors. Those whom we see say that we will come back singing a different tune. They predict that we will never cross the Chickahominy, that death awaits us there. They maintain that our gun-boats can be of no use when we get up so far, and that the whole South will rise and fight us at the passings of that fated river.

Before one of the more humble dwellings, sat Lemuel Bowden in a chair; among the faithless, faithful only he. A Union man and a distinguished lawyer, he was afterwards United States senator from East Virginia. With light hair, red face and gray eyes, he sat, friendly, smiling, bowing to us all as we passed his home.

Williamsburg is just four miles from each river, ten from Yorktown, seven from Old Jamestown, and fifty-eight from Richmond. In 1860, its population was 1,600; in 1870, 1,392.

In the forests, the oak is more abundant than the pine; in the field, where sown, the red-clover takes root, one seed on about two feet square. Adding the sweet potato, they cultivate the same products as we. We have now passed through four counties of Virginia, and of them Elizabeth City is most valuable.

We have related that all of Keyes' corps and parts of Heintzelman's and Sumner's marched up the Peninsula, and were present at the battle of Williamsburg. For the purpose of making a flank movement, and capturing or surrounding the rear guard of the enemy, McClellan dispatched, on the afternoon of the 5th May, on transports, Franklin's division, up the York river, to West Point.

The division landed the 6th, on the right bank of the Pamunky, and encamped in a level field, containing more than a thousand acres. During that day the divisions of Porter, Sedgwick and Richardson arrived, and joined the troops of Franklin. On the 7th, the National forces fought with Whiting's division, the rear guard of Johnson's retreating army, the battle of West Point.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson was, for some time before the evacuation of Yorktown, in command of the Confederate forces on the Peninsula. With him, probably the ablest officer of the South, McClellan will contend until the battle of Fair Oaks.

As a flanking operation, the movement to West Point failed.

The Pamunky and Mattapony uniting at that place, form the York river. The village stands on a point of land at the confluence of the two rivers; and, when on the morning of the 6th, the sailors hoisted the Union flag over it, every white person had fled.

The York river is an estuary of the Chesapeake, and those two are its affluents. The tide rises on the Pamunky far above the White house. West Point and White house became, in turn, bases for supplies to the Army of the Potomac.

On the morning of the 8th, Stoneman, commanding the cavalry advance, left Williamsburg in pursuit of the enemy, who passed West Point, the evening before, twenty miles above.

On the morning of the 9th, the sun rose bright and clear and warm. A light wind from the south, odorous with the breath of spring, waved the wheat fields, rustled the dark green leaves of the holly, and moaned long and softly in the pine tops. At 7 A. M., we began the march; Keyes' corps behind, and Casey's division the rear guard. We are marching along, remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.

We go without interruption to Williamsburg, and pass in review before McClellan, standing in a window at the Raleigh Tavern. Around the college green, the main street of the village divides; the left hand leads to the James river, and the right becomes the York river-road. We take the right hand, and halt an hour beside the college. We have an opportunity to visit the building again. It had then become a hospital for our sick and wounded, of whom several hundred were lying wrapped in their blankets, on its time-worn floors. Silently, thoughtfully, reverently, we stroll through its classic halls. As the crowd of worthies who have been educated here come to mind, we feel like placing our hand upon our mouth, and taking off our shoes.

Leaving, we stopped a moment in the dispensary to converse with the surgeon; and, seeing him tear leaves from a volume of Horace and wrap his prescriptions in them, we asked him how he justified such vandalism and desecration.

Said he: "You know Horace said: 'It is sweet for our country to die; so let him die the death.'"

Near 11 o'clock we start again, and march by the flank at the route step. The whole army has taken the same road, and our long trains, and the obstructions which the enemy has made, render it, in places, almost impassible. The infantry march on the sides of the road—the trains and artillery take the beaten track.

Each man carried his rifle and equipments, forty rounds of ammunition, three days' cooked rations, a blanket, and a knapsack, a total burden of not less than sixty pounds. That day we accomplished ten miles, and, in the evening, encamped on the farm of Mrs. Pickett, sister of Lemuel Bowden. At the request of her brother, Gen. McClellan has sent word that he and his staff will be her guests for the night. Our division sent a guard to her house, and each brigade sent a band to welcome the general on his arrival. Her dwelling was amply commodious, and her preparations suitable for his accommodation. Unforeseen duties prevented him from keeping his engagement. The mistress and her daughters were in their evening pride; and, until late in the night, around her mansion, music arose with its voluptuous swell.

The 98th encamped in an old stubble field, beside an orchard, and the men bought corn-dodgers of Mrs. Pickett's negroes. The market for hard bread was quiet, dull; the general tendency being in the buyer's favor. In bivouacking, we procured leaves, straw, boughs, rails and bark, on which to spread our blankets and keep us from the ground. On such occasions, boards are the greatest luxuries; they command a premium.

The 10th, we advanced ten miles farther to Roper's Church. Xenophon, in his Retreat of the immortal Ten Thousand has given us the distance marched, day after day, from town to town, from river to river, and made every parasang of that eventful journey live. Our expedition is fraught with as much interest to the world as his, our army is as large as those which in most instances have fought the decisive battles of the world; but we need his divine gift, to paint and animate, to give life and action.

Marching up this road with us are nearly eighty thousand men. They cover all the fields; they fill the woods; in three long, heavy lines they thread the road. The very surface of the ground appears agitated like the surface of the sea; ambulances, artillery, cavalry, infantry, and long files of army wagons move, rising and

falling like the billows. "Reader, piece out our imperfections with your thoughts, multiply one man into a thousand, make an imaginary army, and think when we talk of horses that you see them printing their proud hoofs into the receiving earth; think that you see the heavily loaded wagons, up hill and down, through rut and mire, over bridgeless streams, making their slow, difficult way; and that you see the infantry moving, standing, sitting, rising to stand or march, or to sit down again, gaining in advance but ten miles from morning to night."

We remained the 11th and the 12th at Roper's Church. Here several officers were arrested for taking and carrying away private property. During the afternoon of the 12th, a colonel passed through the edge of our camp, seated high on a number of bags filled with corn, and piled in an old New Jersey wagon drawn by two yokes of oxen. Up with him on the bags, sat three or four privates, a hospital steward, and a young lieutenant; on the ground, half running and half walking, before the oxen and on each side of them, were eight or ten other members of his regiment talking and frisking about him. The colonel had on a broad-rimmed, low felt hat, a colonel's coat and straps, a private's shirt, trousers, and shoes; and made no effort to conceal the elation which shone from his face and sparkled from his eyes.

He resembled Bacchus, as we have often seen him represented in some old classic book, in his triumphal chariot, making the conquest of India; or, perhaps, more truly, the group represented the figures in some Roman triumph, which we had often admired, painted or wrought on Flemish tapestry. That officer was Colonel Van Wyck, representative in the 37th congress, from the tenth district of New York. He is colonel of the 56th regiment N. Y. volunteers, and he raised for the service his regiment, called the Tenth Legion, a light battery and several companies of cavalry.

He reaches his camp, sitting still on the bags, and telling the men of his regiment, where and how he captured the corn, the wagon and the oxen, when an aide of General McClellan rides up hastily, and politely touches his cap before him, and asks if he is Colonel Van Wyck. Van Wyck replies: "I am the man, sir." The aide adds: "I am directed by Gen. McClellan to place you in arrest, for violating the general order in relation to appropriating private property. You will remain with your regiment and

charges will be made out in a few days. He further directs that you return the property forthwith to its owner." The aide, after again touching his hat, rode away.

Said Van Wyck to those standing about him: "In the name of God, I'd like to ask, if this is the way they mean to put down the rebellion? What is the use of an army if they expect peace without hurting any one? What the devil are we down here for? War means to kill, capture and destroy, to do the enemy all the damage possible; and now I swear, here, in open war, they put me in arrest for capturing some corn and two yokes of oxen. I wonder if Old Abe understands what is going on down here, and that we are guarding and protecting rebel property?" Van Wyck was ignorant of the existence of such an order, and the next day was released from arrest.

On the 12th, Lieut. Holmes, 104th Pennsylvania volunteers, from whose shoulder Alfred Courtright slipped the canteen, below Chesapeake church, received a commission as commissary of subsistence, from the President, with the rank of captain. We sent him the canteen with congratulations.

On the 13th, we were nineteen hours marching twelve miles to New Kent court-house. Here we remained three days, and West Point became our base of supplies. It was 2 A. M. of the 14th, when we stopped in a wheat-field, near a wood, to encamp. We lay down at once, and soon were all asleep. It was the most tiresome day's journey we had ever made; the hot sun, the dry ground, the walking, standing, and waiting seemed to draw the life out of us. A few had permission to fall behind; they joined the regiment on the 14th.

New Kent village has less than twenty houses. The old dilapidated court-house witnessed the early forensic displays of Patrick Henry. It is thirty miles from Richmond, three from the Pamunky, and ten from White house. New Kent county lies between the Chickahoniny and the Pamunky, and is twenty-six miles long and nine wide.

We observe a marked difference around us; the farms are more valuable, the land more fertile, and the cultivation better. The cleared land is gaining upon the forests; the houses, fields, fences, roads, and orchards, indicate more thrift and wealth.

On the evening of the 17th, we pitched our moving tents at Baltimore cross-roads, seven miles beyond our morning fires. Our

camp was on the land of Dr. Tazwell Tyler, son of the ex-president, and then a surgeon in the Confederate army.

The 18th was Sunday, and we remained in camp. On the 19th, we left Baltimore cross-roads and marched two miles below Dispatch station, near the York river railroad. We finished our journey a few hours before sunset, and had time to make some observations.

The Chickahominy is before us, the enemy is on its opposite bank, the railroad bridge is on fire ; we hear the frequent crack of the Sharp rifle, and we are twelve miles from Richmond.

Life is a journey ; life is a battle ; life is a bivouac.

“ Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.”



## CHAPTER V

The York River Railroad—The White house—The Peninsular Road—The Sick sent to Cumberland Landing—The Sick Soldier—The Position of the Army Corps—The Army of the Potomac—Crossing the Chickahominy—Advance of Naglee to Seven Pines—Bivouacking and Talking the Battle Over—The Chickahominy and the lay of the Land—A Night on Picket and What we Saw—Concluding Notes from our Log Book, written on the Spot.

THE York river railroad runs from Richmond to West Point. From Richmond to White house, the distance is about twenty-three miles, and West Point is twenty miles farther down. This railroad runs nearly parallel with the Williamsburg road, and crosses the Pamunky and the Chickahominy on trestle bridges. It connects Richmond with the York river, as the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad unites it with the lower Chesapeake and the sea-board.

The White house of 1862 stood on the site of the one in which Mr. Chamberlayne entertained Major Washington, in 1758, when on his way from the Monongahela to Williamsburg. It was a long, narrow house with a hall through it crossways. A large chimney at each end stood outside the house, which was still further extended by building an addition outside the chimneys. The kitchen and the negroes' quarters stood a few rods behind the house. The ground sloped to the river eight or ten rods in front. The garden was small; the fruit-trees not over half a dozen; the locusts and button-woods not over three or four, stood too far away for shade. It would be worthy of no mention, or distinction, if not associated with the name of Washington. Men and their actions have sanctified Mount Tabor and Mount Helicon, and given celebrity to Independence Hall.

Thus far, we have traveled on a ridge-road from which the surface descends on the left to the Chickahominy, and on the right to the Pamunky. It has been the thoroughfare of Peninsular

travel, and every rod of it is classic. Here were the battle-fields of the early Indian wars. Along it was the hunting-ground of Powhatan; John Smith traveled it and built beside it his stone house of refuge should Jamestown fall. At West Point Opechancanough, brother of Powhatan, lived and ruled, and Bacon occupied it in "Bacon's Rebellion." Every road and stream that crosses it has its memories of Revolutionary times

Near Cumberland landing are a hundred descendants of the Pamunkies, who live on a reservation and support themselves by hunting and fishing, and making pottery and baskets.

Our road has been intersected every few miles by others running to the rivers, and by old deserted roads, cross-roads, and wood-roads, in whose wheel-worn courses we have seen trees standing larger than a man's body. Below, on the Peninsula, the houses were made for shelter; here they have blinds, are plastered and painted, and resemble northern dwellings. Below, the pine-forest was gaining on civilization; here the country looks old, in some places, exhausted and neglected. Many farms evince industry and prosperity; a few are lapsing into barbarism.

The sick of the regiment were increasing; they walked behind it or rode in the ambulances. While at New Kent, three or four miles from Cumberland landing, we sent about fifty by boat to Baltimore. Lieuts. Norton and Hollenbeck, Serpts. Wm. B. Rudd and Wm. H. Rogers, "worn out with fatigue, and sick with malarial fever," were among the number. From Williamsburg to the Chickahominy, ten days, the regiment has lost nearly one hundred men. Those who have neither health nor courage are obtaining the surgeon's excuse. The historian Rollin says that Agamemnon, by allowing his subjects to commute, filled his army with none but brave men. It is safe to say that the fighting material of the regiments never exceeded fifty per cent. of their aggregate, at commencement of service.

The soldier reported sick is above all military authority. True, the commander-in-chief may change his hospital, or send him to the rear, or leave him without transportation or quarters, but he cannot, without violation of law, order him to duty. A person who has resolved to get away, begins first to prepare the public mind by finding fault with the service, the marching, the weather, and the "fare;" he readily obtains permission to walk behind or to be put on light duty. Pursuing this course for a few days, he



procures an order from the surgeon in charge of his corps to ride in an ambulance or to go to the hospital. The diseases most prevalent, and, therefore, most frequently feigned, are diarrhoea and malarial fever; rheumatism will not do. The old, the weak, and the young, are dropping out daily; none but the strong and resolute are keeping along.

Behind the 98th a score or more of officers and men, "worn out with fatigue and sick with malaria," are just able to keep up with the regiment and move. Poor fellows, they were so deathly sick that we felt our sympathy excited to see them go, "larding the lean earth as they walked along."

On the 19th our camp was at Rose Cottage, the residence of a lady, in many respects the most comfortable and pleasant farm we have seen. The fields, orchard, garden, barn, and stock, were not surpassed on the best farms in Wayne and Ontario counties.

On the 20th, the division reconnoitres the ground more closely from the railroad, three or four miles down the river. The enemy appeared in force on the opposite bank, and shelled and fired at our skirmishers.

The positions of the different corps enable us to map the Army of the Potomac and understand the mind of the commanding general. Keyes and Heintzelman are near Bottom's bridge, where the New Kent, or Williamsburg road, crosses the river. Porter's and Franklin's corps, for each now by permission of the President has a corps, occupy points higher up the stream, and, forming the right wing, demonstrate and draw the enemy's attention there. Sumner, near the centre, in the rear, takes such a position that he can readily support either the left or the right. Smith's division has been taken from Keyes to form the fifth corps for Franklin. We have now a left and a right wing; and, on the morning of the 21st, the left wing moved, Casey's division in front, to within a mile of Bottom's bridge, along the Williamsburg road. The enemy had retired from the opposite bank, and the coast looked clear. During the afternoon a few light troops, cavalry and infantry, forded the stream; and, near sun-down, the 104th Pennsylvania volunteers crossed on logs and planks which the engineers had thrown down preparatory to building the bridge. This was the first entire regiment that crossed the river. It advanced about a mile and remained all night on picket.

On the morning of the 22d, the whole of Casey's division passed

the river, walking on logs, planks, and the remains of the old bridge. By evening the bridge was ready for artillery and trains.

During the day a portion of Couch's division made a reconnoissance along the Williamsburg road. They reported the enemy in force about three miles distant and stopped. Gregg's cavalry from Pennsylvania was in this advance.

On the 23d, Gen. McClellan directed Gen. Keyes "to advance, if possible, to the Seven Pines, on the direct road to Richmond, and to hold the point if practicable" Gen. Keyes selected Gen. Naglee for this duty. Naglee chose for this reconnoissance the 52d and 104th Pennsylvania volunteers of his own brigade, the 85th Pennsylvania, of Keim's brigade, and the 85th and 98th New York volunteers, of Palmer's. The movement was made on the 24th.

Though the 4th corps has crossed the Chickahominy, it has left its baggage, rations, tents, and sick behind. The men have nothing but their arms and blankets, three days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition; their knapsacks and extra clothing are with the wagons. The officers have no tents, books, papers, or mess-chests: unencumbered, they are ready for a battle at a moment's notice. The 98th is duly informed that it is to take part in the reconnoissance to-morrow.

We passed the afternoon inspecting the arms and provisions of the men, setting our house in order, and, at times, devoting a few thoughts to the amenities of modern civilization. The remark of the great Hippocrates comes often in mind with a social application: "What medicine cannot cure, the knife may; what the knife cannot accomplish must be burned out with fire." The manumission of the slave is a social problem which peace may not be able to solve; and, every drop of blood drawn by the lash from the bondsman's back shall be repaid tenfold in sacrifice from the slave holder's veins drawn by the sword.

For breakfast, dinner and supper, our bill of fare was the same; boiled rice and sugar, corned-beef, and hard bread and coffee. Near 3 P. M., while inspecting our company, Capt. Birdsall accosted us and said, showing his discharge for disability: "I am going home; I wish I was able to stay with you; but, if I remain a week longer, I shall die. Good-bye, and good fortune to you."

The regiment left about thirty on the other bank of the stream in an old hotel and barn near by, which stood beside the road a mile from the bridge.

The first collision of the two armies occurred on this day, the 23d, at New Bridge, where the 4th Michigan cavalry crossed the river, captured a few Confederates, drove back the remainder, and held the position. On the same day, Stoneman and Franklin co-operating, encountered the enemy near Mechanicsville. He appeared in force with cavalry, infantry, and artillery. An irregular battle ensued with no decisive result. On the following morning, the 24th, the right wing advanced and drove the Confederates across the river.

As the officers of the regiment are thinned out, our duties become more severe ; instead of being one in thirty, we are now one in ten. Health, strength and elasticity are essential to our Herculean labors. Not one in a hundred of the officers commissioned, possesses the peculiar temperament, the mental qualities, the educational training and the courage required for active campaigning and service. Patient perseverance secures the final triumph of the saints ; but the regimental officers in modern warfare must have the physical advantages and mental qualifications essential for the work.

Before 9 P. M., of the 23d, we placed three rails from corner to corner in a rail-fence, folded our blanket upon these for a bed, lay down upon it, spread our double-cloth overcoat above us,

" Consigned to heaven our cares and woes,  
And sank in undisturbed repose."

By 8 A. M. of the 24th, we were on the way, marching up the Williamsburg road, "on to Richmond." Moving out with the troops already mentioned, are Mink's and Regan's New York batteries and a portion of Gregg's cavalry. The 104th and 52d Pennsylvania volunteers take the lead ; the first with four companies deployed as skirmishers on the left of the road, the second, with four companies, as skirmishers on the right. Near Mile-run they encountered the enemy's pickets, and drove them back.

At 10 A. M. a deserter informed us that the troops in our front were Hatton's brigade of five Tennessee regiments, two batteries of artillery, and a portion of Gen. Stuart's cavalry ; all under the command of Stuart.

It commenced to rain slow and fine. We approached the position of the enemy partly concealed by the woods. Naglee disposes his force. At the right of the road, in front of a deep wood, he placed the 98th ; Regan's battery unlimbered at its left in the road.

A hundred rods in advance, on the left of the road, just behind a deep piece of timber, he stationed the six companies of the 104th Pennsylvania behind their skirmishers in the wood in front; opposite these on the right hand side were the 52d Pennsylvania, with their skirmishers in front. The wood in front of these two regiments extends on both sides of the road, and is from a fourth to half a mile deep. In the farther edge the enemy was concealed. The 85th Pennsylvania volunteers is at our right, before Savage's station; the 85th New York is on the left of the road, a few hundred yards behind the 104th. Mink's battery is in rear of the 104th. The cavalry is on the flanks. Thus has Naglee very skillfully disposed his little force; himself with his staff and a half dozen of the cavalry is everywhere present. The ground descended before us, and, from our position, the troops were all in view.

The prologue has now been spoken; it is time for the play to begin; the voluntary has now been played and the dancers have taken their places. Said Naglee to Captain Johnston, his adjutant-general, who obtained his shoulder-straps for meritorious services at Bull-run; and who, weighing about two hundred, with a sinister, hang-dog look and a careless, go-easy manner, rides a large, strong bay horse and makes the best time of all over the wet clay-fields: "Johnston, tell Colonels Davis and Dodge to advance and move on with the skirmish line." Johnston obeyed and the line moved forward.

The enemy at once opened with his cannon, and turned them upon the 98th and Regan's battery. For more than twenty minutes he concentrated upon us his heaviest fire. Shells whistled, whizzed, whirled, and whirled before, behind and over us. They exploded in the air above us; and the fragments flew about our heads, leaving the least possible windage. The heel of one fell before the writer, and, spinning around like a saucer on a table, glanced away to the left. Many were hit and hurt; many hair-breadth escapes occurred; but one man only was killed.

On the right of the road, our advance drove the enemy from a grain-field, an orchard and some farm buildings; on the left, they entered the wood, and we could mark their progress by the receding sound of the rifles. When the skirmishers cleared the wood, they perceived the enemy's line of battle formed a short distance beyond, extending on both sides of the Williamsburg road and three fourths of a mile from Seven Pines.

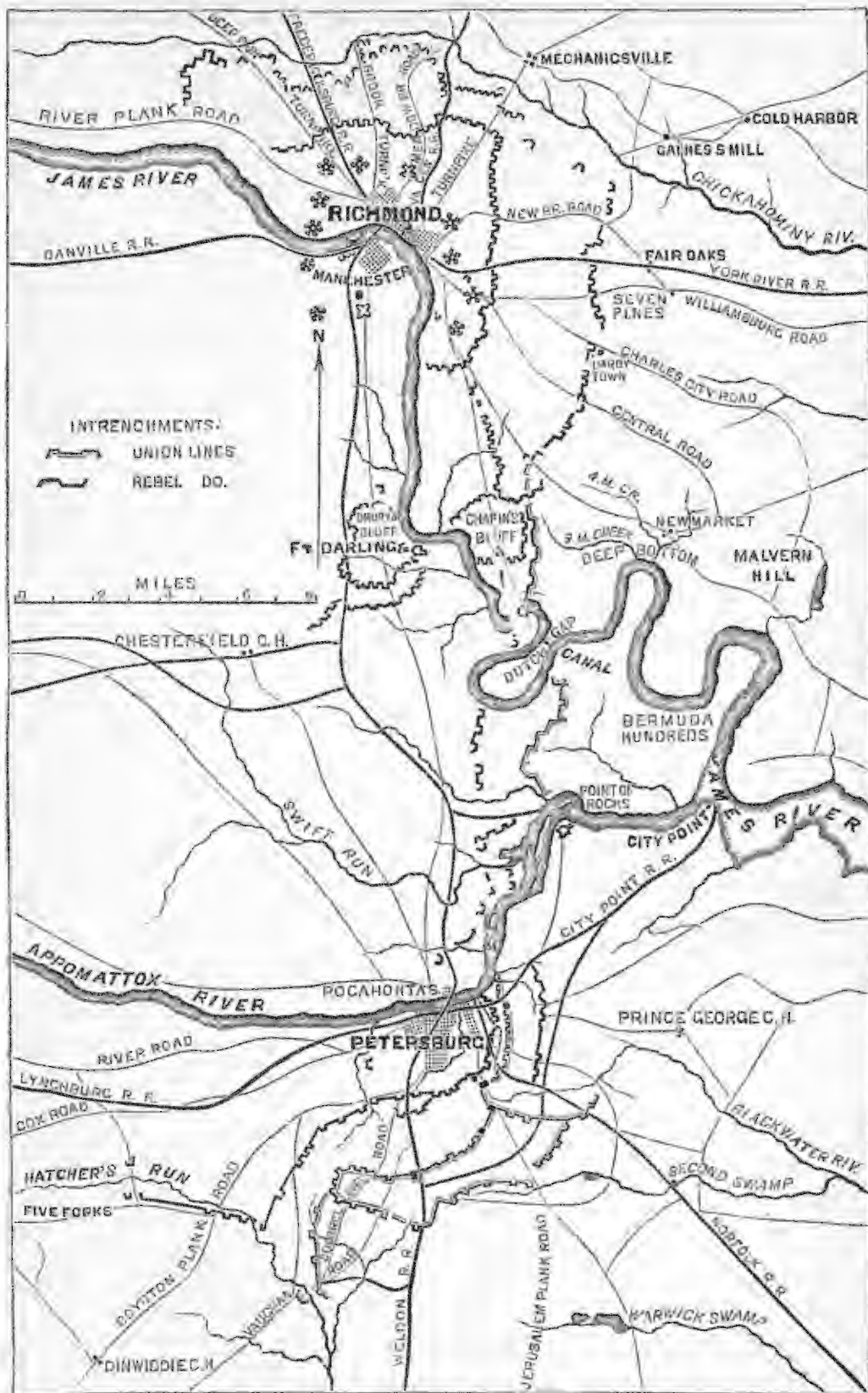
Naglee immediately ordered the advance of his whole line ; and, while the shells were bursting thickest around us, the 98th was ordered forward. Marching by the front it performed the movement in such a manner as to receive that General's praise. Colonel Dutton said on the field of battle, in presence of the officers and men, that the commendation given to the regiment belonged to company F. But promotion, rank and standing were as seldom rewarded and as little regarded in the volunteer service as are worth and merit in the caucuses and conventions of the country. Napoleon and other great captains, it is said, made their promotions from the battle-field ; ours were made at the capitals of the different states. The sneak, the coward, the man who concealed himself among the ambulances, the hospitals, and the baggage-trains, four times out of five, was advanced before him who courageously and intelligently stood at his post and performed his duty. For similar instances, the reader will turn to the history of the nations in the decline of their vigor and military power.

The battery which played upon the 98th was nearly a mile and a half away. The shells were thrown over a corner of the wood, and their range was ascertained by a chain of signals. A Confederate soldier stood behind a pine tree near the road and signaled to the battery with his hat, now high, now low, now right, now left, when a sergeant in Regan's battery trained one of his three inch rifles at him and brought him down at the first aim.

Capt. Regan directed his guns upon the battery that shelled us, and information from the skirmish line enabled him to correct his range.

With the advance of our line, our batteries took new positions within a few hundred yards of the enemy, and, pouring into him a few well-directed rounds, threw him into confusion and compelled him to retire from the field. The explosion of a caisson in one of the enemy's batteries seemed to demoralize him more than the effect of our fire. The men near it, in the supporting regiment, scattered and ran, in the language of Capt. Johnson, "as if the devil was after them."

By 3 P. M. we were on the enemy's ground ; and Naglee received an order from Keyes not to pursue, "lest he should bring on a general engagement." Keyes had advanced to the Seven Pines, on the direct road to Richmond, and therefore complied with the order of McClellan.



DEFENSES OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.



We encamped near the further edge of the wood which we had captured, procured excellent water from a well near an old farmhouse, and sent a detail back to our morning camp for blankets and food. It had rained slowly nearly all day ; and exposure, fatigue, and excitement rendered us all well nigh unfit for duty.

We built large fires under the shelter of the pines ; and, sitting on logs with our arms in our hands, talked the battle over. Naglee lost two horses. Several men changed their positions, or moved their heads just in time to save their lives. One had his mouth and eyes filled with mud ; another was all splashed over with water by the explosion of a shell. One heard a shell coming and was particularly anxious to know where it would light ; another saw one cut the tops of two or three trees in range before him. The men asserted that the enemy used a variety of missiles on this occasion ; such as iron wedges, horse-shoes, boat-spikes and mill-files. Several smelt the brimstone breath of a shell breathe upon them as it hurried by their heads. This was our first day under fire. The Nationals lost twenty-three killed and wounded.

On the morning of the 26th, we advanced to Seven Pines, and encamped among those immortal trees. The name was given to a tavern which stood among seven pines, near the intersection of the Nine-mile and Williamsburg roads.

We are at the front all the time, and our duty is severe and constant ; still we find leisure to make observations and write up our note-book.

The Chickahominy, which we have now passed, is a slow, swampy, miry stream, with low, irregular banks. In places the country is cleared to its shores for grass or grain-land ; in others it is bordered by deep, impenetrable, marshy forests. The channel, along which our operations have been confined, is from four to ten rods wide, and the water, like a canal, neither falls nor flows. Its shores are so low that a little rain increases its surface, rather than its force or depth. The three or four bridges terminate in mud at each end, and never deserved the name ; they were made of poles and logs with a few planks. The river has several low, wide-bottomed, swamp-like affluents, of which the most considerable are the White Oak swamp creek, which rises near Richmond and the James and flows along our left flank ; and the Beaver Dam creek which runs along our right flank from the north, and about which Porter and Franklin are operating. Between these, a distance of



twelve miles, are some half dozen minor tributaries, as the little Beaver Dam creek, the Bear swamp and Goodly Hole swamp. The whole land around us bears the plainest evidences of its aqueous or fluvial origin. From Fortress Monroe we have not seen a stone or particle of gravel; but fragments of sea shells everywhere strew the ground. The bluffs at Yorktown are the highest land from the Chesapeake to Richmond. The tide on the James rises to Richmond, and on the crooked Pamunky it is felt ten miles above White house. From these facts the lay of the land and the flow of the rivers may be readily inferred.

The York river railroad bridge which we saw burning on the 19th, is rebuilt on the corner of New Kent, Henrico. and Hanover counties. Hereafter the operations of the left wing are in Henrico, and those of the right wing in Hanover

The headquarters of General McClellan are on the New Bridge road, near the Little Beaver Dam creek, at Cold Harbor, in Hanover.

Over the National army's field of operations, from Richmond northward, pass four old wagon roads: the Williamsburg, the New Bridge, the Mechanicsville and the Brook creek road. The Brook creek, a tributary of the Chickahominy, approaches, on the west of Richmond, within a few miles of the James.

The Chickahominy divides the Army of the Potomac, at the crossing of the New Bridge road. Its line of communication and base of supplies are the York river railroad, White house, and the York river. Since the 10th of May, when Norfolk was evacuated, McClellan has been at liberty to change his base and line of communication to the James. The maxims of war do not sustain the present disposition of the army; and, in the opinion of many experts, the James was preferable to the York. McClellan preferred the James and acknowledged his error in dividing his army.

Before crossing the Chickahominy it was our turn to go on picket in charge of fifty men of the 98th. It was on the night of the 20th, the day on which we had reconnoitred the river.

The picket line passed from the Williamsburg road to the left within a hundred rods of the river, along the edge of a deep tangled, swampy wood, for a mile, thence it obliqued to the rear and covered the left flank for two or three miles. The lot fell to us to act as a reserve in the elbow of this line. The nearest camps in the rear were two miles distant; the river was a mile and a half

in front, the deep, timber-covered swamp intervening. This line curling back at the extreme left and right, is composed of an indefinite number of posts, and extends to Mechanicsville. Four men constitute a post, and the posts are four or five rods apart. All the gradations of rank from a brigadier-general down are on the detail. For twenty-four hours, the time of duty, this line is the eyes and ears of the army. Its most important order is to be vigilant, to hear and not be heard, to see and not be seen.

We took the position assigned us by the division officer, numbered the men, divided the hours from 6 P. M. until 6 A. M. into two hour intervals, and permitted a third to sleep at a time.

We were, as a reserve, all together placed in the front edge of a wood; at our right the open field extended indefinitely; in our front, across the field thirty rods wide, was the deep swampy wood reaching to the river; at our left, fifty rods, the wood in our rear and the wood in front united. All night long we kept awake, and the two-thirds on duty held their rifles in their hands. The air was still, and as the dew fell, became burdened with the odor of the pine and cedar. No sound was heard but the voice of the whippoorwill coming up from the marshes. Our position enabled us to overlook the field and the line of the woods. Intently watching, anxiously waiting, how slowly pass the heavy hours on leaden wings away! Hungry, weary, faint, O, for an hour of undisturbed repose! 'Tis death to sleep.

At 3 A. M., while all are sitting on the ground, Sergeant Sherman said: "What is that comes flying so low and heavy there, up from the front?" We all look where he does, and see something flying towards us in the grey star-light with slow, heavy, difficult flight. His legs hang down a yard or more, and he moves his head from side to side reconnoitering his course. His wings are longer than the height of the tallest man, and the slogan of his flight is terrible. Coming over us he turns deliberately to the left, and passing down the wood, disappears in the darkness. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! My hair stood on end, my voice adhered to my jaws, and a cold tremor seized my limbs. "What was it," we all at once exclaim? Was it a bird or a man with a flying machine? Was the fable of the roc in Sinbad the Sailor realized? Was it a pterodactyl of primeval geological ages? I could have reached him with my sword, but I was glad afterwards that I did not when

I remembered the fate of the Ancient Mariner who, with his cross-bow, killed the albatross.

Thing of darkness and terror, omen of good or of evil, bird or devil, where did he come from, and whither did he go? Was it the genius of the Chickahominy? What had he to do with us, making night hideous?

After we could breathe, said one: "How his legs hung down!" "His neck was too long for an owl," said a second. A third: "How he wobbled as he flew away!" "And I thought it was the devil come for one of us sure," said Patrick Mannix.

We have had an interval of fine and favorable weather. None of those drenching rains have fallen since we left Williamsburg. Marching, building roads and bridges are not so unpleasant. The country, though level for miles, is sandy and the surface is becoming dry. So far Henrico is miserably poor, level and exhausted; still, the county has more cleared land, better fields and dwellings and wears a more home-like aspect than the first four counties we have described.

Below, all the carrying was done on two-wheeled, one-horse carts. No cultivator, drill, reaper and mower was in use. They could raise no hay as timothy and clover; the ground had no soil except on the cleared swamp-land, where the red-top and some marsh-grass grew. Their stock, if the animals they kept may be so called, subsisted on grain and corn-fodder.

The domain of rural economy had never been invaded by the genius of modern agricultural mechanics. The "threshing instrument of iron," and "a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth," improvements mentioned by the prophets Amos and Isaiah, had not yet been introduced on the lower Peninsula. The threshing floor of clay, the trampling of oxen and the flail of the thresher have in all our minds the most agreeable associations. They correspond with, and mark a social state of innocence and nature indicated by the use of the distaff, the spinning-wheel, and the loom. No figures and descriptions of the novelist and the poet, no brush of the painter colored, adorned or displayed the characters, no distance lent its enchantment, the simple persons and primitive times were before us. True there were no hanging rocks, no murmuring brooks, no Arcadian vales, no piping shepherds; but that social condition is marked and identified by the utensils and instruments of society, by the rude plow, the hoe, the sickle and the flail. The

impressions made by those symbols lie deepest in our hearts; for around them tradition, history and song have bound their papyrus leaves written all over with golden allegories. Men used them when they studied the stars and founded the mythology of the heavens; when they established the zodiac, in the infancy of society, and the twilight of the gods.

Had not African slavery existed here, had the people used themselves the rude instruments which we saw, no doubt, whatever, the cause of war, they never would have cherished and felt towards the North such intense bitterness and rancorous malignity.



## CHAPTER VI

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Henrico County—Couch and Casey, Naglee, Hooker—Casey's Division and its position at Fair Oaks—A night on picket—Gen. Kearney—Gen. Casey's Headquarters—The oblique and parallel Orders of Battle—Col. Dutton sent to Hospital—The sick—A model Tent—The Storm of the 20th May—Our Location growing warm—Two Shells open the Ball at Fair Oaks—The Position of the 98th and the 104th Pennsylvania—The Charge along the Williamsburg road—The Battle—The 98th falls back—An Aide from Gen. Casey—Hand-to-hand Conflicts—Generals Couch and Heintzelman—The Division at Savage's Station—It supports Hooker, June 1st—It goes to White Oak Swamp, June 4th—Alfred Courtright's Story—Casey's farewell—Gen. Peck in Command—The Author revisits the Battle-field in 1865.

**H**ENRICO COUNTY is bounded on the north by the Chickahominy, and on the south by the James. Excepting along the banks of these rivers, the soil is light and unproductive. The surface is level or sloping, but seldom undulating, and often terminates in rough precipices on the river-bottoms. The constant cultivation of tobacco has exhausted the alkali from the ground. On the worn-out lands of the lower Peninsula nothing grows so well as the pine; here a species of oak, called fair oak, crowds out the pine, or struggles together with it on the old tobacco lands. Richmond, for many years before the war, was the centre, if not the home, of the "Tobacco Aristocracy," of all that better sort of people who organized and set on foot the rebellion.

The second brigade of the division has for some time been commanded by Gen. Wessel, a captain in the regular army. Gen. Keim grew sick with malarial fever, went north and died. Gen. I. N. Palmer, who commands our brigade, the third, is also of the regular army. He is assuming, airy, stands on deportment and rank, but has no desire nor reputation for fighting. Wessel is plain in his attire, wears his captain's coat, is accessible if not social. Neither of them has the dash, prowess, executive ability and personal magnetism of Naglee, who commands the first brigade. After Casey, the men have most confidence in Naglee.

Much is said of the strife between Casey and Couch, the two division commanders of the 4th corps, to keep the lead. 'To-day, Couch is ahead; to-morrow, Casey. Casey crossed the river first on the 22d; on the same day, Couch made the first reconnoissance, though unsuccessful. Then, Naglee, on the 23d, moved along the White Oak swamp to within two miles of the James below Richmond. Again, on the 24th, as we related in the last chapter, Naglee drove Stuart and Hatton beyond the Seven Pines. Couch's troops do not get in front again.

Without doubt, Gen. Casey was the most competent commander in the 4th corps; and for a dash, for a charge, to handle a brigade, that corps had no officer who surpassed Naglee. Naglee was irascible, discourteous, often petulant and quarrelsome, "haughty and sour to those who loved him not." Gen. Sickles and he were brigade commanders under Hooker. In a meeting of officers, Naglee declared to Hooker that he would not act with, nor associate with, a murderer. Heintzelman thereupon relieved him from duty with his corps; and McClellan ordered him to report to Keyes, who assigned him to the command of Casey's first brigade. He was a graduate of West Point, and a civilian, living in San Francisco when the war began.

The men admired him, and had the greatest confidence in him; but he had few friends among the officers of rank; because he was so uncharitable and unreserved in his animadversions. He had the courage, the dash, the command, perhaps the ability, but not the travel, the personal amenities and suaviter of Kearney. He surpassed Hooker in all the qualifications of a soldier; but Hooker was a courtier, backed by powerful political friends. Hooker was flattering and panegyric; Naglee was censorious and acrimonious. The first courted, the other challenged; the first became commander of the Army of the Potomac, the other never received promotion.

While at Seven Pines, the first brigade was on the right of the Williamsburg road, and the remaining two on the left. Fair Oaks farm-house is a fourth of a mile directly beyond on the left of the road; and Fair Oaks station is about half of a mile to the right on the York river railroad, the two roads running nearly parallel past our camps.

Our statement as to the reconnoissance to Seven Pines, and the occupation of that point, differs from Greeley, who relates that

Couch made that important advance; our account differs still further from that given in his "American Conflict." On page 143, vol. II., he represents Casey's division entirely on the right of the Williamsburg road, with its left on that road, and its right a little in advance of Fair Oaks station, where the York river railroad crosses the Nine-mile road. Our first brigade alone covered that part of the front: Wessel's right touched Naglee's left on the Williamsburg road; Palmer's right joined Wessel's left, and Palmer's extended nearly to the White Oak swamp. The brigades occupied those positions from the 29th to the 31st of May.

We had no tents; our arms were stacked, and day and night the men kept on their equipments, sitting, standing, and lying among their arms. The pickets of the two armies were in close proximity; firing was constant, and casualties frequent. A few brass Napoleons were stationed in the main-road, and Couch's division, parallel with Casey's, lay behind.

The regiments furnished heavy details for felling timber, making breastworks, building a road to the Grape-vine bridge, six miles above Bottom's, and for picket. Every day we took a few prisoners, and a few deserters came to our lines. Rain fell nearly every day, and the rifle-pits and breastworks were muddy and wet.

During the whole night of the 27th our pickets heard the rumbling of wagons and artillery carriages, and the shoutings of the captains. The enemy was then, probably, bringing up the troops which fought us on the 31st. One day, with a large force, he approached our line, looked in upon us and retired. On the 29th our breastworks, redoubt, and slashing being in a fair state of progress, Casey's division advanced to Fair Oaks, and Couch took his position at the Seven Pines.

Before Fair Oaks farm-house, at the left of the road, Casey built a redoubt and skirted it on each side with a breastwork which terminated in scattered rifle-pits. In the redoubt he placed Spratt's battery, consisting of four ten-pounder rifled-Parrotts, iron guns. Regan's and Fitch's batteries were behind the breastworks. Before these, looking towards Richmond, for half a mile, the ground was cleared or the timber felled. Casey's headquarters were in the farm-house behind the fort; and Wessel's brigade was in the fort and behind the breastworks and in the rifle-pits at the left of the road. Casey's line of battle was not perpendicular, but oblique, to the Williamsburg road. Naglee was advanced, Palmer retired,

and Wessel between. The military criticism on the position of the division is that Naglee was salient, too far advanced; because the enemy approaching along the Nine-mile road could attack him in flank and rear.

At the left of Wessel, in the front edge of a wood, a little retired, with a cleared field in front, lay the regiments of Palmer's brigade, extending to the skirts of the White Oak swamp. The camp of the 98th was in the front edge of this wood, ten or fifteen rods behind, and connecting with the extreme left of Wessel's. This wood was twenty rods deep; an old fence in its rear separated it from a swampy thicket, sixty to eighty rods wide, behind which lay some of the troops of Couch. To the left of Palmer and retired, was Peck's brigade of Couch's division, extending to the White Oak swamp. This disposition of troops from Naglee to Palmer is sometimes called by military writers *en echelon*, like steps. On the right of the main road, a trifle salient with Wessel's, was Naglee's brigade, extending to Fair Oaks station. In rear of Naglee's right, along the Nine-mile road, was Abercrombie's brigade of Couch's division. Naglee had one regiment across the railroad, and Abercrombie had two and one battery. Couch's centre was held by Gen. Devin's brigade. From Abercrombie's right to Savage's station, along the railroad, no troops were in position. Naglee's and Abercrombie's right flanks were unprotected. Kearney lay at Savage's station, and Sumner, on the day of battle, crossing at Grape-vine bridge, came upon the Confederates when they were carrying everything before them on this flank.

Behind Peck, six miles, at the crossing of the White Oak swamp, lay Hooker's division; Heintzelman's corps (3d) therefore protected the flanks of Keyes.

The positions given above for the troops, south of the river, from the 29th to the 31st, we believe are correct. Of the officers on duty with them, the highest in rank was Gen. Heintzelman, a thin, nervous, thick-bearded man, with a wrinkled forehead, who, we think, was deficient in sagacity and executive force, and entirely unable to seize the opportunities which fortune presented.

McClellan and the historians, Lossing and Greeley, write that Palmer's brigade was behind Wessel's in reserve. Our statement differs from theirs in the particular that we place the 3d brigade in the front and at the left of Wessel's. McClellan says that Casey's



division lay on the right of the Williamsburg road, and "at right angles to it." We assert that it lay obliquely across that road. Casey's division was not encamped, as Greeley says, about the station known as Fair Oaks, but rather about a farm-house on the Williamsburg road, and one-half mile to the left of the station.

It is easy to pick up the historians on several very important points. Casey's division was outnumbered, but not surprised. The attack was made in the daytime. Casey's pickets gave notice of the enemy's approach; all the notice that Casey could expect. Wessel's brigade alone was in and about the redoubt made by Casey at Fair Oaks farm-house, on the left side of the Williamsburg road, and just in front of his own headquarters. Greeley says that at the commencement of the battle Casey sent forward Spratt's battery to check the advance of the enemy, and ordered up Gen. Naglee's infantry brigade to support it. The battery was ordered forward, and the 104th Pennsylvania volunteers alone was ordered "to its support." The same historian says that Col. Davis, 104th Pennsylvania volunteers, fell. Col. Davis was slightly wounded in the wrist. Col. Davis, in his "History of the 104th Pennsylvania volunteers," is generally correct; but he falls into an error when he writes that Palmer's brigade was in the rear of Wessel's in reserve.

The picket line of the 4th corps was from three-fourths of a mile to a mile in front of the troops, and extended from the White Oak swamp on the left, to the Chickahominy, beyond the Grapevine bridge, on the right.

On the evening of the 29th, the writer went on picket in charge of the detail from the third brigade, consisting of above two hundred men. Our position began at the Williamsburg road and extended towards the right. The line ran thence along the further edge of the wood in front of our camps. A field beyond, fifty or sixty rods wide, lay between us and the enemy's pickets.

We visited the posts of our detail every three hours during our tour. The enemy's wagons, artillery and cars were running all night. The line was approached at different times and places by his scouts. At our right an aide-de-camp of Gen. Johnston accidentally lost his way and walked within our lines. The division officer of the picket sent him to headquarters within the redoubt. A staff officer of the enemy's commander-in-chief found within our lines was an anomalous circumstance.

The early part of the night was dark and rainy; during the latter part it ceased to rain, and the moon shone bright and clear at intervals through the broken clouds. Not far from 3 A. M. while we were standing by the post next the main road, the picket on duty remarked that he thought he saw something moving fifteen or twenty rods over in the field in front. Three or four of us looked where he pointed, and saw, when the clouds permitted, what might be the end of a log, a stump, a bush, or a man. For five or six minutes all watched the object intently. It neither moved nor stirred. A cloud then obscured the moon, and darkness enveloped the field. After another interval the cloud floated away, and the subject of observation had changed its position and appeared nearer. To fire might alarm the line and cause the whole division to take arms. After another interval of darkness, the object was not more than eight or ten rods away.

The sergeant in charge of the cavalry vidette said he was sure that it was a man, and begged us to allow him to try his Spencerian carbine upon him. We, hesitating, consented. The sergeant brought his carbine to a ready, tried to take aim, wiped his eyes, and tried again. Waiting for a brighter interval he brought his carbine to his shoulder; for a moment the queen of the night seemed to reign supreme and shine like the sun. He was able to draw a bead, as by daylight, and fired.

The subject of observation, the man, set up a fearful howl and yell. He arose and stood up with difficulty. "Come in, or we'll fire again," said the sergeant.

He was severely but not dangerously wounded in the hip, was a North Carolinian, and, as the hunters say, weighed about two hundred pounds. He scolded and swore vehemently at the Yankees, because they came down there to fight those who had never injured them.

He was a scout, carried no arms, and was approaching our line in the method of a scout. Had the night been dark he would have made better time.

In the morning we met Gen. Kearney at the post on the Williamsburg road. He rode a white horse, had but one arm, and, in complexion, was almost an albino. He wore an officer's undress or flannel coat, with a brigadier-general's shoulder-straps, and appeared and talked without parade or flourish. We noticed on his coat-breast, suspended by a red and blue ribbon, the star of

the Legion of Honor, presented after Solferino and Magenta, by the Emperor of the French. While conversing with him, a bullet, fired over one hundred rods, down a long open ditch, by the enemy's picket, passed between his stirrup and his horse, on the side where we were standing. Said Kearney: "The bushes are thinner and lower along that ditch. I guess that was meant for me." He soon after wheeled his horse around and went away.

Every indication pointed to a battle at no distant day; the staff-officer, the scout, the balloons, and our pickets asserted the concentration of troops in our front.

Casey made every effort to give whomsoever came a warm and satisfactory reception. He cut down and tangled up the wood before us. He made abatis for the redoubt and breastworks; and filled up the Williamsburg road with logs and brush. That he might better superintend the work, his headquarters were, at first, in an old house between his pickets and line of battle. Keyes ordered him back. He then selected Fair Oaks farm-house, near the redoubt, just behind his front line; and, out and in from there, a dozen times a day, that iron-gray racking horse, through mud and mire, went sweeping like the wind.

Tacticians say that the great battles of the world have been fought in one or the other of two orders, viz: the oblique and parallel. The parallel order is observed when the whole line or front of an army moves to the attack at once, and when the battle opens, generally, upon all points at the same time.

For exemplifications of this method of beginning and conducting battles, we have only to read the campaigns of Turenne and Condé, Prince Eugene and Marlborough. They rarely held a part of a line in position during the attack of another. Their battle-grounds were open fields. They sought accidents of ground only for the establishment of lines of defence. Marches and manœuvres were made in masses and heavy columns; the infantry, cavalry, and artillery separately. The importance of echelons was unknown, and combinations for the oblique attack were seldom made. The active genius, the living courage, the free will of Frederick the Great broke up the formalism of those great captains and restored the art of war as practiced by Cæsar, Hannibal, and Alexander.

In the American Revolutionary war, the oblique order, on account of the difficulties of a wooded country, plays the principal part. They fought in less ranks and thinner lines; the skill of

marksmen became of more consequence, and the true system of light infantry or rifle tactics dates from that period.

The combinations and manœuvres of Napoleon were always in the oblique order and are among the most brilliant of history.

The battles of the late war were fought after these examples, and no combat was made in the parallel order. Johnston throws thirty thousand of his army on our left wing, and the battle of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks is fought by it, while the right sits quietly in its tents. On the 27th of June the enemy began a similar attack on our right flank, at Gaine's mill, which resulted in a disastrous change of base, wound up the Peninsular campaign, and changed the seat of war to the vicinity of Washington.

On the morning of the 30th of May we were relieved from picket duty and returned to camp. While Courtright prepared our frugal meal, we made out our monthly report, wrote a few descriptive lists for sick men going to hospital, and drew and distributed clothing and cartridges. Twenty-three men, excused from duty by the surgeon, left that morning by rail for Whitehouse.

The regiment numbered on that report five hundred and eighty-six men present with the division. Col. Dutton for some days had been unfit for duty, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Durkee in command of the regiment.

On the morning of the 31st we spread Col. Dutton's buffalo-skin in the bottom of an army wagon, and four of us carried him from his tent and laid him on it, and sent him to Savage's station. He reached New York city, and there, at the house of a friend, on the 4th of July, died of disease incurred in the line of duty. He was a brave, friendly, impulsive man; a little too excitable for cool command, and more liable to be warped by personal attentions and preferences in making promotions, than is compatible with justice and the good of the public service. His personal character was without reproach; his failings leaned to virtue's side: *nil de mortuis nisi bonum*. As much as if he had died on the field of battle he gave his life to his country.

“'Tis sweet for our country to die.”

The writer took charge of his personal effects, settled his business with the regiment, and accounted to Gen. Truman Seymore, his friend and class-mate, who represented Mrs. Dutton.

It is not our purpose to write a history of the Peninsular cam-

paign, nor of Casey's division, but we are collecting a few notes of personal experience and observation taken on the spot. We sift from them matters of commonplace and personal interest, unless they are of service in describing a position or illustrating a group or scene, or are of significance to the members of the 98th.

Alfred Courtright paraded our breakfast on the cover of a hard-bread box. It consisted of a cup of coffee, a cup of boiled rice, same hard bread and a few slices of pork, broiled on the coals of a fire near by. After directing him how to make our tent, we lay down on the ground and went to sleep.

With his hatchet, Alfred procured four crotched sticks and drove them in the ground, two feet apart one way, six feet the other. On these he laid two poles lengthways. He obtained an empty rice-barrel at the commissary's, placed the staves crossways on the poles, and nailed them down with the nails taken from the hoops. These staves formed the bottom of the bed, which was two feet above the ground, and therefore would be dry in any storm less than a flood. Over the staves, on a pole supported by two tall forked sticks driven in the ground at each end of the bed, he stretched four pieces of shelter tenting, for cover, sides and ends, and tied them down at the corner stakes. This *structure* formed a model shelter for an officer in the line or field at that time and for long after. It stood quite alone on a little mound, and we left it standing for the enemy on the afternoon of the 31st.

The night of the 30th will never be forgotten by the old Army of the Potomac, on account of the terrible storm that prevailed. The rain, the lightning, the thunder, were fearful. When the flashes permitted, the surface of the ground appeared like the sea. The water stood upon the ground like a lake, and no firmament appeared to divide the waters under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.

"The wind blew as 'twold blawn its last ;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast ;  
The speedy gleams, the darkness swallowed ;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed ;  
That night, a child might understand,  
The deil had business on his hand."

Though the rains descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon our little house, it fell not. Our bed during

the whole storm was as dry as a powder house. The storm in the heavens, the elemental war, foreboded the battle.

On the morning of the 31st the sun shone bright and clear. The air was fresh and mild, odorous with flowers and blooming grain.

In the fields, woods and around us, for square rods and even for square acres, the water stood from a few inches to a foot deep. By 10 A. M. the waters for the most part had subsided; the ground, however, was wet all day, and in many places of the consistence of paste.

The regiment sent out as usual its large details. The whole of company A went to work on the road near the Grape-vine bridge. Lieuts. Adams and Williams, with fifty men, were ordered to relieve the old picket. Details were made for men to make abatis and work on the breastworks. At 1 P. M., when the regiment went into battle, it numbered but three hundred and eighty men. Company A left its rifles in camp and lost them. When it rejoined the regiment, on the 1st of June, it appeared like a company of pioneers, or sappers and miners, carrying axes, shovels and picks.

Our location is evidently becoming warm. Men with good nostrils are smelling the battle. The sick find a ready excuse and a way to the rear in an hour. Once on the cars at Savage's station the road is clear to any part of the Northern states. Surgeons, chaplains, field and line-officers, and privates maintain the unbroken stream from Whitehouse to Washington and New York. Only have a certificate from a surgeon, simply say you are sick, tie a handkerchief or piece of army bandage around your arm or head, and provost-marshals and quartermasters will allow you to pass and furnish you transportation to your home. To incur wounds or disability in the line of duty is glorious. Only be sick and you will be respected; do your duty at the post and in the hour of danger, and be neglected or die unhonored, uncoffined and unknown.

During the forenoon nothing unusual appears or occurs. A few sick are sent to the rear, among them the chaplain, Wm. C. Hubbard. Major Albon Mann drew up what he called his "unconditional resignation," which means an unconditional surrender, fortified it by the surgeon's certificate of permanent disability, carried it himself to corps headquarters and started for home. It was accepted June 4th. The Government honored his discretion and resolution, and gave him a place in the Banking Department of the

United States Treasury. Subsequently he became a leading Republican in New York city.

While all was so busy and quiet with us, the enemy was plotting and working our ruin. Johnston, Longstreet, Hill, Huger and Gustavus W. Smith were moving towards our front with more than thirty thousand men. Longstreet and Hill along the Williamsburg road; Huger up the Charles City road, on our left by the White Oak swamp; and Smith along the Nine-mile road, beyond the railroad, at our right. They were all arranged and ordered to concentrate on Casey's weak division. President Davis and other Confederate high officials, senators and members of his cabinet, came out to see the play. The rain had impaired the road, and it was 10 A. M. before the three divisions arrived and halted on their own picket line.

Gen. Hill looked in from there upon our camps and dispositions, rode to Johnston, and in the presence of Davis and others said, that, "in his opinion, it is impossible to drive the Nationals from their position to-day." Johnston replied: "You appear a little timid, General." Hill compressed his lips, glared at him defiantly and answered: "Timid I may be, General, but I hope not stupid."

Near 11 A. M. the firing along portions of the picket line became frequent; and Casey was informed that the enemy was massing large bodies of troops before his out-posts.

A little later two shells sent by the foe went screaming high in air over our camps. These were the signals for the curtain to rise and the columns of attack to advance.

Casey immediately ordered his division to drop its spades and axes and take the implements of war. Not long after 12 the batteries and regiments were under arms and in their designated places. Naglee's brigade at the right of the main road, Wessel's at the left in the redoubt and behind the breastworks, and Palmer's brigade stretched from the left of Wessel's along the front edge of a wood to near the White Oak swamp. The 98th was next to Wessel's; but near 1 o'clock it was ordered to support the picket and moved by Gen. Naglee, under directions from Casey, and posted in front of the breastworks and redoubt some twenty rods behind a pile of cord-wood, with the slashing before it, through which the enemy was coming, and with the Williamsburg road about ten rods to its right.

To support a battery which was moved forward on a line with us, the 104th Pennsylvania volunteers was given a similar position on the right of the road. At the same time the 93d New York was taken from Palmer and assigned to Naglee for the day.

Soon after 1 o'clock our pickets begin to come in sight, retiring through the woods and slashing before the enemy. The skirmish line of the enemy pursued them. We could see both parties jumping over the logs and making their way through the brush and bushes, and hear at intervals the sharp report of their rifles.

A little later a dense mass of men, about two rods wide, headed by half a dozen horsemen, is seen marching toward us on the Williamsburg road. They move in quick time, carry their arms on their shoulders, have flags, and banners, and drummers to beat the step.

Our three batteries open simultaneously with all their power. Our regiment pours its volleys into the slashing and into the column as fast as it can load and fire. The 104th Pennsylvania volunteers aims at the column and at the skirmishers approaching its right-front and flank. Unlike us that regiment has no slashing in its front. The cleared field allowed the enemy to concentrate his fire upon it: too near the approaching column of attack it interfered with the range and efficiency of our batteries behind. Its position was unfortunate. As the light troops pressed upon it, Col. Davis ordered it to charge them at the double-quick. The regiment rushed forward with spirit, jumped over a rail-fence in its front, with a shout and yell; but it was met so resolutely and with such a galling fire by the foe, that it fell back in disorder, and did not appear on the field as an organization again during the day. Col. Davis was wounded; and his "Ringgold Regiment" fought its first battle as we have seen.

The 104th falling back, cleared the field opposite the advancing column, and gave the 98th better opportunity to fire upon it as it moved deliberately on.

The charging mass staggers, stops, resumes its march again, breaks in two, fills up its gaps; but sure and steady, with its flags and banners, it moves like the tramp of fate. Thinned, scattered, broken, it passes our right, and presses for the batteries. As it advances and passes, we pour our volleys into it with no uncertain aim, no random fire. The gaps we make, the swaths we mow, can be seen in the column; for we are only ten or fifteen rods away.



The men behind press on those before. The head finally reaches the redoubt. One of the mounted leaders ascends the parapet and is shot with a pistol by an artillery officer. The whole column, from the fort back, severed, broken, staggers, sinks into the earth. The rifle-pits, breastworks, and the 98th have cleared the road.

To this time the 98th has not lost a man by the enemy ; but our batteries behind have killed and wounded of it half a score. There is a lull in the battle ; the coast looks clear ; the foe may not appear again. We look at the main road ; it is one gray swath of men. Down along the railroad by Fair Oaks station, we hear but a few reports. Smith has had farther to march along the Nine-mile road, and has not struck our right flank yet ; on our left Palmer has not been attacked ; Huger is not on time. Casey's division has driven back those of Longstreet and Hill.

"In vain, alas in vain, ye gallant few,  
From rank to rank your vollied thunder flew."

Where is Couch, and the divisions of Heintzelman ? They are quietly waiting for the enemy in their own camps. Napoleon said : "Avail yourself of any success or advantage, and, taking the initiative, advance to meet the enemy "

Those generals were regular army officers from the school at West Point ; yet every private in Casey's division knew that the golden moment of opportunity was passing, and believed that to win the battle the reinforcements must move up. It passed unseized, and the day was lost.

The Confederacy has massed its forces, and is throwing them upon our left wing. Why does not the right wing advance ? Whilst Casey is fighting against overwhelming numbers, why do Franklin and Porter sit idle in their tents ? In reply our attention will be called to the rain and the state of the roads ; but we shall search in vain for such excuses under similar circumstances in the histories of the campaigns of Frederick and Napoleon.

Soon on our left, in from the Charles City road, the division of Huger comes pouring in, pressing on the 81st, 85th and 92d New York volunteers of Palmer, gaining well his rear ; suddenly, the Williamsburg road and the slashing are full of scattered troops again. On our right, towards Fair Oaks station, Smith is engaging Naglee and Abercrombie. The roar of cannon and the rattle of rifles are incessant ; and the yells and shouts of charging regiments

rise at intervals above the din of battle. Dire was the noise of conflict. We perceive the broken regiments of Naglee and Abercrombie slowly driven back. It is nearly 4 o'clock, and we rally round the flag.

Our batteries open ; the air becomes full of lead and iron. High over our heads, around us, beside us, the lead is whistling, and the iron is whizzing, hissing, whirling. Every moment has a new terror, every instant a new horror. Our men are falling fast. We leave the dead and the dying, and send the wounded to the rear. Palmer's regiments have all fallen back ; the enemy is on our left and rear. Col. Durkee tries to move the regiment by the left flank back to the rifle-pits: a part only receive the order. The enemy is getting so near, our experience in battle is so limited, our drill is so imperfect, that many of us will not, cannot, stand upon the order of our going. Durkee passes the rifle-pits with what follows him, and goes to our old camp. The writer rallies a part of the regiment around the flag at the half-deserted intrenchments. There we use, officers and men, the sharp-shooter's practice against the enemy. We can mark the effect of our fire ; no rifle was discharged in vain. Many of the men could pick a squirrel from the tallest trees of Wayne and Franklin ; and they load and fire with infinite merriment and good-nature.

We perceived Huger's second line of battle run across the field on our left towards the rear to engage the brigade of Peck, which lay beyond Palmer's.

This advance of the enemy compels us to abandon our intrenchments. We retire with our portion of the regiment to our camp and find it deserted. With the assistance of Lieuts. Adams, Williams, Stanton, Wood and others, we form a line of battle on our regimental color line, and wait the enemy there.

It is after 4 o'clock ; Huger has driven Palmer upon Peck on our left, and Smith coming up the Nine-mile road has defeated and broken up Naglee's brigade at Fair Oaks and pressed it back in disorder on Abercrombie of Couch's division. In our front the enemy's line of battle occupies the position, in the edge of the slashing, first taken by our regiment. All but a few of Wessel's men, who maintain a desultory fire, have left the redoubt and breastworks. When the 98th left its first position the batteries retired with what guns they were able to move. We have not seen Casey or any other general officer since 1 o'clock. He has been

with Naglee at the right, and we have been fighting on our own hook, rallying round the flag. We have had no orders to fight or to retreat; nor do we know otherwise than as we observe how the battle is going.

Couch's division lays in its intrenchments behind us; and, out of range behind Couch, lays all of Heintzelman's corps. All is confusion. Hundreds of Casey's men are behind stumps, logs and trees, fighting single-handed with deliberate aim.

The air above our heads is full of balls and screaming shells; but few, however, come so low as to be effective; for the battle is not on our centre but on our flanks. We have our regiment in line, nearly two hundred men; and in the ranks are officers, file-closers, and privates. Ours is the only regiment of Casey's divisions that stands in line or assumes the form or shape of an organization. Coming down the Nine-mile road wounded, from the field of his fame, fresh and gory, that General's careful eye observes us. He dispatches an aide de camp with orders to the 98th. The aide rushes over logs and brush, through mud and water, fast as his horse can run. Near our camp the animal, wounded, sinks to the ground, and the officer brings the order on foot. Approaching, he says: "Gen. Casey commands me to inform you that Gen. Heintzelman is just behind with five thousand troops, and that if you can hold the ground for fifteen or twenty minutes he will be here with reinforcements." All who hear him shout and yell: "Tell Casey we'll hold the ground." The echoing aisles of the deep wood ring.

We soon after perceive the enemy marching by the flank, from the left towards our front, carrying the Confederate flag, the flag of the state of Georgia and that of the 81st N. Y. volunteers, which he had just captured. The men carried their rifles on their shoulder; some wore the gray dress-coat of the Confederate service; others long white overcoats made of wool undyed.

When opposite us the Georgia regiment halts and faces towards us, not more than fifteen rods away. "How bold they come out there! They have got our flag. See, they must be our men," said several of our officers. Our battalion had but time to fire a few rounds at the Georgians in front, when another portion of the enemy approaching our left through the wood poured a volley upon us which cut every leaf and twig and bush just above our heads. We then faced the regiment about and directed it to pass

the thicket and morass behind our camp and rally in the rear of Couch.

The firing ceased again ; but a few shots still came to us from the left and front. Some fifty of the 98th were still on the ground unwilling to leave. To prevent their being killed or taken prisoners, the writer stayed behind and endeavored to collect them together, and have them go to the rear with him. Ten or fifteen went as far as the rail-fence which ran along the rear of the camp and stopped, unwilling to be driven from their camp ; unwilling to be beaten they were determined to see the battle out. Standing there, we again requested and commanded all those whom we still saw behind to follow. The enemy began to straggle in through the woods from the left. Here we witnessed several single-handed combats, hand-to-hand encounters between our men and those of the foe who ventured from their organizations, either as skirmishers or plunderers, upon our ground. We recall a few ; the reader will search authentic history in vain for their parallels. They remind us of the combats in Homer and "The Niebelungen Lied."

Private French, of the 98th, was a stout, muscular, large-headed, heavy-checked, powerful-looking French Canadian of 35 years. He was bending over, engaged tying up a roll of blankets, when a middle-aged Confederate came within a few feet behind him, and discharged his rifle at him in such a way that the ball passed along his side, between his arms, and struck the ground and mud under his face. "*Sacre Moi,*" said the Frenchman ; and rising, sprang upon him like a tiger, dashed him to the ground and stamped the life out of him with his heel. Corporal Davis of the color guard was importuning a few men to go to the rear, when a large Confederate ran upon him and made a pass at him with his bayonet. The corporal's bayonet was in its scabbard, and he parried the thrust with his rifle. With perfect presence of mind and as quick as lightning, he seized the Confederate's bayonet in his left hand, and, taking his own rifle by the muzzle in his right, he gave his foe such a wipe with the breech that his blood and brains sprinkled the leaves and ground.

As private Norton Spencer jumped over a fence his cap fell off ; he turned around to pick it up, when a ball struck his cartridge-box-belt plate and stretched him on the ground. He arose in a moment and accelerated his march to the rear.

Corporal Albert C. Wells was conducting some privates to the

fence, when a Confederate soldier stepped from the thicket and raised his gun to his shoulder to fire. Wells knocked the gun down, but not sufficiently far to escape an ugly wound in the leg.

Francis Megan, a powerful son of Erin, over 40 years of age, met a private of a Virginia regiment, and the rifles of both were empty. They thrust, they parry, they club for a while, and all to no effect; when Megan, throwing down his own rifle, rushes at the Confederate like a madman, and seizing him by the throat and collar, exclaims with an oath: "Will you surrender, now?" Megan drew him to the fence, the Confederate catching to every tree and brush as they passed. There a St. Regis Indian ended the contest by putting a bullet through the Virginian's head.

Rody Higgins and Lebaff, privates, captured and brought to the fence an old Confederate sergeant from North Carolina, whom they desired to parol. The old man said he was a loyal man, that he always liked the old flag, and that if we would let him go, he would never bear arms again.

While sitting on the fence, a Confederate soldier came from the thicket, stood boldly and bravely out within a rod before us, raised his gun to a ready and fell dead, pierced by a ball through the brain. Just at that time, a St. Regis Indian, lying under the fence, gave a terrific whoop and rose on his knees to reload.

A little after 5 P. M. we collected the survivors of the regiment whom we could find behind Couch and marched a half mile farther to the rear, where we learned that Colonel Farnam, 96th N. Y. volunteers, then in command of the fragments of Casey's division, was collecting the regiments together. We reported to him soon after 7 P. M. Col. Farnam marched the battered and broken division, organized as well as could be, back to Savage's station, where it passed the night. Col. Durkee, with about twenty others, mostly officers, rejoined us in the morning.

The 98th lost that day 85 enlisted men and three officers, killed and wounded, out of 385 taken into action.

The battle of Fair Oaks ended about 5 P. M. of the 31st of May, and was fought on Casey's ground; the battle of the Seven Pines followed, and terminated between 9 and 10 o'clock, when Couch and his reinforcements were driven from his camps and intrenchments. Couch waited for the enemy in his own position; and the troops of Heintzelman and Sumner arrived too late to drive back

from our morning camp the overwhelming force of the Confederates.

Couch's regiments were older, better drilled and disciplined than Casey's; yet they did not fight as well nor so successfully. His flanks were better protected, his breastworks and rifle-pits were more secure; yet some of his regiments fled in disorder at the first fire of the enemy.

The country owes, mainly, to the efforts of Sumner on our right, and Kearney on our left, for saving what we did save, for holding what we did hold and stopping the enemy where he stopped, on that sanguinary day. They outflanked the troops that enveloped Casey; they crowded the enemy in confusion upon himself, so that while our centre was pushed back our wings were victoriously strong. The dispositions of Sumner were prompt and masterly; the personal efforts, the ubiquitous presence, the living sagacity and courage of Kearney, elicited the admiration and warmest commendation of every one who saw him. For coolness under fire, for skill and intuitive resources to meet an advancing foe, no marshal of the empire surpassed Philip Kearney. He wore worthily, that evening, the star of the Legion of Honor.

Sumner started late in the afternoon for the battle-field; it was dark before Hooker arrived; the result of the struggle was that the enemy occupied all the camps of Casey and Couch. Our total loss was 5,737, of which the two divisions of Keyes sustained 3,120, and Casey's division, then numbering between four and five thousand, sustained a loss of 1,700, or one-third of the entire casualties of that memorable day. In recognition of its services congress gave it a resolution of thanks; and D. H. Hill, the Confederate general, has said: "The division fought as well as I ever want to see men fight; and after it gave way before our superior numbers, we had nothing more to fight."

The 98th lost its camp equipage, its clothing not worn that day, its rations, and its regimental books and papers. It did not anticipate a retrograde movement, and therefore made but few preliminary dispositions. The flags which it bore that day and which it rallied round, are now in the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany.

Our camp for the night of Saturday, 31st, was in the same wood, and, a few rods at the right of the position we occupied when we supported the battery in the reconnoissance of the 24th. So we have been driven back and terribly punished for our temerity.

Portions of most of Casey's regiments joined us during the night. But few of the men had their blankets and haversacks. Nearly all were without food or drink during the day. They built fires, and sitting on logs, or lying on the leaves, talked the battle over and the night away. To that day it was the greatest engagement which had occurred on the continent. Now and then, a squad of men or an officer joined us, and standing or seated among us, told their story of personal observations, their opinions and encounters, and the news they had. All agreed that if the enemy should renew the attack in the morning with the same vigor, he could drive us into the Chickahominy.

During the night the pickets fired constantly; and, at intervals, on different portions of the line, five hundred yards in front, the battle was renewed and died away. Our slumbers—if we slumber, are not sleep, but a continuance of enduring thought. Nervous with the shock of battle, the panorama of the day keeps passing through our mind, and its horrors drive away repose.

After 3 A. M., June 1st, Alfred Courtright came walking among us, slow and heavy, tottering along. He had rightly divined the signs of the times, and read Solomon to advantage, where he says: "A prudent man foreseeth the battle and hideth himself." Before the battle had well begun he packed up all of our "effects," and struck boldly out for the White Oak swamp. On that occasion he carried more than one hundred and fifty pounds. His own traps and accoutrements weighed over sixty; our blankets, overcoat, books, black-leathern traveling bag, provisions, cooking utensils, and extra tenting would fall but little short of one hundred pounds. Alfred soon made some coffee, divided among the hungry officers our store, and, *Ænæas*-like, began the narrative of his adventures. He named a few generals (I. N. Palmer among them) and colonels, a score of officers of less rank, and whole squads of privates who had taken the same road to the swamp. He was several times surrounded by the enemy, owing to his ignorance of the roads, and was once taken prisoner. He told his guard that he was an officer's servant, a non-combatant, and, therefore, by the laws of war, could not be held. The guard paid high respect to Alfred's legal learning by allowing him to go. Alfred's creed was tinctured a little with Spiritualism; and he said that the wood was full of friendly and hostile spirits; that those who fought at Bunker Hill, and Monmouth, and Yorktown, came from their blest abodes,

and, in airy conflict, contended for us again ; that Washington, and Putnam, and Franklin, were there ; and, that, on the other side, were whole bands of Tories, Indians and cow-boys, headed by Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and John C. Calhoun.

He related that he saw a man jump over a log fence after his head had been carried away by a cannon-ball ; that he saw another poor fellow hobbling along, holding in his hand one of his legs which hung by a ligament ; that a third, near whose face a shell had exploded, was walking about with both of his eye-balls on his cheeks ; that a fourth had the under part of his face and his lower jaw blown away ; that a fifth was walking towards the field hospital carrying his bowels in his cap ; and, that Col. De Forest, 81st N. Y. volunteers, who had a rifle-ball pierce his body within half an inch of his heart, walked to the rear, entered an ambulance, and rode to Savage's station. When Alfred unpacked his own blankets he found two minié balls in them ; and, another in his knapsack. "Well done," said the men standing round ; "Court-right, you are a trump. You retreated along the line of fire."

About 6 A. M., June 1st, the division was marched across the Williamsburg road, then advanced half a mile to the farther edge of the wood through which Col. Davis skirmished, May 24th, and there placed behind a breastwork made by Couch while Casey was at Seven Pines. Before us was a field sixty rods wide, and which extended on the left to the White Oak swamp, and on the right, nearly to the York river railroad ; at the farther side of the field, in the edge of another continuous wood, lay the troops of Hooker, forming our front line, and holding from the White Oak Swamp to the railroad. From 7 to 9 A. M., the enemy renewed the battle, but without success. His charges were repulsed ; his right was pushed back, and he was finally driven from the field.

The solid fighting of this day lasted about two hours ; the conflict was not so sanguinary and general, nor was the loss so great. The Confederates retired during the day, and left, at night, in front of their picket line, the battle-field of Saturday.

Monday, June 2d, we sent details to the battle-field, to bury the dead. During the day, our lines were re-established substantially as they were before the engagement. After 11 P. M., a pair of mules broke loose from their moorings, and ran obliquely down Casey's division from rear to front. As they went with a rush and clattered along ; and, as the men rose with the greatest haste and



precipitation to get out of the way, or to ascertain what was transpiring, the noise made resembled not a little the charge of a regiment of cavalry. The excitement fell little short of a panic; and, as fright and fear are contagious, the whole army south of the Chickahominy rose and stood to arms. The next day, Gen. Keyes had those regiments formed which were in the neighborhood of the "mule charge," and talked to them, scolded them, and called them "boys and women."

The division remained in support of Hooker until the morning of the 4th, when it marched to his old camp in the rear, at the crossing of the White Oak swamp, a mile above its confluence with the Chickahominy.

On the 10th, Gen. Casey was ordered to take command of the supplies and troops at White house; and Gen. John Peck, of Syracuse, New York, was assigned to the command of his old, broken and battered division. Subsequently, the first brigade was sent to Bottom's bridge; and the remaining brigades encamped at the crossing until the 29th, when the whole division marched to Harrison's landing.

Casey wrote a sad and affecting farewell. He said: "Posterity will do my division justice." But to those of it who fought for glory and promotion he fixed a long pay day. No one seemed to know that the dead men found on the battle-ground of his division told beyond the possibility of refutation the story of its deeds. No man that we ever heard of received any attention or promotion for his conduct that day; it was to the division a bootless, thankless service.

Monday, June 2d, we visited the battle-field, and rode from place to place on the scene of conflict. We have often wished that we could efface from our memory the observations of that day. Details were burying the dead in trenches or heaping the ground upon them where they lay. The air was sultry, moist and extremely warm. Flies—a pest of flies—never swarmed so thick since the time when Beelzebub, the fly-god, drove them from Asia Minor. The decomposing bodies of men and horses polluted the air: Oh, their offense was rank, it smelled to heaven! The ground was saturated with gore; the intrenchments, the slashing, the rifle-pits, the thicket, many of the tents, were filled with dead. In the Fair Oak farm-house, the dead, the dying, and the severely wounded lay together. Along the Williamsburg road,

on each side of it, was one long Confederate grave. An old barn, near where the 104th Pennsylvania volunteers first formed, was filled with our dead and wounded; and farther to the right, near the station, beside an old building, lay thirteen Michigan soldiers with their blankets over them and their names pinned on their caps. Near the railroad, by a log-house, the dead and wounded were packed together. Both were motionless; but you could distinguish them by the livid blackness of the dead.

We could trace the path of our regiment, from the wood-pile around by the intrenchments to its camp, by the dead still unburied. Those that died immediately could not be touched, but were covered with ground where they lay; the wounded, who crawled or were carried to the barns, tents and houses, and who died subsequently, were buried in trenches.

Our little tent was still standing, though pierced by several bullets. Beside it lay two dead men of the 98th whom we could not identify; for the sun, rain, and wind had changed their countenances. On the bed lay a dead Confederate. At the left of our camp, in the wood, where the 81st, 85th, and 92d New York volunteers and Peck's brigade fought with Huger, the dead were promiscuously mixed together, and lay in sickening and frightful proximity: strong and weak, old and young, officer and private, horse and man,—dead, or wounded in the agonies of death, lay where they fell, and furnished, excepting the swaths on the Williamsburg road, the darkest corner on that day's panorama.

One day in June, three years, subsequently, we revisited this battle-field. Our imagination restored the original scene and the actors in the play, and the battle went on before us again. The redoubt and the breastworks had not been leveled; the sunken surface over the trenches and the low, narrow ridges showed where the dead were buried. No stones, no boards, no monument, marked who or how many had fallen on this national battle-ground. We saw the skull and the larger bones of the human body lying everywhere on the surface; and, in the slashing, the thicket, and the wood, were many complete skeletons.

The knot-grass fettered there the hand  
That once could burst an iron band.

At the right of the railroad, near Fair Oaks station, on one of Mr. Garnet's fields, wheat was growing; all the rest of the scene

of conflict appeared as the contending armies left it,—fenceless, waste, and wild. A few weeks later, in July, 1865, Government burial parties, without parade or ceremony, collected the bones and buried them. Such honors the Republic to its dead soldiers paid.

The laurel shoots when those have passed away,

Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free ;

The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,

The myrtle blows when love has ceased to be ;

Green waves the bay when song and bard have fled,

And all that round us blooms is blooming o'er the dead.



## CHAPTER VII.

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The Crossings of the White Oak Swamp—Lee's Army—The Position of the National Army—The Camp of the 98th—Foraging—The Battle of Oak Grove—The Change of Base and the Seven Days' Battles—Interviews with Stragglers and Others—The Writer on Telegraph : Relieves his Detail—The Grand Park of the Army—A Night's March and the Mule Charge—A Panic—Gen. Peck—Mustering for Pay—The View from Haxall's—Peck's Division, the Rear Guard—Marching—Jetsam et Flotsam—The Battle of Malvern from a Confederate Point of View—We Arrive at Harrison's Landing.

A ROAD from Bottom's bridge crosses the White Oak swamp creek, a mile below its confluence with the Chickahominy, and thence running nearly south connects with the lower Peninsular roads. About this crossing and along the two streams to the bridge are the camps of Casey's, now Peck's, division.

At the crossing the swamp becomes narrower, being only about eight rods wide, and the shores are hard and dry. The stream itself is something less than four rods wide, from two to four feet deep, and flows not more than three miles an hour. Over what in past times had been a ford, our army constructed a bridge, and made the approaches to it, on each side, of logs covered with brush and dirt. Two wagons can cross at once; and on the upper edge are two lines of railing, between which the infantry pass. Above this bridge four miles towards Richmond, near Glendale, is Brackett's ford, where the road leading from Seven Pines to the Charles City road crosses the swamp. At these two points, and no other, the Army of the Potomac, with its artillery and trains, can cross in its change of base to the James.

On the 20th of June, McClellan reported the force of his command at 156,838, of whom 115,102 were present fit for duty.

Lee's army, for Gen. Robert E. Lee is in command of the Confederate forces in Virginia, consisted at that time of 75,000 men;

and, on the 27th, Jackson's arrival increased the number to 110,000.

The Army of Northern Virginia, which confines its operations to the defence of Richmond, extends from White Oak swamp, on its right, to the Brook creek road, on its left. It has an unbroken front; its base is Richmond; and of its railroads, it never loses, during the campaign, any but the York river and the Virginia Central.

Of the Army of the Potomac, Porter's corps, consisting of 27,000 men, was north of the Chickahominy from near the Grape-vine to the Meadow bridge.

Mechanicsville, Gaine's mill and Beaver Dam creek were Porter's battle-fields with the troops of Lee and Jackson.

South of the fatal river, connecting with Porter's left, was the corps of Franklin, which crossed on the 5th to the southern side.

Consecutively to the left were Sumner's, Heintzelman's and Keyes' corps. Keyes' corps was at right-angles to the front, and stretched back along the White Oak swamp. The front line was covered by a continuous breastwork, with ditch and abatis.

The camp of the 98th, at the ford of the White Oak swamp, was in an open pine grove; the trees, eight to twelve inches through, were, generally, ten to twenty feet apart, and stood on an old corn or tobacco field.

Our duty was light, and opportunity given to refit and recuperate. We spent the time on picket, watching the swamp, and lounging, sleeping and reading.

We had a semi-circular picket line across the swamp, enveloping the ford; and, on our side, up the stream, towards Brackett's ford, we had a series of posts which we called a telegraph. It kept an eye on the swamp and an ear towards what was transpiring at Seven Pines and the front. Our scouts and foragers occasionally went beyond our lines, and brought us corn-bread, milk, chickens and cheese. Alfred Courtright and Daniel Newton, privates in the 98th, understood the mystery and art of purveying. Across the swamp no army had ever foraged; it was comparatively a rich country, a *terra incognita*, an unexplored region, as the geographers say. Alfred and Dan became familiar with its devious roads and pathless forests. Though they always bought and paid for what they brought to camp, still for them no roost was too high and no pig-pen too deeply concealed in the thicket.

We brought our baggage and surplus stores from Bottom's bridge, bathed in the wine-colored waters of the swamp, and with rest and quiet, knit up the raveled sleeve of care.

On the 25th, Hooker and Kearney moved forward and fought the battle of Oak grove. McClellan's object was to ascertain the nature of the ground beyond Hooker's front, and both parties claimed a victory. No doubt McClellan intended this movement as preliminary to an advance of his whole army, which was prevented by the series of attacks commenced the next day by the enemy against his right wing, and which changed entirely the direction and nature of his operations.

On the afternoon of the 26th, Porter fought with Longstreet and A. P. Hill the battle of Mechanicsville ; and, in this, the first of the Seven Days' battles, our forces were victorious. The approach of Jackson compelled Porter to retire during the night. On the 27th, his corps reinforced by Slocum's division of Sumner's corps, in all about 35,000 men, was attacked by 50,000 Confederates directed by Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

In this, one of the severest battles of the war, the battle of Gaine's mill, Porter failed to hold the field and to bring off all his guns and wounded.

On that day, McClellan decided to open communication with the James, and withdrew Porter to the southern side of the Chickahominy during the night. He broke up his base at White house, and directed the siege-artillery, the ambulance and supply-trains to proceed to the James by way of the White Oak swamp.

During the 27th we heard plainly the firing of Porter's infantry and artillery, and that battle's diapason now high and clear came swelling, and now floated indistinct away.

On the 28th, the road became filled with stragglers, sick and slightly wounded, coming from the battle-fields and the hospitals of the right. They belonged to every arm of the service, regulars and volunteers. We saw few officers among these stragglers ; few of them were wounded ; a great many of them were fugitives, cowards, whose regiments, they said, had been cut to pieces. Most of them were afoot ; some, however, rode cavalry, others artillery horses. They were guided by instinct and self-preservation, the supreme law of life. After eleven A. M. 2,500 beef-cattle passed.

Headquarter teams, commissary trains, ambulances filled with the sick and wounded are passing at a rapid walk in two endless

lines. About 4 P. M. the troops of Porter appear in sight. From our camp beside the road, until dark, we see them pass. Morell's, Sykes', McCall's divisions, dusty and begrimed, but few hours from their awful ordeal of fire, go marching worn and heavy by. All through that summer night we hear the sound of moving troops and trains; and, when the sun arose and we looked at the road, behold, it appeared as before, filled with troops and trains. On this day the armies skirmished, but fought no battle. The Confederates were north of the Chickahominy, and the Nationals south.

In the morning of the 29th, Sumner and Franklin fought the battle of Allen's farm, and in the afternoon that of Savage's station. The enemy had crossed the river during the previous day, and, comprehending the design of McClellan, was in hot pursuit.

During the morning, the 2d and 3d brigades of Peck's division crossed the swamp, and passing Porter's corps, which had halted on the farther bank, took the lead.

The battle of Savage's station began late in the afternoon, and continued until 9 P. M., when the enemy was driven from the field. Our stores, sick and wounded at that place were abandoned, and Franklin's corps began to cross the swamp at 11 P. M.; about the same time Sumner and Heintzelman crossed, four miles farther up the swamp, at Brackett's ford. On the morning of the 30th, those two corps had crossed, and Sumner ordered the obstruction of the road.

Franklin also has crossed the swamp, and with his own corps and Richardson's division of Sumner's and Naglee's brigade of Keyes' is directed to hold the bridge until the trains have passed.

The enemy repulsed at Savage's station last evening, ascertained this morning that our forces had withdrawn from his front; for, though all our troops had crossed before daylight, they left miles of wagons, pontoons and ambulances yet behind.

Nothing in the world can extemporize a panic, like a few mule-drivers and wagon-masters. Add to their own yelling, vociferating and shouting, the noise of the animals, the rattling and rumbling of the wagons, and you have all the material for a panic. On this day (the 30th) they knew that the troops had all passed, that the enemy was pressing behind, and that their safety depended on the speed they could make. Many of them acted like madmen, and whipped, raged, yelled, by turns. They broke from the column,

ran the animals, overturned the wagons, cut the traces. We know not how unreasonable a man may be until we have seen him in a panic.

All that summer day until 3 P. M. the road about the crossing was blocked with the army trains, and the selfishness, the weakness, the contemptibleness of humanity was on exhibition. At that hour, the presence of the enemy prevented from crossing over two hundred wagons.

Franklin had over fifty pieces of artillery to command the bridge. Soon after 5 P. M., the enemy massed and made repeated and desperate efforts to force the passage. He approached the bridge several times in columns fourteen ranks deep, but in vain; for under that concentrated fire of infantry and artillery no living thing could pass. After 6 P. M., the Confederates ceased their attempts, but kept up a cannonade on our troops until late in the evening. About midnight Franklin withdrew.

On the morning of the 29th, it was the writer's duty to take charge of the detail from the 3d brigade for the telegraph, which, as we have said, extended on our side of the swamp to Brackett's ford. A major commanded the detail for the 2d brigade, and the whole line or telegraph was in charge of a lieutenant-colonel, for the division.

Circumstances neither warranted nor demanded the telegraph that day. Near 10 A. M., the division marched away and left us behind. We could see their pickets relieved by Porter's, and the last vestige of them disappear in the afternoon, as they moved off down the Peninsula. A little later, the battle of Savage's station began. We heard our forces blowing up the magazines, ordnance stores, and supplies. We could not misunderstand the cause of the panic among the teams and trains. All the afternoon we could hear the battle; and, as night came on, we could see from the roof of a small house on the line, the flashes of rifles and artillery less than four miles away.

We rode over to the road where the trains and troops were passing in the most frightful haste; and, stopping among other stragglers, a captain from a New York regiment, asked him how matters were going on in the rear. He replied that the rear of our army was fighting with the enemy at Savage's station; that his regiment was in the fight, but that when the enemy began to throw railroad iron, boat-spikes, log-chains, picks and crow-bars, he thought it



was time to leave, and that he would not stand it any longer. We next accosted a lieutenant-colonel of a western regiment, with a red beard and fox-like face. He had a narrow bandage tied around his left arm above the elbow, and walked limping with a cane. We asked substantially the same question: what was going on at the front. He replied: "They are having a little skirmish at Savage's station,—nothing very serious. Our regiment is in it. We are changing base. That's all." Again we inquired of a quartermaster who was riding along with his teams, and said: How are they making it at the front? "Rather badly I should judge by the way these trains are going. They say we are only changing base, but it seems to me that we are getting whipped like the devil all the while. We have miles and miles of trains which all must cross here, and there is nothing between us and the enemy but a few divisions which have fought every day and marched every night since the 27th. This changing base may be all plain to military men; but if we are doing it of our own accord and having everything our own way, I can't see why we should fight every evening and run away every night, leaving our stores and sick and wounded on the field. Strategy, I guess."

A wounded officer in Mott's 3d New York battery, Franklin's corps, was the next tried by our formal interrogative. He replied: "I have just come from the front. That fighting now is by Sumner and Franklin, at Savage's station. They are the rear guard of our army to-day, and are fighting to gain time for the troops and trains to cross the swamp. The whole Confederate army is massing against them—Jackson and Magruder and all. But we are going to change our base to the James, and beat them from there. They have tried a dozen times to force our line along the railroad, above and below the Station, but Old Sumner was too much for them. During the night, Heintzelman, who is at Seven Pines, and Sumner will cross above at Brackett's, and Franklin here; then let the enemy come on."

We then returned to the middle of our telegraph, found the lieutenant-colonel and the major, and advised that the line be withdrawn and the details sent to their brigades and regiments. They replied that they were placed there on duty by an order, and that without an order they could not leave; rather than desert their post they would become prisoners.

We passed the night uneasy, anxious, without sleep, "thus con-

versing, thus sitting, thus in arms." On the morning of the 30th, nothing was in sight along the road but wagons, pontoon trains and ambulances; their drivers hurrying, shouting, yelling, and running the teams. Acres and acres of wagons were at the crossing waiting for their turn to pass. Every team crossed the stream at a gallop. Indications read plainly that we were the last troops on our side of the swamp. We again sought our superior, stated our opinion of the imminent danger of being captured, of the present uselessness of the telegraph, and asked to be relieved. He refused, and replied: "It is a bad example to set before the men. A soldier can do nothing worse than to leave his post of duty. Duty is his supreme law, and he can have no opinion. No doubt you are right, captain, in your views, but if you leave the line without orders you can be court-martialed and shot. Soldiers performing their duty afford the most brilliant instances in military history." "Granted," we rejoined, "and soldiers disobeying orders, leaving the post of duty, afford also the most brilliant episodes in military history. Nothing that we have done upon this line will so become us as leaving it now. We have been forgotten, and our stay here is perfectly useless. If we relieve the men of our brigade do you forbid us and will you resist us?" "I forbid you to leave; but if you are resolved to go, I cannot prevent you," he replied. We directed our subordinates to relieve the men at once; and, as we mounted to go, said to the commander of the line: "When you get back from Richmond, colonel, when this change of base is over and we are both again in camp, we shall expect a comparison of notes and an interchange of sentiments." "When we get safe in camp again we'll have a reunion, rather," he pleasantly remarked.

We hurried away, passed the bridge in single file beside the teams. Looking back from the other side of the stream, we saw the major following with his detail. The lieutenant-colonel, finding it impossible to restrain his men after our departure, had given them permission to follow, and crossed himself alone about 10 A.M., while the engineers were destroying the bridge.

We joined the regiment during the forenoon at the intersection of the New Market and Charles City roads. Later in the day we stopped for the night in the edge of an oak-wood, fronting a large open field in which were parked the headquarter teams, the wagons of the Medical, Ordnance, Commissary's and Quartermaster's

Departments of the Army of the Potomac. While lying there beside the road, Porter's corps, begrimed with dirt and gore, with its slightly sick and wounded, passed us, footing slow. It bore unmistakable signs of a fierce contest, of rough handling such as Casey's received at Fair Oaks.

Southward from Richmond, three old roads diverge from the Williamsburg road; the Charles City road, the Central road, and the New Market road. The Quaker road crosses these nearly perpendicularly in its course from Savage's station, by Seven Pines, over Brackett's ford to Malvern Hill. Along this road Sumner and Heintzelman marched and fought the battle of Glendale, or Frazier's farm, near its intersection with the Central road, the Charles City road and a road leading from Long Bridge, on the Chickahominy, to Richmond. The Charles City and New Market roads unite at Malvern Hill, and, after passing, separate again, the first leading to Charles City court-house, the second, along the James to Harrison's landing. Besides these, there are various other roads, mere wagon tracks, through the woods and along the fields, leading over the country in every possible direction. None of these roads have bridges or fences.

The distance from Fair Oaks to Malvern is fifteen miles, as made by Sumner over Brackett's ford; from White Oak swamp bridge, our camp, to a point about one mile from the river, and as far below Malvern, the route taken by Keyes, the distance is twelve miles. Porter traveled in his change of base less than eighteen miles.

From the 29th of June to the 1st of July, Keyes' corps took the advance. During all these days the weather was hot and stifling; scarcely a breeze or breath stirred the suffocating air. The sleepless, weary men threw away many of their surplus articles; blankets, pieces of tents, overcoats and equipments, were scattered everywhere along the roads. The Army of the Potomac, now a vast caravan, changing ground for safer pasturage, better tenting and more water, marks its progress by the quantity of military stores which it leaves behind along its route.

About 4 o'clock, p. m., of the 30th of June, we were two or three miles beyond and at the left of Glendale, and something more than four miles from the crossing of the swamp which the regiment had left the day before. At that time, Sumner and Heintzelman were fighting the battle of Frazier's farm, and Franklin was contesting

with Jackson the crossing of the White Oak swamp. Every volley was distinct; the reports of the rifles were fearfully near and terribly plain. Two momentous battles were going on at the same time behind us; and, at intervals, the firing made one continuous roar. The earth shook and trembled; consternation seemed printed on every face. In many regiments a few men lost their senses. The noise of the contest ascended to heaven; and, as the night came on, the battle seemed to approach us nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.

Our situation was critical; for, should the enemy succeed in forcing those positions, the Army of the Potomac would cease to exist. At Glendale, Davis and Lee were present. They sought to concentrate there and throw upon the National line eighty thousand men; but Magruder, Huger and Holmes did not appear in time. The battle was a succession of attacks; the attacks failed, and the line was not broken.

The efforts of Jackson at the crossing were desperate. He appeared to mass his whole force at that point. But, vexed and angry, Jackson failed; for against the concentrated fire of Franklin's infantry and artillery no living thing could move. On both fields night put an end to the contest, and the Nationals withdrew.

While these battles were raging fiercest, and the roar of the cannon was loudest, (6 P. M.), the transportation that was parked around us began to move down the roads; and our stay for the night, as we supposed, became one but for a few hours. First move the supply trains, the reserve artillery and siege guns, the ambulances; then, the headquarter wagons and the transportation of the different corps. As the roads or fields and woods permit, the wagons move in two, three, or four heavy lines, drawn by two, three, or four spans of mules or horses. Silent, earnest, the drivers sate; from them scarce a word or voice is heard. That deep, prolonged roar of battle behind has drowned, stifled, or absorbed every sentiment.

Near 9 o'clock, Peck orders his division to move; but the wagons block the road. Staff officers, from those of McClellan down, are riding among them, directing, urging, commanding with nervous haste and earnestness. After infinite pains, labor and anxiety, they parked them again during the night beyond Malvern, three or four miles distant, near Haxall's, along the James. In the morning (July 1st), they moved again for Harrison's landing.

After eleven, Peck's division moved, the 98th ahead, next to the general and his personal staff. Couch's division was in front of, and Peck's in rear of, and among the trains. Our road passes in a deep wood of oak and pine; we can see but one way—up; we know not what is behind us or about us. The terrible shock of that evening's battles has depressed our thoughts and dried the fountain of our spirits. Halting, marching, thinking, fearing, guessing, weary, exhausted, heavy, slow, we make but half a mile an hour. The night is full of fear, full of rumors, full of mystery and full of thought. Its apparitions, shadows, or suggestions, sometimes affright the bravest. After watching and marching incessantly for five days, with but little food, our nervous system was all unstrung, and the wildest thoughts gamboled in our minds unbridled and unbound. We look to the stars, we look to the ground; we observe every sound, even the rustle of the leaves.

The regiment was sitting on the ground in four long rows beside the road running down a hill. On either side are deep primitive woods. Suddenly, suddenly, very suddenly, there occurred what is known in the history of our brigade by the name of the "Mule charge," an incident to stir men's blood.

Hath the reader considered the mule, that illustrious foal of noble progeny? Hath the wisdom of man encompassed him? A sluggard may go to the ant, but a soldier should go to the mule and consider.

Sitting, snoozing, half asleep, and dozing, the brigade thought it heard the charging of artillery and cavalry combined. The rattle, the rush, the noise, the explosion, the flash, all were there. We clear the road in an instant; we rush to the woods. Paralyzed by fright, bereft of reason, we leave our arms, caps and clothing; we tumble over each other, and run *sauve qui peut*—"the devil take the hindmost." Gen. John Peck, followed by his foot-orderly, seeks the deepest jungle, and surrendering himself to the condition of affairs, thus soliloquizes while lying flat on the ground: "What a fool I was to come to the war! If ever I get out of this, I will resign. I had a happy home and a pleasant wife who loves me. O, my wife! My God if ever I get out of this alive you'll never catch me here again!" "As the general, so the men," says the proverb. As were his thoughts, so were ours.

Reader, be candid and charitable while we state the facts; two mules, escaping from their driver, came running down the road

with their harness on, the straps and chains rattling and flapping about them. A soldier accidentally discharged his musket. You have the scenery and the persons of the drama. Our imagination made up the rest; our mental and physical condition invited the delusion. We started and were afraid because others behind us were.

Sergeant Gore of the color guard was the first to ascertain the cause of the fright and to call us back to reason. He had a voice like thunder, and he yelled that night his loudest: "Fall in 98th;" the sound rolled for miles over the star-lit waste. In a few moments we were all laughing at our fear.

Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War, says that, "on a certain occasion, a brigade of British soldiers suddenly sprang from their sleep around the bivouac-fires, and, without any apparent cause, ran panic-stricken in every direction." The history of many a battle-field asserts that a sudden fright or terror may be inspired without any real or perceptible cause. *Self-control and restraint under-lie all the strata of well-being and success* which out-crop along the shore of human life. Not only a sound mind in a sound body, but all the prizes of life are gained and held on the tenure of perpetual self-control. Nothing so dwarfs a man as to absorb him constantly in his own wants, trials, cares, fears and prospects.

Mars and Minerva are terrible when in their Gorgon terrors clad and surrounded by famine, sword and fire; but Pan, the peaceful rural god of woods and shepherds, about whom fawns and satyrs frisk, and to whose pipe the nymphs dance, has a cry in him which can drive all men to distraction. In the Union army, along the echoing hills of Manassas, and the forest shores of Bull-run, that cry was heard, and men lost the heart to fight, lost the power of self-possession, and ran, they knew not why or where. They stopped, they turned, they ran, they flew. Officers and privates, regulars and volunteers, cavalry and infantry, sutler and civilian, horse and mule, West Pointer and ranting political blatherskite under shoulder-straps, all ran for Washington and never looked behind them.

After 3 A. M., July 1st, we stopped in a pine thicket below Malvern and a mile from the river. We slept on the ground until an hour after sun-rise, when we arose and drank a little coffee and ate a few pieces of hard bread. At 11, Colonel Durkee mustered the regiment for two months' pay, May and June.

Near midday we marched a short distance further down and took a position near Carter's mill. The troops of the different corps and divisions as they successively arrived, were posted for resistance in line of battle. Indications showed that somewhere in that vicinity the army was going to make another stand. Subsequently, we moved to the right in the front line of battle, which by 3 P. M. had become continuous, and extended from Malvern on the left, as we looked toward Richmond, around to the James below. We were in a clover-field behind a wood which was surrounded by wheat and pasture-fields. Our color sergeants shook out the flags, stuck the staves in the ground, and the regiment scattered about in the shade. In the river at Haxall's, we observed a few gun-boats and a number of transports which had arrived with supplies.

The writer was ordered to take charge of a detail from the brigade of one hundred and fifty men, and go to the landing and superintend the unloading of a schooner filled with rations. The food was immediately placed upon wagons and sent to the regiments of the division.

A living stream of men, wagons, artillery, cavalry, stragglers, was pouring by, observing no order, no roads, no commands. They made short cuts across the fields and through the woods; their speed accelerated by the incessant discharge of rifles and cannon a few miles in the rear.

Our position at Haxall's was less than a mile from the front at Malvern, and the gun-boat Galena abreast with the pickets, was just above us in the river. The battle began that day at 4 P. M., and continued until 11. There, just behind that fearful battle, all night long, by reliefs, we unloaded rations for the famished troops. In the morning we rejoined our regiments.

The following was the order of battle from left to right that day; Porter's corps, Couch's division of Keyes' corps, Sumner's corps, Franklin's corps and Peck's division of Keyes' corps. Porter and Couch took their position at Malvern on the afternoon of June 30th; and the remainder of the army arrived in position on the first of July. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day of battles.

Malvern hill is an elliptical plateau forty or fifty feet above the river. Its lower edge, towards the enemy, was fringed by a ravine, overgrown with briars and bushes, and filled with water at the left, near the James. The right of the mound sloped away into forests

and fields. On this hill, under directions of Gen. Barnard, our artillery and infantry, as they arrived, were most advantageously placed. Nearly all the cannon of the army was crouching there, tier above tier, to the crowning battery on the brow. From our point of view, on Haxall's house, with our field glass, we could discern along its sun-seared sides and stretching to the right, along fences, ditches, ravines and hedges, our infantry hurrying into place and line. On the hill, three grim lines of battle, visible on its slope, confronted the enemy.

The Confederates, who approached, generally, by the river road, occupied from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. skirmishing, arriving, and taking position. From 6 P. M. to 9 the heavy fighting occurred; near 11 the enemy ceased his attacks and the volcano was silent.

The morning sun of July 2d disclosed nothing on Malvern, in the misty, rainy air, but a few scattered horsemen, and the wounded, the dying and the dead. The Confederates hastened, after the fighting ceased, to Richmond, and the Nationals to Harrison's landing. They both did fight, they both did beat, they both did run away.

Sorrow and anguish, evil and dread, enveloped the nation. The blessed were the dead, who saw not the sight of their own desolation,—this work of a night. No soldiers of the Roman legions ever fought with greater steadiness and equanimity than the Nationals exhibited at the battle of Malvern Hill. They repulsed unfalteringly every attack of the enemy, and, shouting in grim humor, invited him to charge again.

Two of our gun-boats moved up for convenient range, and took part in the action. The Confederate batteries hurled at them from the shore a few solid shot. We could hear the balls glance from the Galena with a loud ringing noise.

In the march from Haxall's to Harrison's landing, July 2d—seven miles—Keyes' corps became the "rear guard of the Grand Army." The weather was rainy; the roads became a quagmire; we had to wade. Worn-out with fatigue, wet to the skin, covered with mud, hungry, sleepy, sick, we would draw up in a favorable position, wait until the last wagon, the last soldier, the last straggler had passed, and, then, we ourselves would sprawl along, few and faint, yet fearless still.

No enemy pursued us; for he was following the same military formula for a retreating army on his way to Richmond. We en-



camped for the night in a large wheat-field on Mr. Harrison's farm, and gathered the sheaves for beds. Where can rest be found became something more than a sentimental interrogative. An order compelled the regiment to go on picket; another acquired our luxuries, and slept on our sheaves of wheat.

Before sunrise of the 3d, we were again on the way behind the troops and trains. Along the ground, up and down the clayey banks of ravines and brooklets, were broken wagons and their contents, rifles and equipments, and every description of baggage and plunder. A hospital wagon breaks down, and strews the road with medicines and surgical instruments; a headquarter wagon turns over, and the officers' trunks are broken open and rifled. Many vehicles sink so deep that no power can draw them out. The animals often go down wallowing in the yielding clay, so that the harness must be cut before they can be extricated. The road looks like a channel of mud scattered with every article that may belong to an army.

During the evening the trains and troops safely arrived within the line of heights, about two miles from the river, and five in circuit, upon which afterwards were made the defenses and breast-works of Harrison's landing. On the morning of July 4th, the rear guard retired and took its position in line with the rest of the Army of the Potomac; and the siege of Richmond was raised.

In this change of base, according to General Lee, the Confederates captured 10,000 prisoners, 51 pieces of artillery, and 35,000 stand of small arms. General Jackson said: "Undying gratitude is due to God for this great victory, by which despondency increased in the North, hope brightened in the South, and the capital of Virginia and the Confederacy was saved." McClellan stated the aggregate of his losses from June 26th to July 1st, inclusive, at 15,249.

The Confederate General Trimble says in his report: "On the morning of the 2d of July, I found the whole Confederate army in the utmost disorder; thousands of straggling men asking every passer-by for their regiments; ambulances, wagons and artillery obstructing the road, presented a scene of the most woful and disheartening confusion."

General Magruder commanded the enemy's right, consisting of about 35,000 men, and his force did the fighting at Malvern Hill. Gen. Trimble says: I passed over the field where Gen. Magruder

made his disastrous charges, every yard of which could be swept by the adverse artillery." The Confederate Gen. Early saw this field, on the 2d of July, and wrote of it in his report: "As soon as it was light an appalling spectacle was presented to our view in front. The field, for some distance from the enemy's position, was literally strewn with the dead and wounded." Speaking of the disorder on the first of July, Early says: "A large number of men retreating from the battle-field began to pass along the road, producing great confusion. I found a very deep ditch filled with skulkers from the battle-field. I rode forward on the road leading to the battle-field. It was nearly dark. I found the road filled with a large number of men retreating in confusion."

The Confederate Gen. Toombs says in his report of the battle of Malvern Hill: "The stream of fugitives was pouring back over my line, frequently breaking it and carrying back with them many of the men. I immediately began passing up and down my lines and in the rear, ordering and bringing back those who had thus been swept away; but it frequently happened in bringing them back that the position of those they had left had been changed by the same and other causes. I continued these efforts until our troops in my front had disappeared. My regiments were separated under such cover as the ground afforded. I devoted my time gathering and forming my troops; this work was exceedingly difficult. After these disasters, finding that the enemy did not charge, and that our troops were generally in disorder, and there not being any organized body of troops on the front, I gathered up my command and marched back to the road where we entered the battle."

Gen. Garland, of D. H. Hill's division, writes: "I sent to inform Major-General D. H. Hill that unless I was reinforced quickly I could not hold the position I then occupied. After some delay a brigade appeared and seemed coming up to my support. But their movements seemed slow, and before they reached me, my men began to give way. Remaining on the spot until, in spite of every effort, the men could no longer be held there, the brigade fell back to the edge of the field from which we had started. It is not my desire to indulge in criticism or crimination; it is enough to say that there was a want of concert and co-operation in the whole affair that made a successful attack impracticable, and the consequent disorder and straggling of troops most lamentable. The whole division became scattered."

McClellan telegraphed to the President, July 2d: "As usual, we had a severe battle, yesterday, and beat the enemy badly; the men fighting even better than before." On the 3d of July, the General telegraphed "for 100,000 men, more rather than less, with which to take Richmond and end the rebellion." General Kearney said in an assembly of officers, July 1st: "We ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the enemy and take Richmond." On the 4th of July, the enemy appeared with skirmishers and line of battle. At the distance of a mile, he looked in upon us, lay in camp until the 8th, when, at night, he returned to Richmond.

The Confederates lost in killed and wounded during the Seven Days' battles, about 16,000 men; and adding 5,000 prisoners to McClellan's report of killed and wounded, will raise the Union losses to 20,000. When the President visited Harrison's Bar, July 7, he found McClellan's army composed and scattered as follows: present for duty, 88,665; absent by authority, 34,472; absent without authority, 3,778; sick, 16,619; present and absent, 144,407.



## CHAPTER VIII.

At Harrison's Landing—Times and Things—President Lincoln visits the Army—Gen. Emory—The Army to be Withdrawn from the Peninsula—The Departure of the Different Corps—They go to Acquia Creek—The March of Peck's Division—The Weary March—We make Yorktown, Aug. 22d—Life and Times at Yorktown—The Stampede of the Keystone Cavalry—Gen. Emory mad—The Reconstruction of the 98th—Target Practice—Picket Duty—The Times are Sick—We must go—We leave Yorktown under sealed Orders—The Voyage—The Old Monitor—The Storm—The Landing at Morehead City and the Marching to Carolina City.

AT Harrison's landing the position of Keyes' corps was on the left of our line, extending from the James towards the right. Its front looked up the Peninsula over the road we had passed. The engineers immediately laid out defensive works, and the whole force was not permitted to rest until the rifle-pits, breastworks, and redoubts were constructed.

The pickets extended from Epp's Island, opposite City Point, around to the James below Westover. Much of the land of the intrenched camp was covered with a Brazilian growth of trees, brush and vines. Through these we crawled or pushed our way, built us houses of logs, covered them with tenting, and cleared the ground away. After these defenses were constructed, we sought to restore order and discipline. Fatigue and exposure had diminished our powers of endurance; the heat was often oppressive; men fainted in the ranks, or fell from sun-stroke on drill.

Our picket line ran from the James towards the right, through an extensive wheat field on which the grain stood in shocks. Along the line we formed bivouacs of rails and poles covered and surrounded with sheaves. Our quarters had never been so comfortable, and our duty on picket never so light; for the nearest post of the enemy was beyond Malvern. We slept and rested, read and talked the hours away, where the long July sun lay mirrored on the yellow James. Our scouts brought us a few berries, but never a

Confederate chicken, pig or cow. From the library of a Mr. Harrison, in the Confederate army, we obtained Blair's Rhetoric, the Custom Laws of the United States, Wordsworth's Poems, and the Prometheus Unbound, in Greek, by Aeschylus.

On the 7th, the President reviewed the army. He rode along the front of each regiment standing in line on its camp-ground. Though the commander-in-chief of all our forces, he wore no insignia of rank, but was clothed in his customary suit of solemn black. He rode very fast, beside Gen. McClellan, at the head of several hundred officers and civilians.

Every one who has seen Mr. Lincoln has remarked the "dejected 'havior of his visage," the thoughtful cast of his countenance, recalling forcibly the picture of Don Quixote, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. To us he appeared that day "drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn, or crazed with care." Wherever he passed the men swelled with their cheers the note of praise. As he rode by the 98th, drawn up at attention, with arms presented, Col. Durkee, lost in bewildering thoughts and dazzled at the unusual display of mounted rank and worth, forgot to direct the men to cheer. McClellan, a few feet behind the President, riding swift as the wind, but not unmindful of the delight which the great experience in hearing the vulgar shout their names, turned to the regiment and said: "Cheer, men, cheer." Whereupon the men cheered most satisfactorily—in fact rather overdid the yelling. And Col. Durkee, after the cavalcade had passed, ordered them to cheer again.

We were immediately disbanded in high delight. Some of the men climbed up the trees; others ran foot-races or engaged in boxing and wrestling; a few rolled through the camp like hoops, or turned back hand-springs; and sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

During the memorable Seven Days, no regiment lost fewer of its men or arrived in better shape at Harrison's than the 98th. None had preserved its arms and camp equipage better. We had all our camp-kettles, four drums and ten fifes. But three men were taken prisoners; Corporal Holliday and privates Hill and Grandy detailed to take charge of a barn full of sick and wounded left behind. The trunks and their contents, belonging to the officers, were destroyed by Lieut. Washburn, 98th, at the crossing of the swamp, for want of transportation. Our own letters, books,

clothing, and sole-leather trunk were burned. We admired and complimented Washburn's thoughtfulness and kindness when he told us their fate, and presented us a few miniatures and our memorandum book, written to the first of June. The book contained all we have composed of this history to that date, and something more. The public can best estimate the value of Lieut. Washburn's kindness in saving these,—our contributions to the literature of our country.

Whatever of personal property the regiment started with at the swamp, it still retained. None straggled, for they all felt that their safety depended on keeping together.

On the 12th we heard that the army would soon withdraw from the Peninsula. Peck's division was then reorganized; the three brigades were consolidated into two—thereafter the 98th was in the first brigade. Gen. Naglee obtained a sick leave about the 20th, and Gen. Emory was temporarily assigned to our command. He came from the Shenandoah valley with the reinforcements which Shields sent to Harrison's. He was well liked by the men; was brave, rough, humorous, talented, and sociable. Gen. Grant, it is said, always carried a tooth-brush in his vest pocket; from the pocket of Gen Emory one frequently saw protruding about half of a fine-toothed comb.

A few days after he had taken command of the brigade, the author was detailed brigade officer of the picket, and directed to report to Gen. Emory for instructions.

Emory knew, at that time, nothing of the disposition of the pickets of the division or corps. After conversing a short time, the General all the while combing his sandy hair and whiskers, turned to us and said: "Who the devil are you?" We replied: "Captain—in the 98th N. Y. vols." He appeared perfectly satisfied, and asked us to wait until after breakfast, when he would ride along the line with us.

While at Harrison's landing, Capt. Mannix, who was afterwards tried at Canandaigua for his Fenian proclivities, and Capts. Doty, Wakely, and Ellsworth, and Lieut. Norton were discharged for disability. Upon application of their chief, the sixteen St. Regis Indians were mustered out by order of the President. Many of our sick, left behind at different points, from Albany down, joined us there. Our number nearly doubled; we drew new clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and began to appear respectable.

In addition to the army ration, we could obtain nothing of the sutlers but a kind of ginger cake, cheese, and salt-fish.

Privately, when we came, we had nothing in which to cook our food but one coffee pot. In this were boiled beans, rice, meat, fish, coffee, and tea. In a short time we acquired all the utensils of a modern kitchen.

The narrow limits of our camps, the dead animals, the offal, the hot weather, multiplied the flies beyond credibility. They "roosted" an inch deep along the ridge pole of our tents. Every piece of meat or drop of grease thrown on the ground, in a moment, became black with them. We were compelled to drive them away from every spoonful and forkful that we ate.

McClellan somewhere reports his present and absent sick at Harrison's Landing, belonging to the Army of the Potomac, to have been 45,000 men, and the present sick 12,500. Many of the absent were well and hearty, sporting their uniforms at the North, and intriguing for promotion above their comrades who remained at the post of duty.

On the 4th of August McClellan was directed to withdraw the army to Acquia creek. The route and method were left to his discretion. He opposed the order, protested, asked for reinforcements. Gen. Halleck, then General-in-chief, was unchangeable, and the movement began. To cover the evacuation McClellan demonstrated against Richmond by sending Hooker on a reconnoissance to Malvern Hill. The sick and heavy material were transported by water; the remainder of the army marched down the Peninsula, and embarked at Yorktown, Newport News, and Fortress Monroe. August 17th everything was removed from Harrison's Bar—no property or men left behind.

The knapsacks and baggage of our brigade were placed on a canal boat to be freighted to Yorktown, but the boat sank before leaving the landing. The Government replaced the knapsacks and clothing lost by the soldiers. The two leading corps—Porter's and Heintzelman's—marched the 14th, crossed the Chickahominy at Jones' bridge and Barrett's ferry, and embarked, the former on the 20th at Newport News, the latter on the 21st at Yorktown for Acquia creek.

On the morning of the 17th, Keyes' corps, as rear guard, started for Yorktown. It moved at 4 A. M., and bivouacked at sun-set in a corn-field near Charles City court house. The ears were just

suitable for roasting, and by morning we left a slim crop for the owner, John Tyler, ex-president.

The departure of the infantry was covered by Gen. Pleasanton, who remained with his cavalry and horse artillery at Haxall's until the rear guard had passed Charles City court-house, when he fell back and followed the army.

On the morning of the 18th the whole army was on the move; before sunrise we resumed our march. In a few hours we intersected Sumner's corps, which had taken the river road. The way was blocked up with trains; we waited for them to pass. About 11 o'clock we reached the Chickahominy, at Barrett's ferry, and crossed on a pontoon 2000 feet long. The army had forty miles of wagons and artillery. When we arrived, and while we were at the bridge, hundreds of them were being hitched up and moved off. Passing the bridge, and ascending the rising ground beyond, the mingled batteries and wagons, the long lines of infantry sweeping over the country presented a fine military spectacle, not often seen, and never to be forgotten. On the 19th, the rear-guard passed and the bridge was taken up.

On the night of the 19th, we bivouacked four miles above Williamsburg; on that of the 20th six miles below. We rested the 21st, under the green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs, and re-mustered the regiment. Many regiments had neglected that important duty at the proper time, and the order to muster was general for the division.

On the 19th, we marched twenty-one miles,—the hottest, hardest march we ever made. When we halted for the night, in an oak and pine thicket of second growth, many of the men sank down where they stood, and fell asleep; others of us refreshed ourselves in a stream which ran near by to the James; then spreading our blankets on the sun-seared ground, lay down upon them, without any covering but the sky. The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much.

On the 22d, the division arrived at Yorktown, and the regiment went into camp two miles below the town, on the bank of the river. August the 23d, Peck's division of Keyes' corps, and Sumner's corps, were the only troops on the Peninsula. McClellan embarked at Fortress Monroe on the 23d, and landed at Acquia Creek, the 24th, without, as he said, an army or a command. Gen. Keyes remained in command at Yorktown. On the 23d, the 104th



Pennsylvania volunteers and the 100th New York volunteers crossed from Yorktown to Gloucester Point, opposite, and encamped in a pentagonal earthwork, the largest ever built in this country, and upon which the Confederates worked a thousand negroes for twelve months. We are back where we started from; the era is now full; the Army of the Potomac has made one revolution in its elliptical orbit; and the moon has four times changed her form from glowing orb to crescent wan.

On the high bluffs of the York, we have a splendid camp; we have rest and ease, the necessities and the luxuries of life. The river supplies us with fish and canvas-backs and the best oysters. The markets of Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, and Baltimore are at our command. We have Northern papers and a daily mail. We say "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, eat, drink, and be merry." While we breathe, let us live.

York is one of the eight original counties into which Virginia was divided in 1638. It is thirty miles long, with a mean width of five miles, and is bounded on the north and east by York river and Chesapeake bay. In 1860, its population was 4,949; in 1870, 7,198. At the last census it contained 20,665 acres of improved land valued at \$484,734; and the whole amount of its farm products was estimated at \$176,478. Yorktown, once a flourishing village, became the county-seat in 1705. It is on the York river, eleven miles from its mouth, thirty-three from Norfolk, and seventy from Richmond. In 1862, it had less than forty dwellings,—all dilapidated, going to decay. The water scenery from the town is splendid; from a high point or bluff, it looks up and down the river, with its sloping shores diversified with evergreen forests and well-cultivated farms. The town is memorable in American history for the surrender of the army of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, to the combined armies of the United States and France. The place where that event was consummated is a half mile east of the town, on the road to Hampton, and, surrounded by a railing, it made an excellent rostrum for 4th of July speakers and a stand for the judges at the Yorktown races. Col. John Trumbull has represented the surrender on canvas. As an aide of Gen. Washington he was present at the transaction, and his picture represents the moment when the principal officers of the British army, conducted by Gen. Lincoln, were passing the two groups of American and French officers. The portraits are distinct; the chief actors

are brought together with accurate details of dress, manners, and arms. The Swan Tavern, jail, court-house, old church, Gov. Nelson's house, are of no particular interest to the reader, and, though our notes are full, we pass them by "in silence unobserved." In the old grave-yard and about the tomb of Nelson we penciled in our note-book like a tourist, and, to day, we draw a long cross over our observations.

The garrison of Yorktown consisted, Sept. 1st, 1862, of the 100th, 98th, 81st, 56th, and the Independent Battalion of New York volunteers; the 104th and 52d Pennsylvania volunteers; the 11th Maine volunteers, a part of the 5th Pennsylvania cavalry, and two batteries. The batteries were within the fort; the 100th New York and 104th Pennsylvania were at Gloucester Point; the cavalry was at Williamsburg; and the other troops were in camp east of the town, down along the river. The remainder of the division, or Wessel's brigade, went with Gen. Peck to Suffolk, and made with him the campaign of the Blackwater.

The garrison remained at Yorktown until the 28th of December, and was engaged drilling, leveling the old fortifications, and making forays into the enemy's country towards Fredericksburg. The object of these was to capture horses, grain, stock, and to destroy some salt-works along the shore of the Chesapeake.

There sitting in our tents during the quiet, still days of August, we fancied that we heard in the air, along the ground, dull, heavy sounds coming from Pope's artillery fighting between Germantown, Sudley Springs, Gainesville, and Manassas junction, the battles of Bull-run, nearly one hundred miles away. During the month of October Gen. Keyes was relieved, and the post of Yorktown was included in the department of Major-General Dix, commanding at Fortress Monroe.

The Confederate troops, observing us, had their headquarters at Charles City court-house, and were commanded by Gen. Wise. One morning early they surprised and stampeded our Pennsylvania cavalry at Williamsburg. They "dusted out" our Keystone friends in a hurry. Never was even a cavalry regiment in greater haste; some ran, others rode, half-naked, to Yorktown. Without hats, without trousers, in their shirts and drawers, eleven of them stood before Gen. Emory, in Yorktown, and told him how suddenly and by how many they were attacked. The general was *mad*, and this was a fine occasion for him to show how angry he

could be ; like Jonah's sea, he wrought and was tempestuous. "How many rebels did you see?" said the general to one. "I didn't see any one ; it was too dark ; I heard the firing and the running of the horses," was the reply. "By God," said Emory. He interrogated each in turn, and received like satisfactory answers. He declared that they were all cowards, that he would have them all shot, that they were not fit to keep sheep. After a great deal of blustering and swearing, he directed his adjutant-general to get the command under arms, and then mounted his horse himself. We saw him raise himself apparently by sections, and develop like a telescope. Soon we were on the march to Williamsburg. Unencumbered, we move with alacrity ; we are not afraid of a thousand Wises. Emory, with a company of cavalry, is far ahead. He meets at every turn a squad of the frightened Pennsylvanians, and swears and blows and scolds and storms by note as before. We soon ascertain that the enemy has retired far up the Peninsula with his plunder ; that pursuit was futile, and that the greater part of the cavalry had resumed its place. By 3 P. M., we were all back in camp again, and the farce was ended. The Pennsylvanians were attacked by one-third their number. Two or three of them were wounded, and half of their horses were stolen. Those of them who kept their quarters were not disturbed ; and, on rising, they had lost nothing but their horses.

While at Yorktown, the sick and wounded, and the prisoners of the regiment returned ; and all those malingerers who played out up the Peninsula came back hale and hearty from their northern homes.

Material changes were made to the field and line. Capt. Crary resigned to accept the appointment of assistant surgeon in the 65th New York volunteers ; Surgeon David resigned, and John J. Van Rensselaer, a relative of the Patroon of Albany, was commissioned to fill the vacancy ; Lieut. Colonel Charles Durkee was promoted colonel ; Lieut. F. F. Wead, 16th New York volunteers, was appointed lieut. colonel ; and Geo. H. Clark, quartermaster, was elevated to the rank of major ; Sergeants Wm. B. Rudd, Wm. H. Rogers, and a number of others were promoted lieutenants, and various changes were made among the rank and file.

The appointments and promotions were made by Governor Morgan, and those to the positions in the field provoked an unlimited amount of dissatisfaction.

Near the first of October, Naglee returned, and Emory bade us farewell.

Naglee began a series of drills, reviews, and parades, all on Sundays. Though a day of rest, by order of the President, Sunday was to us a day of military evolutions and displays.

Our stay here was of great advantage in point of discipline and instruction. Until Naglee's return every fifth soldier wore a civilian's hat and trousers ; he compelled them to dress in the uniform of the service.

We had opportunity to practice the new system of target firing. By permission of the War Department, each soldier might expend ten rounds a week. A little practice enabled them to estimate distances with great accuracy, and to fire with wonderful precision.

At first but one shot in five or six hit the target, of the size of a man, at one hundred and fifty yards. The men improved ; but the best firing did not give over one-third hits ; which is probably the average in other regiments. If only one shot in three takes effect, we can readily account for the vast amount of ammunition expended in action. In European armies rifle-practice is taught as a science. In ordinary warfare but one shot in seven hundred is effective. A murderous fire may kill but few.

In November, several regiments of nine months' men arrived. They were drilled by details from the older commands. During all this time several gun-boats lay in the river opposite our camps : the "Chocura," the "Mehaska," and others.

As the cold weather came on, our picket duty became more severe. The darker and more stormy the night, the greater the vigilance demanded. The picket makes no fire ; he is always dressed and equipped. On post, he is relieved every hour ; on reserve but half are allowed to sleep. His duty is to reconnoitre the enemy, watch the roads, bridges, fords, and defiles. An hour before the break of day, infantry pickets stand to arms, and cavalry mount. If attacked in force, they fight in close or open order, as may be best, hold the enemy at bay as long as possible, and retire upon their supports and camps. The tour of duty is one of vigilance, activity, and responsibility.

Rumors fill the air ; the times are sick, and out of joint. We have orders to refit, to send away the sick, and to turn over to the post officers our surplus stores. It is plain that we soon must bid fare-well to our pleasant camps and quarters.

On the 24th of December, a circular directed regimental commanders to be ready to move by water at a moment's notice. Cooked rations were afterwards kept on hand, and the necessary preparations made for embarking.

The strength of the eight regiments of the brigade was 4,338. So early as the 25th, large ocean-going steamers began to make their appearance in the river; and, on the morning of the 27th of December, 1862, the 98th having embarked the evening before, left Yorktown on the side-wheel steamer New York City. The vessel anchored off Fortress Monroe in the afternoon, was examined and condemned, declared unfit to go to sea. During the evening we returned to York river, and were transferred to the Cahawba before daylight on the morning of the 29th. This was a larger, safer side-wheel steamer, and formerly ran between New York and New Orleans. At the commencement of the war the Cahawba was captured at the latter city, by the Confederates, and subsequently was delivered to the National authorities by the Governor of Louisiana. On this occasion, it carried Gen. Naglee and staff, the 98th and 11th Maine, and ten days' rations. All things being on and ready, we steamed directly from York river to Cape Henry without stopping at Fortress Monroe.

Oh my soul's joy !

York river, Chesapeake bay, and Hampton Roads were like the Elysian Fields to us. Happy with every want supplied, on them we idling dreamed the autumnal days of 1862 away. Farewell, happy field, where joy forever dwells :

“ In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore.”

We were sailing under sealed orders, to be opened only when thirty miles south of the Cape. Our steamer took in tow from York river the sailing vessel Montebello, which bore the 56th New York volunteers. Passing Cape Henry, our instructions directed us to report at New Berne to Gen. Foster, commanding the 18th corps and the department of North Carolina. Beaufort has the only harbor in that state which the vessels could enter. Arriving there, Gen. Naglee could take his troops to New Berne, thirty-six miles distant, by railroad. All the vessels had corresponding orders.

The voyage was very unpleasant. But few of the troops were accustomed to ocean traveling, and "a life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep," was fraught with terrors, sickness and danger.

The wind became high and strong; the sea grew frightfully rough; the "Montebello" broke loose, and floated away in the ocean; the Cahawba, driven back a day on its course, climbed hills of seas. A little after 5 p. m., we passed the State of Georgia, a side-wheel steamer, towing the old iron Monitor, which we saw rocking on the waves in Hampton Roads, in April, a few days after its monster battle with the "Merrimack." The high waves rolled over the Monitor, and the State of Georgia moved slowly, with difficulty, laboring with its tow. We watched them long and anxiously with our glasses; and often asked each other during the night for an opinion concerning their safety and wondered if the sacred iron-clad still lived.

In that storm, during that night, the old Monitor, the Nation's naval bulwark in its sorest need, foundered off windy Hatteras, and with several of its officers and crew went down to the bottom of the sea.

The Cahawba arrived at the dock of Morehead City, Beaufort harbor, on the morning of January 1st, 1863. We found there several of the regiments which had left Yorktown after the storm. The Montebello came as safely on the 4th as if it had never broken from its consort, the Cahawba. Of our brigade no living thing was lost; but one mule jumped overboard, and sacrificed himself to Neptune, the ruler of the sea. The sacrifice worked like a charm; the offended deity was appeased: no more efficacious the offering of Iphigenia in Taurus or of the daughter of Jephthah.

We landed during the day, placed our baggage on cars, and, marching up the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad, three miles to Carolina City, went into camp.



## CHAPTER IX.

Every Man in his Humor, or, As You Like It—Office—Office-seeking—The Corruptions of Public Men—Chances to rise in Life—Carolina City—Morehead City—Beaufort—Fort Macon—The Burial of Charles Peterson—Organization of the Expedition—The Entertainment by the Glee Club—Old Noah and Sergeant Felter—A Visit to Cape Lookout, and the View from the Tower of the Lighthouse—Preparations for Sailing—Waiting for Fair Weather—Let us Sail—We Sail, and enter Port Royal Harbor Jan. 31st.

“Out on an ocean all boundless we roam.”

IN the second centennial of our national independence, in the first year of the presidency of Gen. Hayes, and in the first year of the administration of Gov. Robinson, we make what speed we can in the preparation for the press of these our entertaining notes, and authentic history of the 98th.

While so many opportunities present themselves to our acquaintances to rise in law, in physic and in state; while every little town has its rising young man, our friends affect to wonder why we can permit our chance to pass unimproved, and devote our time to a thankless, unprofitable task. Since of making books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh, they say, it is far preferable to importune for office, and press our claims for distinction and emolument. In short, they exclaim; “Anything but a dull, prosy, *raconteur*, or a poor, pale, poetic scribbler.” And we retort: “Give us any position in society, any fate in life, but that of a whining, disappointed, professional office-seeker. Without doubt, we all love distinction; and ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, prompts us constantly to do and dare; but what can talent, worth, or honesty accomplish, when the avenues to every place are crowded with a multitude of clamoring, jarring, persisting aspirants, and office itself is acquired by influence, corruption, and favor.” And they rejoin: “An organization from town to nation controls the nominations and appointments. Study this

organization, become acquainted with its magnates, ingratiate yourself in their favor, be like them, go in with them if you wish to win."

With no visible impediment without, and no ungovernable passion within, and often repeating that supreme benediction: "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men," we prefer to keep our hands unspotted from the world, and along the cool, sequestered vale of life, pursue the noiseless tenor of our way. It was ever thus from childhood's hour, that we, rather coin our heart and drop our blood for drachmas than raise money by vile means, or seek office by any indirections. While the names of our highest officials honor this corruption, while they sell and mart the people's offices for gold, while the power of wealth bestrides the world like a colossus, while the whole political heart is sick and the body faint, and crime everywhere holds his courts and debauchery his orgies, Reader, do we not do well in resolving to blush unseen, to sparkle in the unfathomed caves of ocean, or waste our sweetness on the desert air?

Those who have waded thus far into this volume will remember that the last chapter closed Jan. 2d, 1863, with the 98th at Carolina city, on the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad, three miles from Beaufort harbor. There, let the curtain rise and the panorama begin to move.

The troops were encamped on each side of the railroad, on sandy ground, too dry to be frozen, but covered at intervals with a light, thin snow. The railroad ran over a sandy ridge, or rectangular bar, five by ten miles, nearly surrounded by Newport river and Bogue sound. Carolina city is a harbor on the sound, and was, at that time, composed of a small depot and six dwelling-houses. On a northern map, it would have no name or place, and does not, in a political point, deserve a notice. But strategy and military operations give importance to Malta and Gibraltar, and little towns and hamlets in Greenland and Siberia have a local habitation and a name.

Sandy camps are generally warm and healthy, and barring the barrenness of the country, our situation was not unpleasant. The ground is never more than ten feet above the surface of the water, the wooded land is in excess, the pine everywhere prevails. On the cleared opening, an occasional family of poor whites pick from the land and the sea a frugal and uncertain living.



A few scattered spears of oats and wheat, a few stubbed ears of corn and a yam-like sweet-potato are in this vicinity the sole productions of the Old North State. During our stay of twenty days it snowed a few hours, the thermometer vibrated about the freezing point, the air was clear and the wind easterly, westerly and northerly.

Morehead, the terminus of the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad, contained about thirty frame houses. The wharf and depot upon it are among the finest structures of the kind in the country. It was built on cast iron piles; a rail track ran on each side to the end, where the water was sufficiently deep for vessels of fifteen hundred tons to approach and receive or discharge their cargoes. Here, in peaceful times, an immense quantity of naval stores were shipped for Europe and the northern states. On the arrival of our expedition, this depot was in charge of two or three men from Wayne county. Among them, O. K. Klinck, of Lyons, surprised us with his friendly greeting and cheerful welcome.

On the southern side of the harbor stands Fort Macon, an old Government work. When the war broke out, it fell into the hands of the enemy, having been taken by Gov. Ellis before the secession of the state. It is a regular fortress, built, at great cost, of bricks and sand. The work stands on the end of a long sand-bank, which divides Bogue sound from the ocean. There, looking out upon the broad Atlantic, it commands the entrance to Beaufort harbor. Under direction of Gen'l Burnside, in March, 1862, it was invested by sea and land, and, after fighting a few hours, its garrison, consisting of five hundred men, surrendered to Gen'l. Parke.

Across the Newport river, east of Morehead, is Beaufort, a place in history of some consequence and notoriety. Its houses are old-fashioned, shabby, and dilapidated; it has no side-walks, and the sand drifts in its streets. The stores will hardly pass for sutlers' establishments. The inhabitants take boarders from the country and the south, and evaporate sea water for salt. Before the war it contained about 1,800 inhabitants, and was, at our visit, Jan. 10, 1863, the most unattractive, cheerless, sandy village we ever saw. At the meagre board of its one hotel, they set before us for dinner stale bread, corned beef, hash, sweet-potatoes, weak tea and dried apple pies. The dried apple pie was to us a *melange*, we fancy, no less "toothsome" than would be to a *bon vivant*, an

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Old England "plum pudding, imported and served warm," of an afternoon, at a thanksgiving dinner. Mournfully our mind returned to those Elysian Fields which we had just left, where we feasted on fresh bread and pancakes, northern potatoes, canvas-backs, roast-beef, pig, turkey, chicken, fish, York river and Linn Haven oysters and cheese.

Formerly, its harbor admitted vessels of the largest size that traded in the south; now, the highest tide gives but six feet soundings along its docks. The waters of this state are becoming shallower, and not many generations hence the sounds and river channels will become bayous, marshes and sand-swamps.

From Beaufort water communication is unbroken, inside the ocean, to Lyons, Chicago, Duluth, and every other maritime place in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains.

In our log-book is written: "Charles Peterson, private, Co. F., died at Carolina city, Jan. 11, 1863. Not well when the expedition left Yorktown, he refused to remain behind. The sea-voyage improved his health, but the exposure of camp-life, here, brought on again his malarial fever. His last words were: 'I have done what I could; I die for my country; close up, boys.'"

"Of all the bones that have whitened battle-fields,  
How very few live in the chronicle!"

His comrades dug his grave two or three rods from the water, among a few scattered pines, on the highest bank of Bogue sound, where the zephyrs sigh and the tempests roar.

The ordinary military honors were paid, the escort paraded, the regimental band played the dead march in Saul, and his friends followed in reversed order to the grave. His comrades laid him out in his soldier's uniform, his cap, his two coats, his trousers, and his shoes. At his grave they wrapped his blanket around him, hung around his shoulders his canteen filled with water, and his haversack with three days' rations. Then they laid in his grave, for a pillow, his knapsack, containing an extra pair of drawers and stockings, a shirt, his memorandum-book, letters, and personal trinkets. After they had laid his body decently in the grave, they sprinkled three handfuls of sand upon it, and said: "Charles Peterson, farewell! Charles Peterson, farewell! Charles Peterson, farewell! As they pronounced the last farewell, the extremumque-

vale, not an eye was dry. They believed that his soul still lived ; but whether it had returned to his old home in Sodus or whether it yet lingered where the body lay, along the rippling line of that golden coast, they knew not. They believed that his soul still lived ; but whether separate, individual, personal, and distinct, as when alive they knew him ; or, whether, like a wave of the ocean, it constituted a part of that vitalizing, energizing mind, which sustains the universe, they knew not.

Led by no creed, no dogma, no new confession, they had decently, respectfully buried him ; and the hoary-headed sages of the east, the doctors of divinity, and the vicars general of the west could not do more. No marble sarcophagus, no elaborate casket, enclosed his breast ; no pealing anthem swelled the note of praise ; no Bossuet or Massillon, with mock pathos, in flowery or turgid oratory, told how little he knew of the new life, of the long journey, of the great future, upon which their comrade, Charles Peterson, had so recently entered, in the favor and the keeping still as ever, of that

“ Father of all, in every age,  
By every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.”

After filling up his grave, they placed at his head a board, on which they had cut with their pocket-knives:

“ CHARLES PETERSON,  
PRIV., CO. F., 98TH N. Y. VOLS.,  
*Mort. Jan. 11, 1863, Æt. 24.*”

Below these words and figures, as an admonition to the living, they graved this command, which the old Greeks said is divine: “ Know thyself,” and which teaches us not to be unduly anxious about the future, but that the duties of the present should engage us.

While the escort was retiring, five officers improvised a choir and sang, *sotto voce*, standing near, that stanza beginning: “ Why should our tears in sorrow flow ? ” found somewhere in Christian

hymnology, and thus a few scattered rays from the cross glittered around the grave.

At the time our expedition came to Morehead, the department of North Carolina was commanded by Gen. J. G. Foster with headquarters at New Berne. To him Gen. Naglee was directed to report.

A few days before our arrival, Gen. O. S. Ferry, late senator from Connecticut, had transferred his brigade from Suffolk, Va., to New Berne. Thither also our old companions in the Peninsular campaign, Gen. Wessel and his brigade, had retired, in the early winter, after having taken part in the movement against Kinston and Goldsboro.

By general order, dated Jan. 3d, 1863, Gen. Foster directed the organization of his command. Naglee, Wessel, and Ferry, each had a division; and Wessel was to remain in command of the department.

Of Naglee's division, Gen. Heckman had the first brigade, consisting of the 9th N. Y. vols., the 23d Mass, the 81st and 98th N. Y. vols. Col. Davis, of 104th Penn. volunteers, commanded the 2d brigade, formed of the 104th, 52d Penn., the 11th Me., the 100th and Independent Battalion N. Y. volunteers. Our old friends, the 56th N. Y., Col. Van Wyck's 10th Legion, were transferred to Ferry.

The writer became assistant-adjutant general of the 2d brigade, and served detached from the 98th until the 1st of September. Naglee, while temporarily in command of the department, announced in orders the five brigades which were intended for the expedition; informed them that they should embark soon, and directed the regimental and company commanders to put the men in the best possible condition. In each brigade of his own division he formed a company of sharp-shooters, consisting of fifty men, young, brave, active, and well instructed in the skirmish drill.

We remained at Carolina city, waiting to embark, until the 21st of January. Camp-guards were unnecessary; picket duty was very light; we had no place for drill. The troops had no exercise, but little duty, and soon began to feel the *ennui* of camp-life. To break this monotony, the glee-club of the 104th Pennsylvania announced to the public, by written posters, that they would give a musical and dramatical entertainment in the depot warehouse at Carolina city. No advertisement in a New York city daily

for Othello, Hamlet, or the Black Crook, ever attracted more attention.

The *mise en scene* exhibited good taste and an adaptation of means to an end seldom seen. Boards on pork-barrels and cracker-boxes formed the stage; and garrison flags and tent flies for drapery and curtains, prevented the inquisitive from peeping into the transformations of the actors. Three brigade bands, consolidated for the occasion under one leader, with a tremendous staff, formed the orchestra. For them a platform was erected at the right of the stage. Of the five violins, borrowed at Beaufort, one was a genuine Cremona, the property of a Baptist clergyman.

The best singers and players in the whole command were engaged. One contributed a piece of music from Handel or Hayden, another, a fugue from Bach. The inimitable Lieut. Case, of the 98th, the best ballad singer since the days of Robert Burns, came upon the stage and rendered Nellie's Grave. Old Noah, formerly private servant of the Baptist clergyman at Beaufort, then promoted cook at our brigade headquarters, and nearly sixty years of age, came with five of his aged colored friends, and on violins, banjo, tamborine, bones, and triangle, produced Dixie. Old Noah with his Cremona was vociferously encored. The managers had dressed him neatly in soldier's trousers, shoes, and blouse. He was tall and slim; his face was Caucasian rather than African; and he had the soul of music in him. He came back alone, diffidently, upon the stage, sat up straight, as the painters sometimes represent Henry Clay or George Washington, held his violin *comme il faut*, and began to play a hornpipe.

When about half through with the piece, we observed that he had changed his posture; that he had crossed his left leg over his right, that his head leaned over along the violin, that his eyes were half closed, and that his under lip curled over and hung down half a hand or more. The instrument and man appeared one; the bow flew like lightning, and the air and the audience felt the magic of his music beyond the power of description.

During an interlude, Sergeant Felter, 3d New York battery, came around before the curtain, and walking back and forth on the proscenium, whittled at some chain-links on the end of a pine stick, and whistled Yankee Doodle high and loud, distinct and clear. This brought down the house. They stamped him, cheered him, clapped him with their hands. He came around in front again

and, puffing out his cheeks like a player on the trombone, rendered, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The entertainment was concluded with a comic after-piece called "The Barber."

Under the vaulted roof of the palace in Babylon, at the royal feast for Persia won by Philip's warlike son, Timotheus placed on high amid the tuneful choir, may have excelled the Glee Club in the paraphernalia and splendor of his entertainment, but we are unwilling to believe that he displayed any more of the spirit of music and song than did the Glee Club that night in the depot of the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad. That principal musician with his selected orchestra of three brigade bands, more than fifty instruments, and with his truncheon like a weaver's beam, seemed to shake the spheres.

The house was filled; the effort appreciated, and the collection sixty dollars.

While in command of the department, during Gen. Foster's absence, Naglee made his headquarters on the small side-wheel steamer *Secor*. In this boat he was moving about continually—making the rounds of the department. He went to New Berne several times, passing around through Hatteras Inlet rather than go by rail thirty-six miles. On one occasion he invited the field officers of his division and several others to make an excursion out on the ocean in this little steamer. We ran out Beaufort harbor, and, passing up the coast about fifteen miles, went ashore on Cape Lookout. The cape is the southern terminus of that long sandy bank which divides the ocean from the sounds, and extends with two or three interruptions to Cape Henry. On this bar in the days of Elizabeth and Raleigh was made the first landing on the soil of the United States; and, behind it, at Roanoke, the early settlers established "the future mart and marine depot of the New World." We took on shore a markee tent, pitched it by the lighthouse, and had dinner there.

The tower is round, built of brick, one hundred and fifty feet high, fifteen at the base and eight at the top. The superb, imported, Fresnel lens, which our government purchased in Paris, had been removed by the enemy.

We ascended the lighthouse by an inside, spiral stair-case, to the top; and from there had one of the most extensive views of the Atlantic which can be obtained. Only four of our party could go

so high. Some half dozen steam-boats and sailing vessels were in view; the line of the Gulf-stream was distinguishable, and old Ocean in all his grandeur rose and fell at our feet. The view from the top of the tower so overwhelmed us at first that we preserved our consciousness with difficulty. In such a wide view of the ocean, we are often conscious of more pain than pleasure. Byron's Apostrophe to the Ocean seemed to meet our thoughts the best of anything we had ever read :

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempest; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark, heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,  
The image of Eternity, the throne  
Of the Invisible!—even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee;—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, and alone.

Reader, take the map and find Cape Lookout projecting into the wide Atlantic, terminating a long bank never wider than half a mile, never higher than eight or ten feet, and you will have our bearing, distance, latitude and longitude for that excursion day. After thus laying our hand upon the ocean's mane and playing familiar with his hoary locks, we returned, refreshed and delighted.

A few days before the 20th, transports began to collect in the harbor. They were assigned by the quartermasters to the different commands. Each vessel was required to take for the troops it was chartered to carry water and provisions sufficient for twenty days.

Again we are to sail under sealed orders, and our destination is kept a profound secret. The men and officers are in good health and spirits, pleased with the idea of going again on an expedition, perhaps to Wilmington, Charleston, or the Rio Grande. We have done nothing yet; the object of setting us afloat is not accomplished; our situation is interesting; and uncertainty adds activity to rumor.

The 81st and 98th, which had received no pay for six months, calmed their murmurs, and, on the morning of the 21st, cheerfully shouldered their knapsacks and took up the line of march to Morehead.

The 98th had then on its rolls about 650 men ; of them one hundred were in the different hospitals of the government.

Naglee's division had embarked, and was ready to sail on the morning of the 22d ; but owing to delays in the arrival of transportation and to the roughness of the weather, the whole expedition was not on transports before the morning of the 27th. On the evening of the 26th, Gen. Foster and staff came down from New Berne, and embarked at once.

During the 26th and 27th the wind blew strong from the south and west. The entrance to the harbor is difficult at all times ; our larger vessels could pass the bar only at high tide. The channel is tortuous, and the shoals shifting ; many of the steam-transports had sailing vessels in tow ; for these reasons it was deemed imprudent to sail by night in pleasant weather, or by day until the storm had subsided.

Each transport carried a signal officer ; and every precaution was taken to guard against fire ; every provision made for accident or shipwreck. The fleet was ordered to keep together ; sailing distance was prescribed to the vessels ; signals were established for distress or foundering, and small steam-tugs accompanied the expedition to be employed in disembarking the troops, and in any case of accident or necessity.

Regimental commanders were minutely instructed concerning the proper care and disposition of their men, and their attention was called to certain paragraphs in Army Regulations relating to troops on transports. They were directed in general orders how to land in presence of the enemy. Of the destination, the sealed orders to be opened opposite Wilmington would give them the requisite information.

January 27th, the expedition is ready, waiting for propitious weather ; nothing is wanting, nothing omitted, nothing neglected. Twelve thousand men, forming in their equipment of arms, tools, stores, supplies, a complete corps or army, are thus embarked, in the middle of winter, waiting for clearer skies and calmer seas, to sail—not a dozen individuals in all the world knows where. There is romance in the idea of waiting thus, and sailing thus. There is uncertainty in a sea voyage at all times, notwithstanding the correctness of our charts of the coast and the precision of modern nautical science.

Let us sail. On the afternoon of Jan. 29th, 1863, Naglee's and



Ferry's divisions and two regiments of Wessel's leave Beaufort harbor in about thirty vessels and steam-transports. Joy swells every heart; streamers, flags, and banners wave, the men shout and yell, the bands play, and Fort Macon thunders a parting salute.

The Cahawba is the flag-ship, and we are on it again. The other transports follow the flag-ship, and, passing the bar, turn to the south.

The storm was over; the waves, though high, were subsiding, and long lines of white foam lay along the shore.

When it grew dark, the expedition presented one of the most charming sights we ever beheld at sea. Each vessel carried at its masthead a light, and their long line, following behind us, formed an illuminated avenue on the wild waste of waters.

Off Cape Fear the secret instructions directed the vessels to rendezvous at Hilton Head, S. C., where we all arrived safely on the morning of the 31st. For a part of the voyage the wind was high, and the sea rough and dangerous. The woods and fields of the sea-islands appeared green and inviting; and the morning sun, with warm vernal glow, glittered on the azure dimples in Port Royal bay.

The world is full of poetry—the air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness.



## CHAPTER X

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The Capture of Port Royal Harbor—A Naval Depot and Rendezvous—A Site for a Southern Commercial Metropolis—The Cahawba—We land on Saint Helena Island, and encamp—The Sea-Islands—Soil-Productions—Planters—The Quarrel between Foster and Hunter—Naglee sent North—General O. S. Ferry—The troops reviewed by Hunter—Colonel Durkee resigns—His Character—The New Ironsides—The Lost Children—A Revision ordered of their Books, Papers and Rolls—The Character of the Organization—They are consolidated with the 47th New York Volunteers.

THE trend of the coast of South Carolina is south-west, and the entrance to Port Royal harbor is between the Hunting islands on the east, and Hilton Head island on the west. This is the largest and best harbor on the South Atlantic coast. When captured by Dupont and Sherman in November, 1861, its channel was protected by two large earth-works, mounting, in the aggregate, fifty heavy cannons. In these two forts, Fort Walker on Hilton Head, and Fort Beauregard on Philip's island, one of the Hunting islands, were 1,700 South Carolinian troops. The Nationals captured the forts in three hours. All of the Confederate forces escaped. Commodore Tattnall fled with his mosquito fleet among the upper islands.

The harbor was in 1863 a marine depot. On Bay Point, near old Fort Beauregard, was a naval shop, where a large number of workmen were employed, repairing iron and wooden vessels. There, also, two old whalers were beached for shops. The protracted siege of Charleston made a repair shop necessary.

Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, across the entrance from Bay Point, projects into the sea. Behind it the quartermaster's and commissary's, the ordnance and medical departments, had built long and capacious wooden store-houses. These contained all kinds of munitions of war ; powder, shot, shell, provisions, clothing, camp-equipage, medicine ; and a line of supply ships running

to New York kept the buildings full. A long pier and wharf was constructed out into the harbor, by which ocean steamers, like the *Arago* of the New York and Havre line, could lie and discharge their cargoes.

The coal-yard was at Beaufort, twelve miles up the harbor. There also the quartermaster's department had put up, near the shore, a steam condenser which manufactured from the salt waves of the Broad river, in twenty-four hours, five thousand gallons of fresh and palatable water.

The New Ironsides and three men-of-war, our expeditionary fleet and a number of transports and supply-ships, gave the harbor a busy as well as interesting appearance. On this bay should have been built or founded a southern commercial metropolis; and some day, yet, we fancy, may spring up on one or several of these islands a city which shall absorb Charleston and Savannah.

If our expedition had been made in more heroic and poetic times, it would already wear the morning hues which gild the voyages of the Argonauts and Homer's navigators, and the sirens hidden beneath the waves of the South Atlantic, would raise an *Odyssey* in its praise.

Our log-book says of the flagship *Cahawba*: before the war, she ran between New York and New Orleans. While lying at the dock in the latter city, soon after the commencement of hostilities, she was seized by a party of Texans, but was released, subsequently, by the Governor of Louisiana. She is one of the best and safest in the service of the Government, and is chartered to carry troops for eight hundred dollars a day. Estimated to carry fifteen hundred troops, eleven hundred fill up all the available space. Her cooking arrangements are ample: two large copper-cylinders in the forward pantry boil eighty gallons of coffee or cook five hundred pounds of meat at once. Connected with the boilers by steam-pipes they cook everything, soup, beans, rice, meat, coffee.

She started on this voyage or expedition with thirty thousand rations, fifteen thousand gallons of water, and coal for twenty days. The rations were distributed to the men by details from the companies. They ate wherever they pleased. The officers ate at the ship's table the army food, and paid the steward one dollar a day.

The troops remained on transports until the morning of the 9th of February, when they began to disembark; by the evening of

the 11th every man had landed on Saint Helena island. The vessels anchored near shore ; the men went off in scows and surf-boats, and reached the land after wading in sand and water. In that way, having no wharf, it took all day to unload a vessel of its men, baggage, and stores. At night, the troops stacked arms in line of battle and lay down on the ground to sleep.

In the morning, camping ground, near the shore, was assigned to the different regiments, in an old cotton plantation partly overgrown with live oak bushes, pines, and shrubs. The soldiers worked with energy ; the ax and shovel soon cleared the ground. The location was pleasant and healthy ; looking on and commanding all the bay.

The men raised their tents a foot from the ground on a framework of poles. They dug wells, and tubed them with barrels, and cleared ground for dress-parade and drills. Cleanliness is next to godliness ; so they bathed frequently, washed their clothes, and burnished their equipments and arms.

The engineers soon made a long wharf into the bay, and sutlers' schooners and supply ships were constantly discharging beside it. In less than a week our men and *materiel* covered all the shore.

Saint Helena island is one of the thirty sea islands on this coast celebrated in commerce for their valuable cotton. It is sixteen miles long, and from one to three in width. The location is salubrious ; the soil of a light sandy character, and wonderfully fertile. The surface never rises more than fifteen feet above the sea. The island contained about three hundred plantations, which range from one hundred to three hundred acres. An acre is capable of producing from one hundred to three hundred pounds of cotton worth one dollar a pound.

The planters never used plow or cultivator, but the slaves hoed the surface over. They lifted a heavy hoe up about as high as their heads, let it fall, and then drew it out horizontally. They set the cotton plants in rows four feet apart, one in a place. The plant disposes its branches like a distaff, and grows from three to five feet high. Besides a marsh pony, the planters kept a few pigs and poultry.

At our advent, a number of people from the Northern states had come down and were leasing, working on shares or buying these plantations. The Old Man, Uncle Sam, even, by his agents, was raising cotton. His supervisors employed the slaves who were

found here, to cultivate the land. The gross value of the amount raised this year exceeded seven thousand dollars. The productions are corn, cotton, and sweet potatoes.

Much of the island formerly planted is now overgrown with reeds and bushes. The live oak, gnarled and crooked, springs indigenous everywhere. The palmetto, the holly, the pine abound.

The plantations were poorly worked before the war, and made indifferent returns. Their owners were, generally, in debt for the productions of the current year. They had no roads, fences, gardens, orchards or shrubbery. Their houses, always of wood, were poor, and built on piles. Everything indicated decay of enterprise, want of energy, industry and prosperity.

The climate is mild and congenial; here are golden sunlight and balmy air. In winter is seldom hail or snow, and no high degree of heat in the summer. The fields are florid with unfading prime. The ocean rolls his tropical waves along the circling lines of its yellow coast; the warm and equable climate clothes its forest with the eternal verdure of summer. The soil for the greater part high and dry, easy to till and extremely fertile, presents every inducement for the cultivator of the earth to settle here and enjoy the fruits of his labor without experiencing any of those drawbacks which check those living farther north where winter exhausts the productions of summer and autumn.

Here as everywhere we have been, we notice the scarcity of fruit. Thickets of undergrowth approach the farm-houses; in the edge of the thickets peach-trees, apricots, and fig-trees grow wild.

The island from time immemorial has been owned in great part by the Fripp and Chapine families. They held many negroes, had some fine country residences, and seem, like the rest of the southern gentry, to have preferred ease and quiet to enterprise and innovation. As the families increased they divided their estates and tried to curtail their expenses.

They were intensely hostile to the North; the price of every article they produced or consumed seemed fixed in a northern market; and they readily persuaded themselves that their poverty and debts were the consequence of their paying tribute to the Yankees.

The islands, all characteristically similar, have quiet and beautiful scenery, but nothing wild and striking. They everywhere present, at one glance, long trailing vines, tall trees hung with mossy

tresses ; numerous rows of thick wild hedges ; endless stretches of fenceless roads, overarched by live oaks and close-set with pine and holly ; large dwellings, lowly negro-huts and shanties. The gayest, brightest birds flash through the evergreen foliage and cheer the wildness with their songs.

The expedition has added to the interest of the picture and given it a different expression ; for, now, on every hand, are tents and camps, a general and his staff, careless wandering troops of soldiers, full of mischief, seeking what new they can observe, or strolling they know not where or why. A hundred other objects of minor value figure on the landscape and grace the scene. Negroes carrying articles on their heads to camp, the bivouac of the picket, the patrols of the provost marshal, high piles of quarter-master's and commissary's stores, the transports and sailing craft in the harbor, and the flash from the glittering steel of men on drill and on the march. At night a thousand camp-fires cast their light against the sky, thousands on the ground spread their blankets for repose, and boat-lamps gleam from a hundred masts. Watchfulness and silence are here, security and repose.

As we passed Charleston harbor, on the 31st of January, coming down, we heard the report of heavy guns. We afterwards learned that a Confederate ram ran out and attacked the blockading fleet, captured the *Mercedita*, and almost demolished the *Keystone State*. A severe fight took place ; thirteen shots went into or through the *Keystone State*, and killed forty-two of her officers and men. On the first of February, she came down to Port Royal and anchored near the *Cahawba*. One shot passed through both of her boilers, and many of her crew were scalded to death. Several men were killed while asleep in their hammocks ; the planking of the decks was torn up and the beams and ceiling were spattered with brains and blood. The shots from the *Keystone State* glanced from the ram with a loud, ringing noise. A sloop of war came to her rescue.

On the same morning, the English screw steamer, *Princess Royal*, captured by our blockading squadron off Savannah, was brought in and anchored near us. This blockade-runner was a valuable prize. She was loaded with gunpowder, and munitions of war, with armor for iron-clads, and machinery for steel pointing shot.

During the autumn of 1862, Gens. Halleck and Foster and Admiral Dupont had arranged a combined attack by land and sea against Charleston. Following out their plan, Naglee's brigade of

the department of Virginia was directed to report to Foster; and Foster thus reinforced was ordered by Halleck to leave North Carolina with the greater part of his, the 18th corps, and join the Admiral who collected and prepared his naval force during the winter in Port Royal bay.

Upon the arrival of Foster's expedition at the designated place, the department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida was commanded by Gen. David Hunter, of the regular army. Of the orders to Foster and Dupont, Hunter had received no instructions from Halleck. He was surprised, offended, and thought the movement intrusive. To take Charleston, it was true, he needed more troops, but to erect a separate command within his department was plainly an interference, was a mistake, was impossible. David was wroth, and his countenance fell.

When he came, Dupont was not quite ready for the task of capturing Charleston. Siege guns were needed, and for those Foster returned to Fortress Monroe. Whereupon Hunter immediately assumed command of the troops of the 18th corps and incorporated them with his own, the 10th. Naglee, left in command during Foster's absence, protested against such a "gobbling" up of his command, and dispatched a messenger to Fortress Monroe. Foster, thus informed of Hunter's action, proceeded at once to Washington, and obtained a stay of process against Hunter. Foster was unwilling to lose his veteran command, consisting of some of the best troops in the service. Halleck sent his assistant adjutant general, E. D. Townsend, down to investigate the cause of contention, and, if possible, pacify the conflicting generals. Hunter's order was revoked, and our forces were called, for distinction, the detachment of the 18th army corps. Hunter desired no reconciliation, and a department within his own, or a general over himself were two conditions so incompatible with his notions of unity, dignity and efficiency, that he could not entertain either of them for a moment, with equanimity.

Foster's staff left behind were impertinent and indiscreet. Hunter placed them in arrest, and soon after sent them out of the department. Foster never returned. Naglee was magnetic; no dead man ever appeared more haggard, pale and wan. He had the hardest look of any man whom we ever saw. He may have been some star which from the ruined roof of shaken Olympus by mischance did fall.

Naglee being angry and quarrelsome took up the cudgel. He could fight with pen or sword, and the wordy warfare grew warm between the contending chiefs. We recall how Agamemnon and Achilles strove. Spicy was this correspondence. From Saint Helena to Hilton Head the dispatches flew thick and long.

Forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and Hunter ordered Naglee, the life and soul of the expedition, to quit the department within twenty-four hours and go to New York city and report by letter to the Adjutant General of the army, at Washington. Accordingly he left the department, on the 11th of March, and his incensed command never made any visible expression of their feelings.

Gen. O. S. Ferry of Connecticut assumed command of the detachment. He was not a good officer. He had neither the courage, energy nor ability of Naglee. The command was never drilled, disciplined or paraded by him. It has been said, however, to his credit, that he made a tolerably good United States senator.

Gen. Hunter reviewed the detachment twice while on the island. Ten or twenty people visiting the department from Boston, Philadelphia and New York city, the supervisors on the plantations, many officers of the 10th corps, and a number of female teachers scattered about on the different islands came to see us. The whole detachment was in fine condition, and appeared and manœuvered well.

On those reviews Col. Durkee commanded the brigade, Lieut. Colonel Wead the 98th, and Gen. Heckman the division.

Durkee was complimented for his soldierly appearance on horseback. For Col. Wead's deportment on these reviews, the officers of the regiment subsequently requested his removal.

Had Durkee remained in the service he might have been promoted a brigadier within ninety days. March the 25th, he resigned and went home. His connection with the 98th was a failure. His promotions in the field never did himself or the regiment any good; they were unfortunate.

His general conduct, his treatment and neglect of his men, caused him much trouble, disorganized his command, deprived him of the respect of his inferiors and superiors, and finally cost him his commission. With no administrative ability, and no standing at headquarters, his regiment was always six and once nine months without pay. He gave but little attention to drill, discipline and military appearance, yet always fell into a towering



rage or *furor* over somebody when reprimanded for the clothing, equipments or drill of the regiment. He seldom or never paid a moment's attention to laying out his camp, constructing quarters for his men, establishing guards, or general police. Arming, equipping, clothing his men, keeping books, making rolls and returns, requisitions and reports, were as foreign to his business as making lunar observations or calculating the tides. When angry or displeased with any one on drill or review, he would turn black in the face as an African, ride at him on full charge, and, brandishing his sword, would swear like a pirate. That was about all the charging or manifestation of charging, fighting or manifestation of fighting that he ever did.

He had no taste for official business, and left no scrap or record relating to the administration of the regiment during the ten months of his command.

Durkee was fond of having what he called a good time, and desired to be thought "gay and festive;" on occasions of conviviality he very often showed his pleasure by a loud, explosive laugh. Dutch in his name, he was Dutch in his features, size and shape.

At Harrison's landing, he and his confreres demoralized the command, disgraced himself and the service with their nightly wassail and ungodly glee. Good-natured and not wanting in ability, the service had many worse regimental commanders than he. Col. Dandy of the 100th N. Y. vols. was no better; Col. Comfort of the Independent Battalion was worse. Naglee disciplined and showed his teeth at these officers, and their commands improved.

On March 1st, 1863, the 98th had on its rolls 608 men; seventy of these were absent without leave in the state of New York; eighty were detached from the regiment sick or on duty in various places from Saint Helena to Albany; and the remainder, 458, were present. Capt. O. F. Miller being absent without proper authority since Jan. 13th, Col. Wead requested the Secretary of War to muster him out.

Preparations for the expedition progressed slowly. At intervals, a new iron-clad made its appearance in the harbor, until they numbered eight, besides the New Ironsides.

That vessel was made in 1862 at Philadelphia by Messrs. Merrick and Sons, and cost \$780,000. Her tonnage was 3,486. She was propelled by a screw, had two horizontal engines and was barque-

rigged. Her bow was wrought iron, her hull wooden, but covered with four inch iron plating. She had sixteen port-holes through which looked as many eleven inch Dahlgren's guns; on deck were two 200 pounder Parrotts and four 24 pounder howitzer. Her armament weighed 285,000 pounds. She was burned at Philadelphia, accidentally, in 1866.

Our men armed and equipped practiced daily in embarking and disembarking. They descended from the transports into surf-boats and, preserving file and line, landed in the shortest time practicable.

In the brigade is an anomalous organization composed of six companies, and called the Lost Children, *Les Enfants Perdus*, The Independent Battalion. It was recruited in New York city from more than twenty nationalities. In its ranks were spoken all the tongues, dialects and languages of modern Europe; and its commander, Lieut. Col. Comfort, could speak to each man in his native words. Their returns and their reports were always irregular, imperfect, and almost unintelligible. Every one had remarked their gibber, gabble and jabber. They had not been paid in nearly a year, and were at the point of breaking up. The officers and men messed together, and spent the time for the most part playing cards, drinking and wrangling.

About the 20th of February we received an order to go and overhaul their books, papers and rolls, to see what was the matter, and if possible straighten out their administrative affairs. We learned, after patient investigation, that a few of the companies had not been paid in nine months, and that all of them had more than eleven months' wages due. They had no regimental and company records. Their knowledge was in tradition rather than in books. Their rolls at first imperfectly made were preserved but in part; and the writing on several of those they produced exceeded in illegibility anything that Champollion deciphered on the monuments and tombs of Egypt. No paymaster would touch their rolls.

We procured the regimental clerk of the 104th Penn., to assist the adjutant; and two of our headquarter clerks worked with the company commanders on the pay rolls for Feb. 28th. We soon put them all right on paper. The battalion was mustered Feb. 28th, and paid soon after to January 1st, 1863.

Their uniform was a red cap with a yellow tassel, a fine dark

blue zouave suit trimmed with yellow, and they were armed with the sword bayonet and Belgian rifle.

About the first of May, they were detached from our brigade and soon after became demoralized and disorderly. Later in the year, Gen. Gillmore broke up their organization, and consolidated them with the 47th N. Y. vols. Lieut. Col. Comfort went to Mexico to fight for Maximilian with Bazaine.



## CHAPTER XI.



Our Destination—The Troops destined for Charleston—We sail—The Gun-Boats—Iron Clads—The Return and the Departure of the 98th for North Carolina—The Sea Islands again—Beaufort, S. C.—A Ride on the Shell Road—Nat. Hayward—The Freedman's Society—Gen. Saxton gets married—The Freedmen in Woolly Fold—The General Hospitals and their Inspection—Mrs. General Lander—Sanitary—Post Duties—Captain Schadd and President Lincoln—The Fingall and the Hooking on Business—Col. Jim Montgomery—The Huguenots and one of their Old Forts—Folly Island, Vogdes, Gillmore—We sail and land on Folly—We sleep by Old Ocean—Reconnoitering Folly.

The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung;  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace  
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung,  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all except their sun is set.

OUR destination is no longer a secret. We speak of it publicly; the Northern papers publish it, and the enemy understands it. Though philosophers assert that knowledge is progressive, that future generations will continue to make discoveries, yet we are going to attempt the capture of Charleston substantially the same as the English did in 1780. Fort Johnson, Fort Moultrie, Battery Bee, occupy revolutionary sites, and Hunter and Dupont, as did Clinton and Arbuthnot, rendezvous at Stono inlet and North Edisto. In short, Beaufort and the islands surrounding the city, were held by the British then, as we hold them now. Lincoln, Rutledge, Pinckney, Clinton, Cornwallis, are gone, but the fortifications, the harbor, the city, the islands remain, and the siege of Charleston is renewed for other reasons and by another foe.

As the month of March wore away, one by one the iron-clads left the harbor and steamed for Stono inlet. On the 23d the 100th regiment N. Y. was sent to take possession of Cole's island at the

mouth of Stono river, in order to make the naval station secure. The regiment, after picketing the island, encamped near the martello mound which was raised at the entrance on the inlet in colonial times.

On the 30th, General Hunter, in a confidential circular to the commanders, designated and organized the troops for the expedition. Three divisions of infantry, a brigade of artillery, a light battery, a battalion of engineers, numbering in all over sixteen thousand men, comprised the expeditionary force. Transports were assigned in orders to the different regiments. They should embark in the order named, and Heckman's division was last to go. On the morning of the 3d of April, we were required to furnish each soldier with sixty rounds of ammunition, four days' cooked rations, and to be ready to embark at a moment's notice. On the evening of the 4th, we were all on transports and anchored in the harbor. After dark a staff-officer boarded each vessel and gave sealed orders to its commander. These directed the expedition to go to North Edisto, remain there on transports and await further orders.

A little after daylight on the 5th, we sailed. Following the flag ship, we made Edisto bar at 1 P. M., and, running in on a flood tide, anchored before sundown.

The harbor, like Port Royal, is formed by several islands, and contained, on our arrival, a number of sutlers' schooners and supply vessels, and a few wooden gun-boats and mortar schooners to protect the transports. General Stevenson's brigade landed on Seabrook island. The remainder of the expedition, the transports, iron-clads, gun-boats, went to Stono inlet, where the final preparations for the attack were made.

Edisto was occupied for want of room at Stono; the former is twenty, the latter ten miles from Charleston by land. After dark, on the evening of the 5th, Col. Howell with his brigade and the 100th N. Y. from Cole's island landed on the south end of Folly. With skirmishers in front, the troops felt their way up the island in the clear full moonlight, now sinking in water, marsh and sand, and now crowding through bushes and jungle thick enough to stop a rabbit. Two-thirds of the way up; where the island became a sand-bar, he halted his brigade; but the 100th pressed forward to Lighthouse inlet, where the island is covered with a dense thicket again. On Folly island, or across the inlet on Morris island, no

enemy was seen. The 67th Ohio joined these troops on the following day; no others on this expedition disembarked.

On the morning of the 6th, the preparations for the attack were completed, and the eight iron-clads were ready in Stono. During the day they were towed by wooden gun-boats across Charleston bar, where they anchored in the swash channel opposite Morris island. Never since the world was created had the sea floated such a formidable armament. With the New Ironsides they number nine, and carry in all thirty guns. Nelson's flag-ship, the Victory, towering majestically with its three decks, bore one hundred cannons; yet Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar or the Armada of Philip II. could not live an hour before these nine gun-boats.

The attack was made on the fortification in the harbor, on the 7th, in what manner and with what result history has written. The Keokuk was destroyed; several of the other iron-clads were disabled: they were all withdrawn during the day, and the famous attack on Charleston by land and sea was abandoned.

The Battle of the Iron-clads lasted about two hours. The rim of the harbor bristled with cannon. They received a concentrated fire from every fort that could bring a gun to bear, Sumter, Moultrie, Gregg, Johnson and Bee. The vessels fired one hundred shots, the forts 3,500. The water foamed and splashed and boiled around them, and the earth shook with the tremendous cannonade.

The fleet, except the blockading vessels, retired; the army, except the four regiments left on Folly island, returned generally to their old stations. On the 11th, the second brigade of Heckman's division landed at Beaufort and went into camp on the village green. The 9th New Jersey, the 23d Mass., the 81st and 98th N. Y. vols., Heckman's old brigade, with their general, upon an urgent request for reinforcements from Gen. Foster, returned by order of General Hunter, to Morehead City, N. C. Arriving in North Carolina the regiments were stationed along the railroad from Morehead to New Berne. The following order made the assignment:

HEAD QUARTERS, DIST. OF BEAUFORT, }  
North Carolina, April 25, 1863. }

The following named officers are hereby appointed to the command of the several posts within the district:

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Lieut. Col. Wead to the command of the posts of Newport Barracks, Have-

lock, Croatan, Bogue sound block-house. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By command of

BRIG. GEN. HECKMAN,

Commanding District.

C. S. EMMERTON, Lt. and acting aide de camp.

The writer, as adjutant general of the 2d brigade, went to Beaufort and remained in the department of South Carolina, and participated in the subsequent attacks on Morris island and Fort Sumter by General Gillmore.

The failure of the attempt to take Charleston by machinery provoked severe animadversions on General Hunter. The troops did not strike a blow or fire a gun. Charleston in point of strategy was weaker by land and stronger by water. The way to the city lay up Stono inlet, across James island to Wappoo creek. Gen. Seymour thought the way lay over Morris island, and importuned Hunter to allow him to take the island at night by assault. But Gillmore, when in possession of that island, could find no road leading to Charleston. Hunter preferred the way by Wappoo, his chief of artillery, that by Morris island; so this enterprise of great pitch and moment, through irresolution lost the name of action. Charleston was a hard nut to crack.

Heckman's division on transports at Edisto, felt deeply mortified because it was kept so far away from the scene of operations. That our troops would enter the city none had the least doubt; but that the navy should be allowed to do all the fighting and take all the credit, we felt was neither wise nor just. In the afternoon, when the cannonading had ceased, we conjectured that the city had fallen. On the 8th we received a full account of the failure of the demonstration, and we heard the admirers of Hunter endeavor to fix the responsibility upon Dupont. Fifteen thousand veteran troops remained on transports during the Battle of the Iron-clads, because they had no general of sagacity and courage to lead them into the city. Fifteen thousand well disciplined troops sailed up and then sailed down again. The friends of Hunter prevailed, and Dupont was relieved of his command.

Neither Hunter nor Seymour had the living courage necessary for such an enterprise.

The thirty sea-islands, off the coast of Georgia and South Carolina, are low and level. No mountains rise upon them, no rocky ledges outcrop along their shores. Unlike the ancient Sporades

and Cyclades they have no poetry, no history, no mythology. Here are no Delos, no Patmos, no Scio, no Islands of the Blest. No heroes, no philosophers render them illustrious; and their poetry and literature never charmed or enlightened the world. Along their shores no Lord of the Isles ever built his castle; and there no chieftain marshaled his clans and ranked his files. Barren, rough and rocky, the Western Islands of Scotland have figured in English history and story; and Ossian and Scott have reflected and concentrated the everlasting sunlight of poetry and song where

The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,  
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay,  
That guard famed Staffa round.

Nevertheless, at Beaufort, the plan of Secession was formed; there the first pledges were given, and from there was issued the first order to go in. For a long time it was the Newport of the South, the resort of the Southern gentry. The location of Beaufort is healthful and delightful, on Port Royal island, twelve miles from the sea, beside an arm of the Broad river. Looking easterly, Paris island is on the right and Lady's island and St. Helena on the left.

Before the war this place was the seat of wealth, fashion, refinement, and intelligence, and may have contained two thousand slaves and freemen. It had a custom-house, one hotel, several churches, and was noted for its splendid and capacious residences. An employé of the New York *Tribune* "once upon a time" attempted to establish a "branch house" here; but the inhabitants "rose and put him out."

One wide street runs along the river bank, from which others lead perpendicularly back to a level plain called Beaufort Green, checkered with walks and shaded with live oak trees.

On this green, Carolina's fairest daughters once took their evening walks; there the élite of the South recreated in wit and social intercourse; there the young chivalry paraded their horses and displayed their equestrian skill; there the Rhett's, the Barnwells, the Haywards talked of politics, law and state rights; and there, now, Naglee's old and battered brigade, the remnant of the Peninsular campaign and twenty battles, pitch their white tents and lounge idly in the live-oak shade.



The wooden residences, (nearly all are of wood), large and commodious, are built on posts or pillars, in southern style, with verandas, piazzas and porticoes. Around them the oleander, orange, live-oak, grow with spontaneous luxuriance. The yards are decorated with those flowers and shrubs which we cultivate with the greatest care. No vegetables were raised near the dwellings, and figs and peaches were the only fruit.

The mornings in summer are close and sultry : in the afternoon the wind from the sea blows cool and refreshing, and is often accompanied with thunder showers. The tide rises from five to eight feet, and at its ebb leaves a vast extent of marshy rice-land bare. A fine turnpike, called the Shell-road, runs from this place to the northern extremity of the island, where a dyke from each shore extends into the channel. The ends of the dyke were formerly connected by a rope ferry. The island is twelve miles long, and of variable width. We picket the whole contour ; and the Confederates the mainland adjacent. In many respects, a drive on the Shell-road is not inferior to one in Central Park.

With a party having a flag of truce, one day in June, we passed along this road to its extremity at the dykes called Port Royal ferry. The turnpike sometimes led through thick primitive woods ; the trees overarched the way, and were hung with long trailing moss and vines in blossom. Elsewhere, it passed through rich corn and cotton fields, and by old plantation houses built in the days of the colony. On all sides, innumerable birds with brilliant plumage sang from the boughs or fluttered and flashed through the foliage ; the air was redolent with the odor of a thousand nameless wild flowers ; the sky blazed like a furnace, and the far-off bay and channels gleamed and disappeared through the long woody path-ways, or, in wide expanse before us, curled and dimpled in the western breeze. The gardens of the Hesperides had no scenery fairer, or brighter or happier than we saw on that Shell-road ride.

On our arrival at Beaufort, General Rufus Saxton commanded the post, and likewise sported the high-sounding title of civil and military governor of South Carolina. Saxton's headquarters were in "Nat Hayward's" house.

"Nat" in his life-time was the princely gambler of the South. The park at Lyons is too small for the ground projection of his residence. In its capacious halls and rooms, in its gardens and

corridors with "Nat" all things were free and easy; and, as in a vast hotel, the guests passed without jostling, and felt at home. There, the fast, the great, the gay, the wealthy, the Calhouns, the Orrs, the Yulees, the Haynes, played late at cards and billiards, drank deep, and bet high; and there the haughty brunettes of the South shook with hanging sleeves the little box and dice. But their game was long since up and their play out. The orderlies and staff-officers of Gens. Mitchell, Brannan and Saxton have successively rattled their spurs and clanked their swords in the deserted halls. What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue! How transitory pleasures, how unsubstantial honors! Like flowers that bloom, exhale their odors and die, that glittering band has lived, flourished and expired.

The department of the south contained the embodiment of all those ideas promulgated by the Freedman's Society of New England, the Humanitarians, the Gideonites. They sought to improve the condition of the negroes; they employed them to work the deserted plantations, and established schools where Yankee girls taught the colored children how to read, while Colonel Higginson of the 1st South Carolina colored taught the men how to shoot.

Here girls and women, lecturers, teachers, nurses, humanitarians, played with the shield of Mars, took off his greaves and gauntlets, and smoothed the wrinkled front of grim-visaged war.

General Saxton, of the regular army, one of the heroes of Fort Pulaski, yielded to the winning smiles and captivating graces of a fair teacher from Pennsylvania. She was a beautiful blonde, young, intelligent and sprightly. On Saint Helena she kept a school of a dozen blacks or more, in the stately residence of a Fripp, whose plantation her brother worked. Twice or thrice a week, evening or morning often, for Saint Helena his light skiff skimmed the wave. School never lets out for him; and, until the hours are over, beside her desk he sits, silent, angular, black and bald. The intonations of her voice charm him; he admires the symmetry of her form, her blue-eyes and flaxen hair. Her undying grace and loveliness cheered his walk through the primitive woods, and hallowed the old plantation house and grove.

We have no talent for romance, we have no time for an idyl. This military history compels us to brevity. She closed her school at the end of the winter term, bought her wedding trousseau

of Mrs. Knox, Fifth Avenue, New York city, for \$1,147, and was married to General Saxton.

Though Mrs. Saxton deserted the band of Gideon she did not forsake her philanthropy, but prevailed upon her sister to take her place in the school.

Several thousand negroes were quartered outside the town like sheep in "woolly fold." In the Freedmen's camp were the women, the children, the aged, and the infirm. The government supplied tents and rations, and the Freedmen's Society furnished them clothing. Their raiment was wonderful. The active zeal of the Freedmen's Society had sent them hats, shawls, and dresses, which once were splendid, perfectly lovely, perfectly charming, at Nahant and Saratoga. No cotton-jeans, no linsey-woolsey, no butternut was there; but calico and muslin, alpaca and delaine, silk and satin, the cast-off clothing of all New England fluttered and rustled on their dusky forms.

A few of them occupied the shanties and inferior houses of the village. Many of these evinced a disposition, like the Yankees, to trade and traffic. Printed on boards, nailed over their doors, the passer-by might read: "Pyes for Sail Here," "Resturant," "Fresh Bred," "Soljur's Home," "Soljur's Retreat," "The American Hotel."

The department had five general hospitals in Beaufort. They were supplied with every comfort, and convenience, and necessary article that a patient or surgeon could desire. In them the wounded were few, but the sick with malarial fever were numerous. Each was complete in its organization under the charge of a skillful surgeon, and provided with competent nurses.

These hospitals the author was directed to inspect and muster on the first of June. The surgeon, their assistants, and the nurses were required to appear and answer to their names. We passed through the wards and among the beds, saw each patient and checked his name, rank, company, organization and disease on the rolls. We wrote also for each hospital our observations concerning its supply of food, clothing, medicine, and its general conduct and management. Nowhere in the service did the sick have better treatment and more assiduous attention. We feel like rising up to-day and calling those doctors and their assistants blessed, for their earnestness, activity, and constant devotion to duty.

In each of the hospitals were one or more female nurses from the

North. At one time Mrs. Lander, formerly a Miss Davenport, an actress, had charge of the female nurses of the department. She was the widow of Gen. Lander, who died in March, 1862, from disability received in the service, and her respect for him prompted her to sign her name "Mrs. General Lander."

She treated her subordinates with arrogance, used her authority capriciously, removed the nurses from one hospital to another without any assignable reason, and often interfered with the management of the surgeons in charge.

The department commander concluded, after a time, that male and female did not work harmoniously in the conduct of military hospitals; the females were discharged, and the sick and wounded were left to the care of the surgeons and their male attendants.

Although not engaged in active operation, the brigade was not permitted to remain idle on Beaufort Green during the months of May and June, 1863. Before our arrival the engineers had laid out extensive earth-works for the defense of the island on the mainland side. To work on these we were required to send daily four hundred men.

The surgeon's reports for April and May exhibit the sanitary condition of the command; but little more than two per centum were excused from duty on account of sickness. Exposed to the heat, working in the sand, during the month of June, a few cases of ophthalmia occurred among the troops.

During the latter part of May, Col. Davis was placed in command of the post of Beaufort, which he retained until he was ordered with the brigade to take part in the attack upon Charleston made by Gen. Gillmore in the month of July.

The garrison of the island consisted of six thousand men, infantry, cavalry and artillery; and the numerous returns, reports, requisitions and orders, made the duties of the adjutant general's office laborious. To simply issue or transmit an order was not enough; we were compelled to see that it was obeyed. If a detail was required for picket, guard or labor, it was not sufficient to make the requisition on the different subordinate commanders; but it was necessary to see the men, verify the count and go with them and report. The weather became excessively warm, sultry, and oppressive; and but little work could be done between the hours of ten and four. The aides-de-camp assist the commander; the adjutant has charge of the office; his clerks work

under his directions, and the orderlies carry messages and written orders.

About the first of June, a singular transaction was brought to the attention of the post commander. A quiet, clever gentleman held a captain's commission in a regiment of Pennsylvania militia. Capt. Schadd's military knowledge was limited, but he was attentive to duties. He was no politician, kept still, and when at home in Bucks county, spent his time working a farm and running a lime-kiln. The mail-boy, however, brought to his tent for reading matter, Col. Davis' paper, the Doylestown *Democrat*, and the New York *Weekly World*. He was, early in March, arraigned by his colonel on the broad and fatal charge of disloyalty. A petition to Gen. Hunter set forth the specifications and asked him to dismiss the captain from the service. Hunter, without examining the merits, issued an order and discharged him dishonorably. Schadd went home disgraced, but an account of the whole transaction had preceded him. His friends knew he was not disloyal. Four or five hundred of them assembled at the station to meet the train which bore him. They brought a barouche drawn by four white horses, and with the mayor and the aldermen were going to drive him around the town, to show the difference between a traitor and a citizen opposed to the method of conducting the war. Schadd knew nothing of the barouche. He got off, at the station, on the other side, and, unobserved, struck across the fields to his farm and lime-kiln. Subsequently, accompanied by two or three of his more influential friends, he was induced to go to Washington and lay his case before President Lincoln.

The president looked his papers over, heard him through, and gave him one half of a page of ordinary commercial note-paper, on which were written the following words:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }  
May 24, 1863. }

I have examined the case of Captain Schadd, and though he may have been indiscreet, in the opinion of some, his conduct does not appear to have been treasonable. He will at once return to his regiment and company for duty.

A. LINCOLN.

With this little scrip of note-paper, the way was open to the bearer—quartermasters and provost-marshals let him pass. He returned to his company and regiment, and though he showed his

colonel the scrip, he was arrested again. At this point of the proceedings, the case was reported to Colonel Davis. He at once sent for Schadd and his colonel. They came; Schadd bearing his scrip, carefully folded in his pocket-book. Bunyan's Pilgrim Christian, was not more careful of his roll. Davis ordered the immediate release and restoration to duty of the captain, and said: "The moment the President gave him that scrip, the charges and the order of General Hunter sunk together to the dust, and Schadd stood acquitted, reinstated, regenerated by the irresistible will of the Commander of the navies and armies of the United States."

The colonel of the militia regiment, not able to see it yet, took the steamer in the afternoon to Hilton Head, and reported his version of the case to Gen. Hunter—reported all but a little writing, which he affected to consider of no account. In the morning Hunter telegraphed to Davis to send Capt. Schadd in arrest at once to his headquarters. The writer was directed to find the captain, place him in arrest, take the post steamer, and report with him to Gen. Hunter. He was also directed to see that the accused have then and there his scrip. We found Hunter working in his office with his adjutant general, Miles O'Reilly, Col. Halpine, late register for the city of New York. We stated generally the case, introduced the captain, and asked him to show the writing from the President. David's countenance fell while he ordered the release of the disgraced and dismissed officer, and Halpine said:—"What will these damned militia colonels do next? They make bigger fools of us than they are." "Tell Colonel Davis it's all right," said Hunter, "I only wish he had sent the case from the first to me."

During the winter, the iron steamer Fingal, built at Clyde, Scotland, had been changed into a ram, in the harbor of Savannah, at the expense of the ladies of Georgia. They cut her down, covered her with heavy wrought iron plates, and constructed from her bow under the water an immense saw for the purpose of cutting chains, timbers and other naval obstructions. She was armed with four heavy Brooke's guns, and her crew were one hundred and sixty-three men.

Watching this ram three of our monitors lay at the mouth of the Savannah river. The captain of the Atlanta informed his crew that he intended to go out and hook on to one of them and tow it up to the city. The monitors desired to prevent the ram from

coming out and running a muck among our blockading fleet. They were not afraid of the hooking on and towing up business.

For this purpose, on the morning of the 17th of June, the ram started. Two steamers loaded with ladies and gentlemen from Savannah kept at a safe distance behind to see the sport. As the ram turned in a bend of the river, the Wehawken, from behind a bank of trees and bushes, sent a fifteen inch shell, a four hundred and fifty pounder, which carried away the pilot-house and killed the pilot. The ram opened his ports and returned the fire. The contest lasted fifteen minutes. But eighteen shots were fired. One of the monitor's shots smashed through the sides of the ram, bent in the four inch iron plating, passed through eight inches of timber lining, killed one, wounded thirteen gunners, and passing outward on the other side, dropped into the water. The two steamers returned to Savannah, and the Atlanta was towed up to Port Royal harbor. The Government purchased and refitted the Atlanta, and, when the Army of the Potomac moved against Richmond in 1864, this ram was doing service on the James.

Col. "Jim" Montgomery went, June 1st, up the Combahee with his negro regiment for the purpose of obtaining recruits. He had three armed steam ferry boats such as ply between New York and Brooklyn. Behind the railing around the boats, he constructed a breast-work of bales of hay and planking; and on the bow and stern he placed a piece of light artillery. The raid was successful. He returned with over seven hundred negroes, men, women and children. From these he selected about one hundred for the service. When they landed from his boats and walked through the streets, they were the most abject, most ragged, most singular crowd of human beings that the sun ever beheld. They carried children, bedding, clothing, dogs, chickens, articles of furniture. All the conditions of human infirmity were there, the aged, the sick, the halt, the blind. While some had regular features and symmetrical forms, others had prognathous jaws and arms so long that they could stand erect and reach their ankles. Black, ragged, and squalid, many of them appeared as if they had lain about in the sand and rice swamps for years. Jabbering Congo, hobbling, limping, rocking, shuffling along, no caricature, no scare-crow escaped from a cornfield, ever looked more grotesque and ludicrous.

Montgomery skirmished over the country in the vicinity of Ashepo, burned several rice-mills, saw-mills, cotton-gins and thirty-

four dwelling-houses, and returned without the loss of a man. While "Jim" was raiding thus with steam-boats up the Combahee, the enemy was raiding about Chambersburg and Harper's Ferry, burning houses and canal-boats, carrying off farmers' horses, cattle and supplies. The raiding, marauding, blasting and burning, which South Carolina incited in Kansas and Missouri, are spreading over her own territory, and the ghost of Banquo rises and sits in Macbeth's chair.

Not only have the Huguenots, the Scotch-Irish and the Puritans impressed their broad postulates of civil and religious freedom upon the constitutions of our states, but they have cleared the forests, bridged the rivers, subdued the soil and founded the cities of the United States.

By the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, France lost 800,000 of her best subjects. To escape the fires of persecution many of them found their way to South Carolina and settled on the sea islands in the vicinity of Charleston, and along the Edisto and Congaree. Reminiscences of their times may be seen to-day; fortifications, old and unique dwellings, martello mounds and shell-roads.

We rode one day to the ruins of one of their old forts on the banks of the river, a few miles below Beaufort. It was built nearly two hundred years before. The walls were about two feet thick, and made of oyster shells and lime. We could trace the foundations and general outline of the work, though the river in some places had undermined the walls and thrown them down.

Built on a point of land, its shape was triangular, and its object was to cover the approach to the town from the river below.

The walls of two houses constructed of the same material were standing near the shore. The whole was surrounded by a thick second growth of pines, several of which, eight or ten inches through, were standing within and about the walls.

At the beginning of the rebellion, the Confederates commenced a fort on the old site, but never completed it or erected any guns. This old sea-coast defence, the work of pious hands, was interesting and suggestive to us. It recalled to mind those stern exiles from their country on account of their religious belief, and who sought and found here freedom to worship God. We thought of their trials and sufferings, their love of liberty, their heroic virtues, and of man's inhumanity to man. The rabbit burrows under the



walls of their ancient home ; the black-bird and the mocking-bird sing from the trees that grow above it. Oblivion has flapped her dusky pinions over all they dared and endured, over their wrongs and their virtues, and we know not how they lived or how they died. No mark on the trees, no crumbling tombstone, in all the place around, gives the shadow of a name.

While spending the time thus in our tents of ease at Beaufort, matters are not at a standstill on Folly island, nor are operations against Charleston abandoned entirely. Stephenson's brigade still remained at Seabrook, and the five regiments left in April on Coles and Folly have been reinforced by detachments of engineers, artillery and infantry. Gen. Vogdes was placed in command. Gen. Israel Vogdes was for a long time instructor of military science at West Point.

Folly is seven miles long and from an eighth to one mile wide. On the west it is separated from James island by Folly river, deep and narrow. The Atlantic washes its eastern side. On the north Lighthouse inlet, about three hundred yards wide, divides it from Morris island. Folly had but one building, the Campbell house, on the Folly river. Nearly the whole island was covered with pine and holly trees, woven, matted, tangled with impenetrable bushes, briars, thorns and vines. The jungles of Central America or Brazil could not be more dense. With Folly for a base, Morris island at the north is the strategical point. We are to take Morris, and then shell the enemy out of Sumter and other forts, and thus take the doomed city.

Vogdes picketed the island thoroughly, and then set his troops to cutting roads longitudinally and transversely. Along Lighthouse inlet, he placed Col. Dandy, of the 90th N. Y. vols. in command, with instructions to hold the head of the island. The 90th was raised from the sailors, the police prisons and the streets of Buffalo. Dandy also had two Wiard guns with a detail from the marine artillery to work them. The South Carolinian Durgan crossed the inlet one moonlight night with sixty men, scattered Dandy's pickets, killed one and captured another—all he could catch. Durgan returned unmolested.

Vogdes constructed a strong battery at the south end of the island looking out on Stono river ; at the Campbell house he erected another battery to command the Folly ; a mile from the head of the island where it is narrowest, he made a breastwork across the neck, and placed a redoubt at each end.

Gen. Gillmore arrived at Hilton Head and relieved Gen. Hunter, June 12, 1863. Gillmore's advent meant work. Hunter was administrative, and he turned over to his successor the best governed department in the Republic.

Gillmore at once went up to Folly to see the situation. He rode to the head of the island, and, screened by the bushes, looked across upon the sand hills of Morris. The practiced eye of the hero of Fort Pulaski saw at once where to erect his batteries. Sumter stood dark and defiantly in the harbor at his left, and farther, five miles away, bathed in the ebbing sunlight of that summer evening was his great objective Charleston. Perhaps he recalled from Homer the lines repeated by Scipio on the hill near Carthage :

The day shall come, that great avenging day  
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.

Not so, however, reads the story. Charleston by way of Morris island was a military impossibility.

Gillmore immediately marked out his plan. He will approach Charleston by Folly and Morris islands. He commanded Vogdes to erect heavy batteries on the north end of Folly, under whose fire he could throw his infantry across the inlet and seize the opposite sand hills.

Riding down the island that evening, Vogdes called his attention to the fortifications which he had already constructed, the heavy fort on the south end, and the breast-works midway up. "It is all very well, very nice," said Gillmore; "but to use them or make them of any service, General, we shall have to turn the island round." Vogdes felt mortified, and the privates and drummers soon learned the story.

The task assigned to Vogdes was difficult; he must erect his batteries within a few hundred yards of the enemy and conceal them from his knowledge. Additional troops were sent him, and, June 15th, he began the work.

On that day, between nine and ten P. M., one thousand men, as guards and laborers, reported for duty at the head of the island. Daily at nine P. M., a new detail reported, and, day and night, under cover of trees and bushes, the work went on.

The enemy had high signal towers from which he overlooked the land and the water for miles; it was necessary, therefore, to

send the men, teams and material, to the front by night, and the night became as the day. The enemy often opened fire to drive them away. He continued his fire for days and nights without provoking a response, though several of our men were wounded and killed.

A fine fat, fodgey wight,  
Of stature short, but genius bright.

Vogdes was short and stout, full of jokes, sensible and good natured; without parade, pretension or ceremony, he stood constantly around among the men. The soldiers had an infinite number of ways of pronouncing his name: one said Vogly, another Vogges; one Voges, another Vodges.—Coming along one day in his blue shirt sleeves, private's trousers, brogans and straw hat, he fell into an altercation with some soldiers who did not know him, and who were riding over a bad road on a wagon heavily loaded with rations. One of the party attacked Vogdes, who, after receiving a severe blow on the forehead, knocked his antagonist down.

In twenty days, or on the 3d of July, the batteries were completed; forty-four guns and mortars were mounted, and the embrasures, magazines and splinter proofs were done. They supplied each gun and mortar with two hundred rounds.

In the meantime, Gillmore came frequently to Beaufort. He would often go to the telegraph office at Hilton Head, call Davis to the one at Beaufort and maintain a military conversation by the hour. We were informed that when the batteries were ready, we should have a hand in the active operations around Charleston. We were directed, on the 25th, to close our official business, muster for pay, make out all our returns and reports for June 30th, promptly, and be prepared to sail at a moment's notice.

On the 5th of July, a confidential note instructed Col. Davis to embark the 104th and 52d Penn. vols., the next morning, for Folly island, and report there to General Seymour in command. It directed him to go in light marching order, to take ten days' rations and one hundred rounds of cartridges per man, and to leave his tents, heavy baggage and sick behind. The note also required him to start at such a time that he would arrive at Folly after dark, and to disembark the men and send the transports away before daylight. Davis called in his detached companies and

men, turned over the command of the post to Gen. Saxton, and steamed for Stono the 6th, at 3 P. M. Before daylight on the 7th his command landed on Folly and the transports were returning to Port Royal.

Without stopping to sleep or rest, he marched up the island on the beach, for the tide was out. The beach of Folly, by which we mean that part of the shore that is washed by the tide or waves, alternately bare and covered, is from six to twelve rods wide, and for driving, riding, walking or bathing, is not surpassed at Cape May or Long Branch.

After marching three or four miles, he turned into the woods, upon the shore, where the bushes were thick enough to strip the feathers from a partridge. There he halted the command to breakfast and rest. Spreading our blanket at the edge of the shore above the strand, we lay down on the ground to sleep. At nine, we were roused by the ocean breaking in full tide close by our couch. For breakfast, we drank a cup of coffee, and ate some hard bread and pork broiled on the coals.

During the day, the horses, stores and baggage came up the road. In the afternoon we were escorted over the island by Col. Dandy, who politely showed and explained the situation of things. All the troops were bivouacking in the woods and bushes, completely hidden from view. The fortifications at the north end were formidable. They were concealed behind a fringe of trees, vines and bushes which had not yet been cut away. The ride was interesting, though the day was warm enough to roast a salamander.



## CHAPTER XII.

The Attack on Charleston—Gillmore opens the Campaign, July 10th—A Catalogue of the Troops—A Feint up Stono on James Island—Landing at Night—The Lay of the Land in the Morning and the Advance—Our Duty—Line of Battle—The Pawnee—The Attack of the Enemy and his Repulse in Time for Breakfast—We have a Night March and return to Folly—Morris Island and the Palmetto—Gillmore crosses to Morris—The Attack on Fort Wagner, July 18th—Our Repulse and Loss—What the Troops say of it—We begin breaching Batteries on the 25th, and mount therein Mammoth Guns within fifteen Days—The Swamp Angels send Greek Fire into Charleston—Our arduous Duty—The Writer ordered to go to Fortress Monroe to be mustered out—Detained a few Weeks—August 24th he leaves for New York and Fortress Monroe—He reports at Newport Barracks, North Carolina Sept. 6th, and receives the Congratulations of his Friends

THE great majority of the North and of the South thought that the demonstration against Charleston was made for its destruction or possession; but many of those engaged in it wisely conjectured that the movement was for political effect; so utterly impossible appeared the success of the enterprise in the way proposed. The people were anxious to capture the heart of the rebellion, and the navy and the engineers sought an opportunity to try their power and skill.

The history of the world, says the great Schiller, is the world's tribunal; but in these memoranda of ours we put no one on trial. Our story is a drama composed of several acts and scenes, from which the beginning and the end are torn off. We began at perplexities, and in our course we are constantly falling into new and fresh complications. Like the unraveling of society our history is a daily journal, ever referring to a continuation, and having no true beginning and no proper termination.

Gen. Gillmore decided to open the campaign on the 10th of July, and for that purpose was disposing and dispatching all things. From the north end of Folly island he will attack with Vogdes' batteries the Confederates on the south of Morris. After

dismantling their guns and driving them away, he proposes to land Gen. Strong's brigade of 2,500 men, and possess the island. At the same time he will send Gen. A. H. Terry with Stevenson's and Davis' brigades to James island, and make a feint against Charleston by way of Secessionville. This island lies west of Morris and Folly, and is separated from them by Folly river and two or three miles of narrow channels and marsh-lands.

Stevenson's brigade, ordered from Seabrook, and Col. Montgomery's 2d South Carolina and Col. Shaw's 54th Mass., both negro regiments, ordered from Beaufort, arrived on the 9th, and landed on the south end of Folly.

Auxiliary to this movement, Col. Higginson of the 1st South Carolina, negroes, and whom the historian Lossing calls *Higgins*, was sent on an expedition up the Edisto to burn the bridge of the Savannah and Charleston railroad over the Pon Pon river. Higginson had two small transports and the ferry boat, John Adams, armed as Montgomery had it when he raided up the Combahee. He was repulsed a short distance above Wiltown by a six gun battery.

Though he was compelled to burn one of his transports, and though he lost two guns and had a few of his men killed and wounded, yet he succeeded in carrying off nearly two hundred "Contrabands." This is the Higginson who since the war has been spending some of his time writing for *The Independent*, a quasi religious newspaper published in the city of New York. On the evening of the 8th, Davis' brigade marched from its bivouac near the centre of Folly to its southern end, and lay down on the beach to sleep.

Towards evening of the 9th, General Strong placed his brigade upon lighters, rafts and surf-boats, on the Folly river near the Graham house, and made his way through narrow channels concealed by tall marsh-grass, towards the northern end of Folly, to be there ready to land on Morris island if the attack should prove successful. At the same time Stevenson's, Davis' and Montgomery's brigades leaving their baggage behind embarked again, and, just as the sun was setting, convoyed by one monitor, three wooden gun-boats and one mortar schooner, steamed up the Stono for Stevens' landing, three or four miles distant, on James island. From Stevens' landing a causeway one-fourth of a mile long led over the marsh back to solid ground.

Terry was directed to run up the river that night, seize and hold the dyke with Davis' brigade, and land the remainder of his troops in the early morning.

The monitor and gun-boats shelled the woods and country around. It was dark before we arrived at the landing; the tide was down and we knew nothing of the locality. There was no wharf, no dock, no plank. We had only two or three small boats in which to land a thousand men. The process was slow, disagreeable, dangerous and difficult. We jumped from the boats into mud and water a foot or two deep and floundered in the darkness to solid ground.

The writer superintended the landing of the troops, and Terry and Davis put themselves at the head of the column and marched to a bridge at the farther end of the dyke. There, stopping and waiting for the troops to follow, they stirred up a rebel picket, who fired a volley across the bridge towards the advancing column. This was a surprise in the total darkness. Our troops behind returned the fire which swept across the bridge. Terry and his few companions, placed thus in a cross fire, cleared the bridge instantaneously, jumping, falling, sliding, slipping down the sides of the dyke into the mud and water. Fortunately no one was injured, and what might have been a stampede among older troops terminated in a few moments.

After the troops had reached the solid land, we threw out a strong picket in front, and lay down on the ground to sleep. The night passed quietly; in the morning no enemy appeared.

Before the sunlight streaked the east, we were on the march with sharp-shooters and skirmishers in front. The other brigades hastened up the causeway, and, after passing the bridge, moved close behind us in solid column. When a half mile out, we surprised a few cavalry vedettes, in a pine wood, who galloped away to give notice of our approach. In their haste they left behind their tin cups and wooden paddles, their warm breakfast of beef and rice. For some distance, our road lay through an open pine wood, skirted on the right by a canal-like channel, on the left by an open field a hundred rods wide, bordered by the Stono. This was the ground where Hunter and Benham encamped in 1862; and before us were the scenery and the battle field of their disjointed and disastrous movement against Secessionville.

A mile from the dyke the timber ended; and from right to left,







from channel to Stono, an old cotton-field overgrown with rank, tall weeds lay before us a mile or more wide, sloping to a low, marshy valley, then rising again towards Secessionville, in the front, two or three miles away. On our left flank are the gun-boats in the Stono; on our right are the marshes of jelly-like mud and semi-liquid clay which divide James from Coles island. Here, near an old house, the troops were halted, and a strong skirmish line was advanced beyond another house, a half-mile in front, which had been used by the enemy for a signal station. Standing here beside this last building, in the early gray of the morning, we could see Charleston, Secessionville, a hamlet of James island planters, Sullivans, Morris and Folly islands. Our tall signal tower on Folly, and that of the enemy at Secessionville, seemed to command the whole country so completely that a rabbit could not stir the thicket unobserved. At this place, a little before sunrise, we heard the sound of heavy cannonading at the head of Folly, and inferred that the attack on Morris had begun. We listened attentively, with interest and pleasure, and learned before mid-day that half of the island was in our possession.

How sweet to stand, when tempests tear the main,  
On the firm cliff, and mark the seaman's toil!  
Not that another's danger soothes the soul,  
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure.

The object of our landing on James island was accomplished on the 10th of July; the diversion or feint misled the enemy, so that our forces captured the greater part of Morris with trifling loss. How long we shall stay is therefore uncertain.

The forces of the department were then divided on three or four separate islands, contrary to the principles of military instruction. The enemy may mass his troops and capture one after another the three divisions. True we draw forces from Morris, but the foe reinforced may crush us in a night.

On the 11th, necessary food and stores were brought to the landing, and details of men carried them to the camps. Our horses, a few tents and one battery were landed. The troops were moved further to the front, and their disposition changed. The island there was so narrow that Stevenson's and Montgomery's brigades formed two lines across it, and Davis' brigade in reserve, lay at right angles to them, in a fringe of wood at the right along

the channel. The gun-boat Pawnee was in the Stono, a few rods in front of the left. From her position she could protect that flank and sweep the ground in front over which an attack must be made.

Day and night, we maintained the keenest vigilance ; we neither slumbered nor slept. At our right, the channel was about fifty feet wide ; this once crossed a series of mud causeways and plank foot bridges led across the tide-washed, low, quaking, miry, bottom-land to Cole's island, a distance of four miles. The engineers bridged this channel near our camps ; for this route, only wide enough for two men to pass at a time, might be serviceable in case of disaster or defeat.

On the 13th, two spies were seen along an old hedge-row, lurking within our lines. They were suffered to escape and report the disposition of our men.

On the afternoon of the 15th, with our glasses we observed long stacks of arms in the works at Secessionville. That evening our detail for picket was from the 54th Mass., a regiment never before at the front. During the night the enemy placed a battery of six pounders within a few hundred yards of the Pawnee, and massed a heavy force of infantry just arrived from Virginia near our skirmish line on the right. These dispositions Colonel Shaw and his negroes failed to observe from their advanced position on picket.

Evenings and mornings and nights, we lay by our arms in line of battle ; at mid-day we slept under the trees where the dun umbrage hung.

From the 10th to the 15th we had no change of raiment, no food, no coffee, but such as was cooked and brought from the landing a mile and a half away. We felt the keen demands of appetite ; and on the 14th sent Lieut. McCoy to Folly to bring some food and our headquarter-traveling bags.

In the star-light of the 15th, about 9 P. M., the writer collected some barrel staves, the remnants of Hunter's camps in 1862, laid them on the ground, spread the edge of his blanket along upon them, lay down upon it on the staves, and drew the remainder of the blanket over his head and feet, to keep away the mosquitoes. Davis, who had been through the Mexican war, slept without blanket, on the ground at the foot of a live-oak tree. Our horses under the next tree, "with stripped rein and slackened girth,"

ate from their nose bags the forage of oats and corn. The wind was laid, the air was warm and sultry, the stars twinkled through the trees and the rising tide rippled in the channel at our feet :

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

Soon after 3 A. M. of the 16th, while the Pawnee lay with her bow on the shore, towards the rebel battery, they opened fire upon her with their six guns. Before the boat could bring her broad-side to bear, it was necessary to take out her kedge anchor, carry it to the opposite shore and warp the vessel. This once done, and her heavy guns brought to bear on the enemy, she would make quick work with his six pounders. The Pawnee was struck fifty times before she could swing round, but on her only one man was killed and three wounded.

This was the signal to get under arms ; to arise, awake, or be forever fallen. The enemy advanced with his infantry simultaneously ; and our raw colored pickets could offer but little resistance. He advanced within six hundred yards of our position, and opened fire from his battery with solid shot upon our right in the wood. Under this fire our two lines of battle were formed : Stevenson's brigade in front, and that of Davis' about two hundred yards behind. Our artillery was placed at the right of the front line. The foe had our range precisely, and his shot and shell flew thick and fast among us.

What is the matter with the Pawnee? Why don't we hear the Pawnee's guns? Has the Pawnee been captured? Why don't she return the enemy's fire? Our position is becoming critical. The enemy is already on the ground covered by the Pawnee's guns. "Oh, that Blucher would come, or night," said Wellington. Just as it appeared that we could wait no longer, the thunder of a 100 pounder Parrott rolled over the fields, the woods and the channels. "That's the Pawnee," said every one, and the men shouted and yelled and laughed for joy.

Had the enemy destroyed the gun-boat he would have captured our whole force. This was the decisive point, and accounts for our anxiety to hear the "notes of the Pawnee's guns." The moral

effect of those 100 pounders was irresistible; and the shout we raised was perfectly terrible.

During the evening of the 15th, Lieut. McCoy, headquarter clerk Redfield, three or four negro servants and the captain and hands of the armed ferry boat John Adams, had come up the channel on our right, after dark, unobserved by the enemy and unknown to us. They lay a little in advance of our right. McCoy had chartered this boat to bring our satchels and provisions. When the firing began, he beat to quarters and organized his force. A sick artillery-man got out of his bunk and superintended the loading and aiming; the negroes passed up the ammunition, and Redfield and McCoy worked the gun. The boat had on her bow a 30 pounder Parrott, and they fired it twelve times into the enemy's left-flank.

The battle lasted about an hour, when the enemy retired with a loss of over two hundred men. He brought into this action from five to seven thousand. The Nationals had three thousand five hundred, and lost in the engagement less than fifty. The battle was over, the picket restored, and our men back to camp in time for breakfast. That day the writer rode a government horse captured in one of Naglee's raids from Yorktown, in King William's county, Va. In him traces of the barb were plainly visible. His head was small, his neck thin, his crest firm and arched. As we approached him, the shells and balls were whizzing and whirling around; he neighed, opened his nostrils, pricked forward his slender ears, and bent his neck with pride. Though never under fire before, he was perfectly cool and self-possessed.

Although we have repulsed the enemy, Gillmore has decided to order us back to Folly island. The night of the 16th was fixed for our return. Davis' brigade, 104th, 52d Penna. and 56th N. Y., must return by the long, narrow, four-mile causeway, which stretches over the Serbonian bog to Cole's island. Vessels will arrive at Stevens' landing after dark, where the battery, baggage, horses and remainder of the troops will embark.

The 52d was detailed for picket, and the 104th and 56th were directed to begin the march at 11 P. M., across the long and narrow way. This had been an old route for the planters, and led across deep, sluggish, canal-like channels, over marshes, swamps and bogs, on bridges, dykes and causeways, to the mouth of Stono. Over such a district as this Dante's journey lay, in the round of

Malebolge, where from bridge to bridge, pier to pier, dyke to dyke, he passed, urging his conversation and his travel.

The night was dark and rainy, and terrible with the incessant flash of lightning and the crash of thunder. At one o'clock, after seeing the last of the brigade *en route* on the dyke, we started with Col. Davis to relieve the picket. We rode to the front, drenched in rain, wet to the skin; floundering in ditches, tangling in briars and thorns, picking our way by the flashes of lightning, we withdrew the line, post by post, and ordered the men to rendezvous at the head of the dyke. About 3 A. M., we began our slow, difficult, unpleasant march on the causeway; and, though the distance was but four miles, it was 7 A. M. before we arrived at Stono. The rear guard destroyed the bridges, but no enemy pursued. On the way, several of the men slipped from the causeway and sank in the mud and water, from which they were extricated by their comrades. Two of the picket posts escaped our most careful search; but seeing the line withdrawn in the morning, they made their way to the landing and embarked with the rear guard.

Whoever marched along that route that night will remember the march and the night to his dying day. We ate our breakfast of coffee, pork and hard bread, at the base of the old martello tower, and lay down under the shade of a palmetto fanned by the ocean breeze, to sleep. In the afternoon, we crossed over to Folly again; in the evening, we spent an hour plunging in the surf of the ocean, changed our raiment and lay down to sleep by the many waved sea.

Thou art sounding on, thou Sea,  
For ever and the same;  
The ancient rocks still ring to thee,  
Whose billows nought can tame.

While Terry was demonstrating as we have seen on James island, Generals Strong and Seymour had captured three fourths of Morris. On the evening of the 11th of July, their advance rested within musket range of Fort Wagner, three miles nearer Sumter; and their headquarters were at the Beacon House, the only building on the island.

Looking towards the north, Morris is washed on the right by the ocean, on the left it is separated from James by a long stretch of

alternating marshes and channels. At its northern extremity stands battery Gregg, before which vessels entering Charleston harbor must pass. It is a long, narrow sand spit, destitute of timber and vegetation. The waves of the ocean often pass over its upper third, while below the wind has piled the sand in mounds and banks like snow-drifts. Two or three Palmettoes only grew upon it. This tree is peculiar to the West Indies and the Southern United States. It is found on the low sandy shores, and grows from twenty to forty feet high. The trunk is seldom more than ten inches through, has no branches, and terminates in a large tuft of long, narrow leaves. They usually stand in groups two, three or more together, apart from other trees, and give an Oriental appearance to the coast.

Immediately after the possession of Morris, the guns at the head of Folly were moved across. They were mounted on a breast-work or parallel extending from the ocean to the marsh and within a mile and a half from Wagner. From this line another was constructed facing Sumter back along the marsh on the left of the island.

Gillmore has decided that Wagner can not be taken by assault, but that a siege of greater or less duration is necessary. He presses the work so vigorously that by the 18th he has a hundred heavy guns and mortars in position. After bombarding and cannonading Wagner one whole day with these and the iron-clads under Admiral Dahlgren, he proposes to take it by a sudden attack. For this assault, he has designated the 18th, at the setting of the sun.

On the evening of the 17th and the morning of the 18th, Stevenson's and Montgomery's brigades crossed to Morris, leaving Davis behind in command of the island. On the 18th, our brigade moved to within a mile of the head of the island where it is narrowest, at the breastworks, by a high signal tower, and encamped in the timber on the shore of the sea.

From that signal tower, all day long, we could see a line of fire on Gillmore's batteries, the iron-clads within the bar, and Fort Sumter all at work.

When the sun went down the firing ceased, and the attacking columns under Strong and Seymour moved forward.

The first, under Strong, with Col. Shaw and his 54th Mass. leading, moved towards Wagner at the left along the marsh, the

last half mile at the double quick, crossed the ditch, ascended the furrowed parapet and was hurled back broken and disorganized. It fell to the rear and disappeared in the circling gloom and outer darkness. Strong was mortally wounded ; Shaw and six hundred others were killed.

Notwithstanding their repulse, the second column pressed forward, headed by Cols. Putnam, Vorhees, Steel, Dandy and others. They sweep, at the double-quick, the level ground covered by Wagner's guns, they fill the ditch, they ascend the parapet, they crowd into the broken sallyport, they fight with muskets, navy revolvers, bayonets, swords, hand-grenades. Terrible was the shouting and the clash of arms ; dire was the carnage of that combat ; no pen can describe, no pencil delineate its horrors. Our brave men continued this conflict for half an hour. No reinforcements filled the places of those who had fallen. The contest became every moment more unequal. They were forced to retire. In less than an hour, we had lost eighteen hundred men, killed, wounded and prisoners.

They fought their way into the fort ; they fought their way out of it, and, without organization or order, returned to our lines again.

The place where our troops formed was a mile from Wagner. From there they advanced up the beach in deployed regimental lines. As they approached, the enemy changed his shot and shell to grape, canister and musketry. The fort appeared like a volcano.

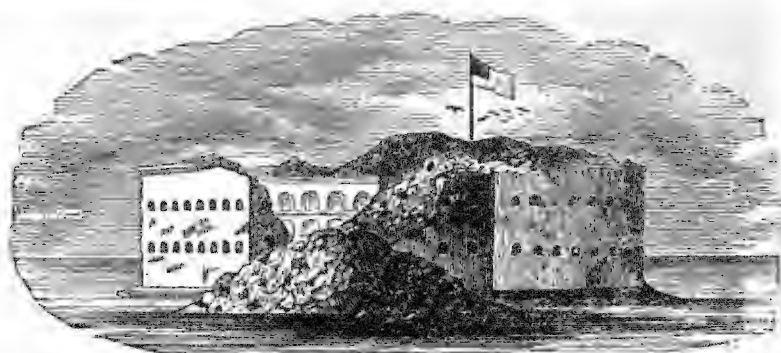
The magnitude of this defeat crushed out much of the respect and confidence which our troops had entertained for Gen. Gillmore. "Evidently, said many, somebody is to blame, the whole affair was a blunder. The signalling was bad : the Iron-clads kept firing while our men were ascending the parapet. Again Gillmore's calculations have failed. Wagner cannot be taken by assault ; its reduction will require a protracted siege."

On the 25th, Gillmore began the erection of a series of breaching batteries, intended for Sumter. They were made by a regiment of New York engineers and were furnished with the heaviest cannon used in the service, such as 300 pounders, 200 pounders, 100 pounder Parrotts, and 84 pounder Whitworth guns. He determined to mount a 200 pounder Parrott out in the marsh, towards James island, about a mile from Morris. To that point the engineers corduroyed and bridged a road, along which they carried



piles, timber, sand-bags and ammunition. The immense gun was placed on a pine raft and floated to the battery through a tortuous channel. Sergeant Felter, from central New York, called this gun the Swamp Angel, a name borrowed from the literature of Jemima Wilkinson.

In fifteen days the gun was mounted; and Gillmore sent a summons to Beauregard demanding the surrender of Fort Sumter and Morris island!!



By elevating the range of the Swamp Angel 35 degrees, it could throw shells into Charleston, a distance of about five miles. At the thirty-sixth discharge the gun itself exploded. A few of its shells fell harmlessly in the city where the rebellion was planned. This the Northern papers said was throwing Greek Fire. The Swamp Angel was a big humbug, and Gillmore's operations were of no military consequence. On the 6th of September he captured Morris island; but neither Sumter nor Charleston fell until Sherman marched up from the sea.

The breaching batteries were between three and four thousand yards from Sumter, and on Aug. 24th, Gen. Gillmore reported its practical demolition, saying that it was a shapeless and harmless mass of ruins. Yet excepting its barbette guns, Sumter stood there as defiantly as ever.

All this time the duty of the troops was of the most laborious and exhaustive character. They cut and hauled wood and timber from Folly for batteries, magazines, stockades, roads. They filled and transported sand-bags, cut poles and withes for gabions and flying saps, and, day and night, lay under arms in the broiling sand. Add to this, that every few days some one would get up a



THE ATTACK ON FORT SUMMIT



big scare, when all would go over to Morris and march and counter-march among the sand-hills.

About August 1, the department was reinforced by a portion of the 11th corps from Gettysburg. They encamped on Folly, and were immediately set to work furnishing details for the trenches on Morris, felling timber, transporting logs to Lighthouse inlet, and, generally, expiating in the burning sand and tropical sun, their lack of courage, their bad conduct at that sanguinary battle.

On the 20th of July, we received an order from the Adjutant General at Washington, stating that the 98th N. Y. had been consolidated, and directing us to report to Maj. Gen. Foster at Fortress Monroe, to be mustered out. A change came over the spirit of our dream.

As the service of every man was needed in the Department, and as the duties of adjutant general were understood by few, Col. Davis obtained permission of Gen. Gillmore to withhold the order for a short time. Accordingly, we remained until the 24th of August, when the operations of the siege had settled down into artillery duels, when the warm weather had in part compelled the suspension of military labor, and when the necessity for our services had in a measure passed. We therefore asked to be relieved; and, on the 24th, handed the port-folio of our office to Major Rogers, 104th Penn., and left the department for New York in the steamer Arago.

After stopping off Charleston bar for the mail, the steamer took the gulf stream, which she kept until north of Cape Hatteras. We had a fine, pleasant voyage. The weather was delightfully agreeable, the passengers few, the sea calm, and a light wind redolent from the land breathed sweetly, like

“Sabæan odors from the spicy shore  
Of Arabie the blest.”

We arrived in New York on the 27th, making the distance in less than sixty hours.

On the afternoon of the 28th, we embarked for Fortress Monroe on the propeller Dudley Buck.

Stopping at the Fortress, we learned of Gen. Foster that the 98th had been restored to its original organization. He directed us to report for duty to Gen. Peck at New Berne, from whom we would receive orders to return to our regiment.

On the 5th of Sept., we arrived at New Berne, having taken the inside route by way of Norfolk, Elizabeth river, the Chesapeake and Albemarle canal, Roanoke island and Pamlico sound. For September this was a splendid trip. We had neither seen nor conceived anything like it before.

From New Berne to Newport barracks we took the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad, on the afternoon of the 6th, and in the evening reported for duty to Lieut. Col. Wead, and received the congratulation of our friends.

"And though they questioned me the story of my life, it was not my hint to speak of cannibals that eat each other, nor of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, but rather of battles, sieges, fortunes I had passed, of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach."



## CHAPTER XIII.

Carteret County—Our new Field of Duty—A Statement of the Officers of the Regiment—Col. Wead makes a Statement—The Consolidation—Officers discharged—The Organization of Heckman's Flying Division—The 98th ordered to Pungo—Duty, Times and Incidents at Pungo—The Great Dismal Swamp, and the surrounding Country—Guerrillas—Old Sykes—The Regiment re-enlists—The Veterans go North, and the Author left in command at Pungo—Troops ordered to report to him—The Enemy makes a Raid—The Detachments of the 98th and 96th ordered to Norfolk, and thence to Yorktown—Arrival at Yorktown—Re-fitting, re-organizing, re-arming,—The Promotions—Futile Effort to promote the Author—The Organization of the Army of the James—The Color Guard—Religious Services in the 81st—Butler sees his Expedition round Old Point Comfort—Our Bark is on the Wave.

THE order assigning the 98th to duty along the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad between New Berne and Morehead City, has been recited in a former chapter of this work. Besides guarding the railroad, it had a general supervision over passes, permits and the turpentine trade. The field of operations lay within Carteret county. The posts of the enemy were in Onslow and Jones counties, distant from twenty to thirty miles.

Carteret was named after Sir George Carteret, one of the original Lords Proprietors, who owned at one time nearly all of the state of North Carolina. He was counselor of state for Charles II., and as a cotemporary says, "was ignorant, passionate, and not too honest." His son John retained his portion of the sovereignty of the state when the other proprietors surrendered to the crown in 1729.

This county has the honor of containing the first land, (Cape Lookout), discovered by the adventurers to the United States.

In 1860 its population was 8,186; in 1870, 8,940, and its total valuation was \$1,288,994. The latter census states that in 1870 it produced 150 bushels of spring wheat, 1,487 bushels of winter wheat, 32,360 bushels of corn, 165 bushels of oats, 210 bushels of

rice, 774 bales of cotton, 60 bushels of potatoes, 58,715 bushels of sweet potatoes, and 50 pounds of wool.

The writer was assigned to the command of two posts, one at a point where the railroad crosses the Newport river, called Havelock, and the other at Croatan, ten miles above, along the road towards New Berne. Each post had a small earthwork in which was mounted one Napoleon gun. We passed the time drilling, scouting over the country and resting in ease and quiet. Our scouts penetrated to Onslow, Palo Alto and Pollockville, through devious paths, in turpentine groves and primitive woods.

In this section the Union sentiment was not positive; none but the women, the old and infirm men remained. Everywhere the woods were gaining on the cleared lands. The fields and the gardens were growing into thickets, and the youth into ignorance and imbecility. The girls had light hair, light blue eyes, their stature slim and small; and in the houses as well as in the fields many a garden flower grew wild.

Rest and quiet are often destructive of military discipline; so the officers of the regiment having no enemy here to fight set to fighting among themselves. They desired to get rid of Colonel Wead, and for that purpose staked all upon a single throw. They drew up a "statement," in which they related their objections and grievances, and sent it by Wead to Gen. Foster. It was couched in respectful terms, and narrated first the services of the regiment, and then represented that since "Lt. Col. Wead had been fairly and candidly tried in the capacity of commanding officer, and had been found, and was believed to be, mentally and physically, incapable of exercising responsibilities so high and holding a trust so important; that in many instances the officers and men of the regiment had been reprimanded and censured in consequence of his incompetency; that at a review of troops on St. Helena island, he became so excited and bewildered as to commit blunders which called from the New York Press a criticism reflecting disgrace and discredit upon the officers and men of the regiment; that in consequence of physical weakness he was on the slightest indisposition incapacitated for performing even the duties of camp life; that any excitement or sudden responsibility so 'bewilders' him that we consider him incompetent and unsafe as a commanding officer." They further said, "that his appointment was procured by Gen. Slocum and other outside political influences; that he was not

identified with the regiment, and that he wanted the respect and confidence of his men."

They charged him with absence and neglect of duty, and alleged that the regiment was becoming disheartened and demoralized; and, finally, asked that he be compelled to resign in view of all the facts and in justice to the service.

The communication was dated May 30th, 1863, and signed by the following officers, all but five or six of the regiment:

Captains Wood, Willard, Barney, Andrus, Miller, Williams, Adams; Lieutenants, L. A. Rogers, Austin, Doty, Stanton, Davis, Hildreth, Allen, Mullholland, Wm. H. Rogers; Second Lieutenants, Wells, Russell, Gile, Phelps, Beaman, Booth, Hickok; and by E. H. Hobbs, adjutant, and Geo. P. Case quartermaster.

Wead sent forward the statement after endorsing thereon, first, his denial of the charge of being an intruder by his own motion; second, that he had impaired his health to improve the regiment—saying that he found it defective in drill, poorly clad, ill armed and equipped, and mutinous in discipline; third, that he had provoked the opposition, ill-will and insubordinate spirit of dissatisfaction, by his reformatory and disciplinary measures; and finally, "in view of these facts," he called for an investigation and tendered his resignation.

The case was thus submitted. Gen. Foster required the number of men in the regiment. Wead reported 421 total; the officers and men present and absent were really 630.

At Wead's figures the regiment could be consolidated into a battalion under General Order 86 from the War Department, 1863. Without an investigation or a hearing of the officers, Foster sent down his commissary of musters, Lieut. Horton, to assist in making the consolidation and to muster out the supernumerary officers.

Accordingly, on the 31st of May, the following officers were discharged: Captains Barney, Willard, Andrus, Williams, Adams; Lieuts. Austin, Hobbs, Doty, Mullholland; Sec'd Lieut. Russell.

The service had no more competent, intelligent, efficient and conscientious officers than these. The injustice of Foster was flagrant. He thought he was imitating Frederick the Great in discipline while putting the iron heel of his authority on a few officers who had candidly, respectfully, represented their grievances to him. Gen. Peck, in an interview with the writer, said that in his view Gen. Foster perpetrated an outrage on the officers of the



98th, unprecedented in the history of our volunteer service. "I knew Captains Williams and Adams," said he; "there are no better men; they would not do a wrong thing.

By this change the regiment lost above fifty of its best men; all the supernumerary sergeants and corporals were mustered out.

In life we all pocket many wrongs and disgraces which, may be, we have neither the inclination nor the ability to redress; we also suppress and pocket many wrongs, without confession or reparation, which we have done to others. The world jogs on. Who takes account of these, who rights the wrongs?

It never appeared why the writer, without a hearing, (absent in another department,) was included in the list proscribed. Jefferys in his bloody assizes, and Rhadamanthus in his court below, always required the criminal's presence, and accorded him, *pro forma*, a chance to plead.

Capt. Wood sent in his resignation May 2d, and about the same time Capt. Miller's discharge was issued from the War Department. John H. Haskell and Archie Hollenback, 2d lieut's., were discharged April 16, 1863.—April 25th, Lieut. Amos S. Kimball was sent by order of Gen. Foster to Roanoke island to act as quartermaster and take charge of the government stores. April 7th, 1864, Lieut. Kimball was appointed by the President, assistant quartermaster with the rank of captain. From that date his connection with the regiment ceased. He subsequently received the commission of brevet lieut. col. of N. Y. vols. During the month of February, 1863, Lieuts. Wood, Barney and Andrus had been promoted captains, and the following 2d Lieutenants. were promoted lieutenants, Hildreth, Doty and Davis. Lieut. Wm. B. Rudd resigned before the regiment left Yorktown.

Capt. C. W. Crary, discharged at Yorktown Nov. 15, 1862, and re-commissioned Assistant Surgeon, was mustered out at the consolidation. Dr. Crary subsequently became surgeon of the 185th N. Y. vols. and brevet lieut. col. N. Y. vols.

The 98th remained along the railroad until October 18th, when it embarked at Morehead and proceeded to Fortress Monroe. Gen. Heckman was then organizing a flying division at Newport News, and we were directed to report to him at that place. Landing there and going into camp, we spent the time drilling and refitting until Nov. 17, when we embarked again and landed the same day at Norfolk. Bivouacking that night in a lumber yard in the city of Norfolk, we marched the next day to Great Bridge, on the

Chesapeake and Albemarle canal. On the evening of the 18th, we went on barges and were towed up the canal to Pungo landing, in Princess Ann county.

There we landed and went into camp the following day, and began to construct winter quarters. The government had erected North Carolina and south-eastern Virginia into one department. It designed to keep the canal open, and maintain inside communication between the two states. Our business was to govern, watch and guard the surrounding country, and protect the canal from the raids and depredations of guerrilla parties.

The 96th N. Y. vols. went farther on to Coinjock, and the 139th N. Y. vols. remained at Great Bridge; the 81st N. Y. vols. was sent to Hickory Ground at the edge of the Dismal Swamp, and a portion of the 5th Penna. cavalry was stationed at Deep creek, the northern terminus of the Dismal Swamp canal. So the curtain rises and the scene is changed.

Norfolk and Portsmouth stand about ten miles south of Hampton Roads, on the opposite shores of Elizabeth river, where its eastern and southern arms unite. Ascending the winding and sluggish southern branch fifteen miles to Great Bridge, we next pass through a canal nine miles long into the North River, thence descending the North River twelve miles, we arrive at Pungo bridge or ferry. The travel and trade in times of peace from Princess Anne to North Carolina crossed at Pungo on a flying ferry.

Our camp was on the eastern bank, on the farm of Harper Ackiss, whose ancestors figured in the Revolutionary history of Norfolk. Porte Crayon in Harper's Magazine has given a penciling of this crossing. At this Harper Ackiss was highly offended, because Porte represented him standing on the little wharf, decorated with an immense pair of ear-rings. Mr. Ackiss was one of the most wealthy farmers of that vicinity; our camp included his house and garden, and extended to the river. We marked out and cleared off the ground, and began at once the construction of log-houses for winter.

Besides the regimental guard which surrounded the camp, we placed a sentinel at the wharf and covered the approaches to our position at the distance of a mile or more with patrols and pickets. We allowed the inhabitants to pass freely in and out with fish, eggs, milk and meat, and protected them in their trade with the soldiers. Later, a detail from the regiment took the census of the

county, and our adjutant as provost marshal, administered to those who were willing to take it, the oath of allegiance.

The position was thirty miles from Norfolk, Cape Henry and Coinjock, and a little more than fifteen from the eastern edge of the great Dismal Swamp. The opposite shore of the river for a mile or two back is a low, grass-covered swamp, on which it is impossible for men or animals to travel. Beyond this is a ridge of arable ground, and west of the ridge lies the great swamp. Norfolk county is west of the North River, and includes the greater part of the Dismal Swamp. In short, its whole surface is composed of marshes, bogs, swamps, ridges and swamp islands, intersected by numerous slow, deep, brackish creeks. The cypress, maple, juniper, pine, cedar, stand for the whole year in water. These trees are tangled with an under-growth of reeds, wood-bines, grape-vines, mosses, creepers, twisted, woven, interlaced and intertwined. The waters of the rivers and the creeks, oozing for half a year, around roots and logs, is dark as cider, and not unpleasant to the taste. The swamp is more elevated than the surrounding country, and from its fountains the rivers on every side are fed. The water issuing from a thousand springs near its centre, flows over the surface and inundates the whole country in its way to the ocean. Generally the bottom is solid, though covered with water from a few inches to two or three feet; near the centre this stratum of clay ends, and the swamp becomes a bed of quicksand, boggy and impassible.

It was once a favorite hunting ground of the Indians, and arrow-heads, hatchets and knives are frequently found there; and, to-day, deer, wild turkeys and bears abound. This swamp and Lake Drummond which it surrounds, has furnished the scenery for many a story of thrilling interest. To its ridges and swamp islands the patriots retreated when driven from Norfolk in 1775; in it bands of thieves and robbers have made their homes and dens, and to its recesses, as to an asylum, the fugitives from the surrounding country have at all times fled. The reader will recall the poetical effusion of Moore:

They made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a soul so warm and true;  
And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp  
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
She paddles her white canoe.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,  
His path was rugged and sore,  
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before !

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,  
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,  
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake :  
“ Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake  
And the white canoe of my dear ? ”

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,  
This lover and maid so true,  
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,  
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
And paddle their white canoe.

Before the war immense quantities of shingles and juniper lumber were obtained from the swamp ; the business furnished employment for many negroes who resided in little huts or cabins in its recesses. The lumber was brought out of the swamp on long, narrow lighters, through ditches cut for the purpose, or it was carted out by mules on roads made of poles. The laborers carried the lumber from the trees to the roads and ditches on their heads and shoulders. The Dismal Swamp canal passes through from north to south, and the Portsmouth and Roanoke railroad runs for five miles across its northern edge.

Princess Anne is a long, sandy ridge, notched and scalloped by numerous swamps, marshes and creeks, setting up from the ocean or leading into the river on the west. In the southern part, the sand is too incoherent for fertility ; in the northern are many fine farms, under a good state of southern cultivation. Six miles south of Norfolk, Gov. Wise owned a plantation on which in 1863 a daughter of John Brown was teaching African children how to read.

Mr. Jefferson said in describing Harper's ferry : “ The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the belief that earth has been created in time ; that the mountains were formed first : that the rivers began to flow afterwards.”

Here the water, instead of the rocks, is most abundant, and you are profoundly impressed with the idea that it was made first, and has had ever since pretty much its own way. It was such a land

as this which Dante had in his imagination when he wrote that portion of his *Divine Comedia*, describing a low, flat country resembling that "where Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles." Compared with the great Dismal and its surroundings, the Montezuma marsh dwindles into the insignificance of a cabinet swamp. The rivers neither fall nor flow. The wind dams and clogs them up. They appear to have no current only as the wind blows. They are dark, sullen, sluggish as Lethe the river of Death.

The people who inhabit this district are far behind any with whom we are acquainted, in schools, general intelligence, agriculture and all the luxuries and conveniences of life. More than half of those to whom we administered the oath of allegiance were unable to read and write. When the state of Virginia adopted the ordinance of secession, not one man in Princess Anne voted against it. The greatest of sins is ignorance, here as everywhere. Their principal productions are corn and hogs. They have no wagons, but use a two-wheeled cart, such as is seen among the poorer classes in Lower Canada. This answers for pleasure, business and farm-work. The plowing is done with one horse. They have no mills but wind-mills, no saw mills but whip-saws. Their conveniences are limited to the barest necessities. Before the war they knew nothing of the North; they doubtless thought their miserable country the fairest in the world. In such an uninviting place, the 98th was sent to hunt guerrillas in the woods, swamps and marshy islands.

According to the compendium of the 9th census, the population of Princess Anne was in 1870, 8,273, and in 1860, 7,714, of whom 3,186 were slaves. The products of Princess Anne are wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, and its total valuation is to that of Wayne county as one to twenty-three.

As soon as our winter quarters were comfortably constructed, we went to "scouring, patrolling, scouting over the country," hunting guerrillas and furloughed rebel soldiers. Major Burroughs, of the Confederate army, who had raised his battalion in this vicinity, after having re-enlisted the men, temporarily disbanded it in November, and allowed them to go home to visit their friends, and supply themselves with horses. They came pouring in upon us through the paths of the Dismal Swamp, and made it necessary to increase our vigilance and double our patrols. Our parties killed several of them, and captured twenty-five or

thirty. One of them had the temerity to get married, and invite some dozen of his friends to the wedding at the house of the bride's father, eight miles distant from our camp. Serg't Allen, co. D., was directed to select from the regiment twenty men, to march through the woods in the early evening, and surrounding the house capture the whole party. About eight of a rainy evening, Allen and his comrades took up the line of march, and, after floundering through mud and water, tangling in bushes and walking on logs, for two hours, at a concerted signal, they approached the house from opposite directions. Allen knocked at the front door; it was opened. He saw a few women, and six or eight young men in Confederate uniform, sitting in the room. "And in an instant all was dark." The young rebels flew through the windows, dashed through the doors and disappeared in the darkness, like "fish that plunges downwards in the flood." Of these Allen's party killed one, and captured the groom and two of his friends.

We soon learned the mode of warfare of the guerrillas, found out the location of their camps, and broke up their organizations. The whole country, at first, was in *espionage* against us, and whenever our parties were out, little fires kindled on the higher banks of ground, open windows, flying curtains or pillow-cases, signaled to the enemy our approach. They would then disband, skulk in the woods, take to the swamps, and lie among the leaves and logs.

Our scouting parties obtained information of the location of a guerrilla camp on an island in the edge of the great swamp, about ten miles distant. After consultation, Col. Wead directed Lieut. Lyman A. Rogers to take fifty men from cos. D. and F. and capture the guerrillas. Accordingly, about 7 o'clock of a frosty afternoon in November, Lieut. Rogers with his detachment crossed the river and started on his mission. His men were selected for the occasion. They knew their destination, and moved with alacrity in light marching order. We watched them as they passed over the dyke, which led across the grass-covered flat-land, and saw them disappear in the woods beyond. Among them were Lieutenants Davis and Wells, Serg'ts Allen, Pulver and Gore, each equal to two men in a hand-to hand encounter. As they proceeded, they put out the fires beside the houses, and compelled the people to shut up their windows, and take in their curtains. Near eleven o'clock the party arrived at the edge of the swamp, which sur-

rounded the island. Rogers divided his detachment into three divisions, and taking the command of one, assigned that of the others to Lieuts. Wells and Davis. After sinking in mud and water, walking on logs, tangling in vines and bushes, the three parties arrived nearly simultaneously in the heart of the guerrilla camp, unharmed and unopposed. They found four or five cabins in which the evening fires were still burning. On as many rustic tables the half-eaten evening meal of bacon and corn-bread was still standing. Two or three old men and a few negroes were the sole occupants. Rogers burned their shanties, destroyed six or eight thousand rounds of ammunition, and carried off twenty-three government muskets.

A week or ten days afterwards, as Lieut. Rogers, with some men of his company, was walking in the road a few miles from camp, they saw a man come out of the woods and sit upon a log beside the road twelve or fifteen rods before them. He carried a gun, a blanket, a haversack, a wooden canteen. His cap, coat, trousers, were of butternut-colored cloth, worn and soiled with years of service in the swamps among the leaves and rotten wood. His hair and beard were long and of a reddish gray. He was old, emaciated and disgustingly squalid. As they approached he arose, walked to the centre of the road, faced towards them, and laid down his gun on the ground. Trembling, haggard and begrimed, he touched his cap to Rogers, and asked if he was an officer in the 98th. Rogers replied in the affirmative, and the old man said: "I belong to the party of guerrillas whose camp your forces destroyed a few days ago. I am sent by them to the commanding officer of the 98th to say to him that they are tired of being guerrillas, tired of fighting this way, and sick of laying around in the swamps with nothing to eat, and that, if he will allow us, we will all deliver ourselves up, take the oath of allegiance, return to our homes, and lead a different life."

Lieut. Rogers led "old Sykes," for that was his name, to camp. Col. Wead decided to accept the surrender of the guerrillas upon their own terms. Sykes was passed out of the camp the next day with a full haversack, and furnished with a permit to return with twenty-eight of his companions. A few days afterwards they all reported and took the oath of allegiance. Never did the sun shine upon such miserable appearing men, since the days when the Gibeonites deceived Joshua with their "old sacks and wine-bottles,

old, and rent, and bound up, with their old shoes, and old garments, and dry and mouldy bread." After the advent of the 98th, plundering, horse-stealing, marauding, burning barges and steamers on the canal, no longer paid.

By December first, the country was quiet; boats of every variety were constantly passing up and down the canal. On the bays, creeks and rivers, hunting parties from Washington and Baltimore were constructing their booths, setting their decoys and bagging the ducks and geese without molestation. Between Norfolk and the eastern counties of North Carolina trade in corn and tobacco revived, and people passed our station with Treasury permits to go to Hyde county and other places within the Confederate line and return with corn. Large quantities of tobacco were sent from Richmond to the Roanoke and the Pasquotank and exchanged for bacon; the bacon found its way to Richmond, and the tobacco to Baltimore.

Nov. 10th, Capt. Sam'l Austin, a brave man and a good officer, was discharged, and Wm. H. Rogers received his captain's commission, Dec. 4th, 1863. During Dec., 1863, and Jan., 1864, the greater part of the regiment re-enlisted. Besides patriotism, a growing desire to put down the rebellion, the inducements were a furlough of thirty days and a veteran bounty of three hundred dollars. Of the aggregate present, 556 men, about 400 re-enlisted, and on the 23d of Feb., 1864, marched from Pungo to Norfolk where they embarked for home. With the veterans, all the officers but three or four went north. Dr. Gray, Lieut. Downing and the writer were left behind, where the tall persimmons grow.

The command of the forces and the district was assigned to us; two companies of the First District of Columbia cavalry, consisting of 127 officers and men, and a detachment of the 96th N. Y. vols., from Coinjock, consisting of 70 men and three officers, were ordered to report to us at once for duty.

We had for brigade commander General Ledlie, with headquarters at Great Bridge; for division commander, General Getty, with headquarters at Portsmouth, and for the department, Gen. B. F. Butler, at Fortress Monroe. Ledlie went north with the veterans, and Col. S. H. Roberts, 139th N. Y., assumed his place. This is the Roberts who was postmaster of Brooklyn during Johnson's administration.

By permission of Gen. Butler, the regiment was allowed to



exchange its Austrian rifle for the new Springfield rifle of the government. The new arm was longer, lighter, more attractive and serviceable. The men were pleased with the change.

Early in March, 160 recruits arrived from New York, and reported to us. They were raised in Newburgh and vicinity, by Caleb S. Henry, chaplain of the regiment, since Dec. 19th, 1863. Mr. Henry, though commissioned, was never mustered. He preached a few times to the regiment at Pungo, went north with the veterans, and never returned.

With these recruits came Captains Atkins and Anderson, Lieuts. Ames, Sneed, Oakley, and Dr. Howland. We procured the muster of these officers, divided the men into provisional companies, and set the officers and sergeants drilling them.

The 1st District cavalry was well armed; it carried Henry's repeating rifle, a sixteen shooter. The 70 men of the 96th N. Y. had but 50 rifles, and the 240 men of the 98th had but 70. We obtained at once a hundred new rifles from Norfolk, which had been sent to the regiment from the Washington arsenal.

During the month of March the Confederates approached Suffolk and Norfolk, in force; came within our lines at Deep creek, scattered our pickets along the Dismal Swamp canal, cut off our communications with Norfolk, and threatened the position at Great Bridge.

Among the troops terribly frightened by this irruption were our old friends, the Key Stone cavalry, 5th Penna., who did such "tall running" from Williamsburg under Emory. They were stationed along the Dismal Swamp canal. At the approach of the enemy, they beat a hasty retreat, waded or swam the canal. Some were captured, a few drowned, none killed.

While the enemy were thus closing around us and threatening our capture, we loaded the baggage and stores of the detachments on four army wagons, impressed a few carts to carry the sick, and held ourselves ready to march at a moment's notice down Princess Anne, across a long, narrow, four-mile dyke, connecting the lower extremity with Knott's island. Had the enemy pursued us in force, we intended to retreat to the middle and farther end of this dyke, and there construct breast-works of its bridges, and make a Thermopylæ of it.

The last of March the cavalry was relieved by two companies of the 20th N. Y. cavalry. April 20th, we left Pungo with the de-

tachments of the 96th and 98th, on barges, by canal, and arrived at Norfolk the same day.

Both detachments were paid during the night of the 22d. On the morning of the 23d they were transferred with their baggage and the new arms of the 98th to the steam transport Webster. On this vessel we found Gen. Ledlie with his staff and those of the 81st who had not re-enlisted. In the afternoon of that day, the Webster arrived at Yorktown, and the troops disembarked.

We learned that the veterans of Ledlie's brigade had come from New York, a few days before, and that the 98th with the rest was in camp, a mile down the river, on the ground occupied by Naglee's brigade in 1862. We ordered the detachments of the 81st and 96th to report there to their regimental commanders, while we conducted that of the 98th to its veteran companions.

The cycle is again full; a little more than a year has elapsed, and we are back to Yorktown. We are going to Richmond once more; this time, for certain.

After Ulysses had escaped from the cave of the Cyclops, his companions asked him if he did not wish to return and get his hat and staff which he had left. To whom he replied :

“What boots the godlike giant to provoke,  
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke?”

During our stay at Pungo, we filled our memorandum with accounts of raids, marches, wild goose chases, swan and duck hunts, extracts from captured Confederate letters, descriptions of Norfolk, Portsmouth, the Gosport navy yard, the Merrimac and the Revolutionary frigate, The United States; but from copying them here, from taxing the reader's patience any further, we desist. We were glad when we got away from Princess Anne, glad when we had left the Stygian pool, and glad when we had escaped the devilish race. Unable to read and write, the inhabitants have no pleasure in gardens, shrubbery or shade trees; they have no taste for flowers, music, painting or books; they are groveling in their thoughts, affections and aspirations.

At our departure the crocus spread its petals beside the road; on the tall ash, the mistletoe thrust its steel gray flowers through its yellow green leaves, and on the low ground in the shade “it needs must bloom the violet flower.”

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,  
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair  
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours  
Of happy wanderers there.

Let the reader turn to the map of Virginia and direct his attention to Fredericksburg, Culpper, the Rapidan, the Wilderness, and the positions occupied and rivers crossed by the Army of the Potomac on its way to Richmond in the campaign of 1864; also let him consider the James river, the Appomattox, City Point and Petersburg, for these are strategical lines and points of the greatest importance.

During the winter of 1863-4, the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia confronted each other, from opposite sides of the Rapidan. Gen. Meade commanded the former, and Gen. Lee the latter. The Army of the Potomac was consolidated into three corps commanded by Hancock, Warren and Sedgwick; and the Army of Northern Virginia consisted of three corps commanded by Ewell, Hill and Longstreet. Of the one army, Sheridan commanded the cavalry, and of the other, Stuart. The entire National available force present for duty, May 1, 1864, was 662,345, of which including the 9th corps, 140,000 were numbered in the Army of the Potomac. The military strength of the Confederacy is not so readily found, but the Army of Northern Virginia perhaps never exceeded 65,000 during the campaign of 1864.

Gen. Grant received his commission and instructions as lieutenant-general, March 9, 1864. The Government had become profoundly impressed with the opinion that victory could only be achieved by unity of plan and effort. Grant's pre-eminent military ability was not universally conceded. Several of his battles had not escaped the animadversions of military critics. As a strategist he had many superiors. But Grant, while he never meddled with politics and apparently had no political aspirations, believed in putting the rebellion down by fighting. He tried to hurt the enemy and accordingly kept knocking. The plan of all of Grant's battles and campaigns was the same: he sought to assail by preponderating numbers, to crush by the overwhelming weight of masses.

On the 2d of April, Gen. Butler at Fortress Monroe, was instructed to collect the forces of his department and operate on the

south side of the James river against Richmond. To divert the enemy's attention, he designated Yorktown his rendezvous, and, by the 25th of April, had gathered there not less than 20,000. Gen. Gillmore commanding the department of the south was directed to take all of his troops that could be spared from garrison duty and report to Gen. Butler. He arrived at Fortress Monroe about the 1st of May with 10,000 men. A part of his force went to Yorktown and encamped on Gloucester point.

At Yorktown the Army of the James was organized. It consisted of the 18th corps and the detachment of the 10th; Gen. Wm. F. Smith, "Baldy," commanded the former, and Gen. Gillmore the latter. "Baldy" was about forty-five, a graduate of West Point, and belonged to the engineers. At Bull-run he commanded the 3d Vermont infantry volunteers. He was Grant's chief engineer at Chattanooga. He resigned from the army in 1867, and since that time has been president of the International Telegraph company and police commissioner in New York city. He may have been a good engineer, but for handling troops and fighting in the open field, he was not much of a general. Events proved that the Army of the James contained no officer of prominence, who had any dash, any sagacity, any living courage, or it would have captured Petersburg, and, perhaps, Richmond.

Of Butler's generals, the more prominent were Gillmore, Smith, Terry, Brooks. Of Gillmore we have spoken in a former chapter. He was of the engineers—good at engineering, but as to that quality of a general which Sheridan and Sherman possessed, and which the marshals of Napoleon exemplified, he was totally and marvelously destitute. Besides, he quarreled with Butler from the first, and disdained to receive orders from a volunteer general. Butler had mind and brains; Gillmore was an artistic formalist, versed in the slope of brick and earth walls and the range of guns. Gillmore, the inflated, the puffed demonstrator against Charleston with the big manifesto, the blunderer at Fort Wagner, Gillmore, could not condescend to a second position, could not brook control. Butler charges the failure of his attempt to take Petersburg to Gillmore's unwilling and tardy co-operation.

Both corps refitted at Yorktown, and were re-organized into brigades and divisions. The 81st, 96th, 98th, 139th, New York vols., composed the first brigade of the first division of the 18th army corps. It was commanded by Brig.-General Gilman Mars-

ton, of New Hampshire. Brig.-General Brooks commanded the division; him the soldiers called "Bully Brooks." The division contained three brigades: in the second were the 13th and 10th N. H., the 8th Ct., and the 118th N. Y.; in the third were the 40th Mass., the 21st Ct., the 92d N. Y., and the 188th Penna. vols.; Gen. Burnam commanded the second brigade, and Col. Dutton, 21st Ct., the third.

While the 98th remained at Yorktown, that is, from April 23d to May 4th, the officers were busy drilling, transferring the old arms and obtaining the new. They inspected, condemned or turned in, the worn-out ordnance and quartermaster's stores, re-fitted with clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and made out the pay-rolls for March and April. The new recruits were assigned to the different companies, and several changes made among the line officers.

The following promotions were made from Jan. to April, 1864: Lieut. Col. Wead to be colonel, March 4th, 1864. Lieutenants Hildreth, L. A. Rogers, Davis, Gile, Allen, to be captains; Second Lieutenants Hickok, Boothe, Mott, Downing, Angevine, Harris, Copps were raised to first-lieutenants; and from civilians Isaac Smith, Capius Ransom and Joseph Snead were appointed second-lieutenants.

May the first, we sent our surplus baggage to Norfolk. At the same time transports began to collect in the York river, and everything indicated a movement by water, where or when none could tell.

The writer was directed by special order from division headquarters to turn over the command of his company to the next in rank, and to act for the future as field officer of the regiment. At the same time Col. Wead requested the governor of New York to promote him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This request was approved at brigade, division, corps and army headquarters. The reasons alleged for jumping Major Clarke were that he had been absent since June, 1863, at Elmira, on recruiting service, and had failed to obtain a recruit, that he never had the confidence of the officers of the regiment, and that he had lost the *esprit de corps* of the service.

In the matter of promotions it may not be improper to state that, in Feb., 1863, all of the officers of the 98th but three or four joined in a petition to Governor Seymour, and requested that the writer be promoted to the colonelcy of the regiment. This request was

approved by Gens. Naglee and Hunter. Later in March, the officers of another New York regiment unanimously asked Governor Seymour to appoint him lieutenant-colonel in their organization. Nothing was ever heard from either of these recommendations, though they are still on file at Albany ; nor was any attention paid to the letter and endorsements sent by Col. Wead. It would not be difficult to make a long list of officers who were advanced or breveted for services they never rendered ; the governors of the different states sometimes committed the folly of promoting their supporters and friends for services rendered in battles which were fought while these same favorites were home on leave of absence. Chance, however, never mends her error, and corruption and favoritism never apologize. If crime goes unwhipt of justice, so, too, do worth and merit go often unrequited of wrong by that blind and stately goddess. Aristides, the Just banished, Cicero, the Father of his country beheaded, Belisarius blind and asking alms, show the justice of society and its recompense for service.

On recommendations of the company commanders, the following promotions and appointments of non-commissioned officers were made : privates to be corporals :—Michael Gannon, co. A. ; Wm. Danforth, co. B. ; Dan'l Newton and F. C. Smith, co. C. ; Nathan Young, co. D. ; Oran Lester, co. F. ; Walter Roys and Judson Cheney, co. G. ; Isaac Foster and Gilbert A. Wright, co. H. ; Geo. Wissick, Alonzo Putney and Horatio Dalton, co. I. ; E. S. Smith, J. J. Bush and Peter Fritts, co. K. ; corporals to be sergeants : Joseph Perry, co. I. ; M. E. Griffith, co. G. ; Archibald Stewart, co. H. ; Clark A. Page and Byron Pierce, co. K.

S. S. Short became by appointment the ordnance sergeant of the regiment, and for a time did the state service in exchanging the arms and keeping them in repair. In every position Short was always obliging, friendly, correct, prompt, and the *abandon* of camp life made no difference in his behavior or character.

The following non-commissioned officers formed the color-guard : Sergeant Edward Gore and Corporals Wm. Blair, Christopher Roscoe, Jeremiah DeGray, Wm. Hiney, Jas. A. Mars, Alfred Henry, Everett Bastian and Peter Fritts. Gore was the Ajax of the regiment ; his voice like that of some of Homer's heroes surpassed the mouths of fifty men. Of this guard four were killed in action, or died of wounds received in battle ; three were slightly wounded, and two survived the campaign unhurt.

From the 24th of April to the 1st of May, the officers of the Army of the James were busy drilling, inspecting, obtaining and distributing supplies and perfecting its organization. Careful inspections were ordered of the different regiments, and minute reports required at division headquarters showing the condition of their arms and clothing.

General orders designated the outfit for enlisted men, the company equipage, and the baggage allowed for officers and regimental headquarters. The inspections and reports were intended to show how these orders were observed.

The military condition of the Army of the James was of the first order. The men were veterans accustomed to service in the field, well drilled and splendidly furnished and equipped. It had all the essentials of a complete army, engineers, cavalry, artillery, staff appointments, transportation, pontoons and naval co-operation.

We saw Gen. Butler standing on the wharf at Fortress Monroe as the vessels bearing this army rounded Old Point Comfort and headed up the James. He made no effort to conceal his elation. Hope was bright and promise high. He thought to enter Richmond before Grant could cross the North Anna. Brilliant battles, marches and successes flashed before him, and he read his "history in the nation's eyes." His adjutant general remarked that "Napoleon made the conquest of Italy in 1796 with an army inferior in every respect to this." "True," said Butler, circumspectly, "but I have neither his genius nor his independent field of operation. My object and orders are definite. We are but secondary. It may be necessary to sacrifice us to save the Army of the Potomac. What we do must be done quickly."

For three months the 98th had been without a chaplain. The attendance and relations of that officer with the regiment had been so uncertain and so unsatisfactory that many regarded his services as untirely unnecessary. We do not remember that any conversions were ever made in the regiment, or that any unusual religious interest was ever manifested.

On the last Sabbath of April, the regiment attended service in the camp of the 81st N. Y. The chaplain's text was from Dan. xi. 34: "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay and brake them to pieces." Near the close of his sermon he said:

"The Army of the James may be this little stone which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream loosening itself and rolling down; in the providence of God, it may be destined to capture the Confederate capital, and be the nether mill stone in crushing and grinding the Army of Northern Virginia to powder."

No army ever took the field with higher spirits, greater confidence in its officers, and brighter hopes of success.





## CHAPTER XIV.

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A General Advance of the Armies of the Republic on the 5th of May—The Army of the James on Transports moves up the James River—The Landing at Bermuda Hundred—The Bivouac—The Advance in the Morning—Gen. Heckman—A View of the Country—Point of Rocks—Before Petersburg the 9th—A Dreadful Night—Butler retires from Swift's Creek—Gen. Marston turned round—All back to Bermuda Hundred—On the War-path again—Knocking at the Back-door of Richmond—Butler surrounds a Confederate Fort, and delays attacking—The Army of the James attacked, the 16th, and driven back to its Intrenchments at Bermuda—The 9th in Battle—How it behaved, and what it lost.

**D**URING the month of April, the President and Gen. Grant had made arrangements for the simultaneous advance on the 5th of May, of the armies of the Republic.

While the Army of the Potomac marched from the Rapidan, Sigel advanced his forces in two columns up the Kanawha and Shenandoah valleys; Butler moved from Fortress Monroe and established himself at City Point, and Gen. Sherman succeeding Grant in the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, marched southward from Chattanooga into Northern Georgia with a hundred thousand men.

On the 2d of May, 1864, the Army of the James, at Yorktown, received orders to be ready to embark at a moment's notice. During the forenoon of the 4th, it broke camp and marched to the landing. The day was warm, hazy and pleasant; the over-arching sky showed not a cloud to obscure its deep serene; the slumbering bay mirrored far from its shores the surrounding fields, and a score of transports with slowly fluttering pennons took their turn at the wharf, shipped their cargoes and steamed down the channel. Everything was beautiful, joyful, pleasant, promising, bright. For six months but few of that army had seen any dangerous service. Well-paid, well-clothed, well-fed, they had rollicked away the win-

ter in ease and plenty. None observes better than the soldier the maxim, "While we breathe let us live." But few anticipated the severity of the coming campaign; none thought of its toils, sufferings, wounds and deaths.

Near 3 P. M., six companies of the 98th were placed on the screw steamer *Prometheus*, and four on the propeller *Perit*; Col. Wead commanded the former; the writer, the latter. We arrived at Fortress Monroe at 10 P. M., cast anchor and remained till morning.

The expedition was ordered to rendezvous, at sunrise, up the river, at Newport News. There the transports were arranged according to divisions and brigades; the 18th corps taking the lead. Hampton Roads were full of vessels, loaded down with troops and stores. The transports were preceded or accompanied by a squadron of war-vessels, consisting of four monitors and seventeen gun-boats. Gen. Graham led the advance with three army gun-boats; and Admiral Lee from his flag-ship, the *Malvern*, commanded the navy. Simultaneously Gen. Kautz with three thousand cavalry moved out from Suffolk, scattered the enemy's forces at the crossing of the Blackwater, and, hastening rapidly westward, struck the Weldon road south of Petersburg at Stony Creek, and burned the bridge. Col. R. M. West, with about 1,800 colored cavalry, advanced from Williamsburg up the north bank of the James, and, with equal pace, moved along with, and often in sight of, the transports.

The morning was clear and beautiful; the sun rose over the ocean like an immense globe of fire; but little wind was stirring, and the yellow waters of the James, like a golden mirror, glanced off the slanting rays. At 5 A. M. the expedition began to move; banners, and flags and pennons floated wide, and a hundred bands played our national airs: "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "The Girl I left behind Me." The bright, smooth waters of the lordly James, the songs of the birds on the shores and over the river, the deep forest, the green fields, the neat, white farm-houses glancing through the groves, and over thirty transports loaded with armed veterans, careless and happy, formed a picture not often seen and not readily forgotten. The soldiers hung upon the railing, lounged upon the decks, ascended the pilot and wheel-houses, smoked and talked, laughed and sung; and all went "merry as a marriage-bell."

Swiftly in our course and in succession, we passed the landing for Williamsburg, the site of old Jamestown, the mouth of the Chickahominy, Fort Powhatan, Wilson's landing, Harrison's Bar, City Point, and arriving at Bermuda Hundred we stopped. On our way Wilde's negro-brigade was divided and left for garrison, at Fort Powhatan and Wilson's wharf, and Hink's colored division landed without opposition at City Point. Thus the James was seized, secured and held for navigation as a base. The enemy was thunderstruck; he had not suspected such a move. On the evening of the 4th, Butler threatened his capital from Yorktown and Williamsburg; on the evening of the 5th, he landed at Bermuda Hundred and approached his capital on the south side of the James, with 35,000 men.

It was after sunset before he began to land, and Brooks' division took the lead.

Bermuda Hundred is an irregular, triangular piece of land, lying between the James and the Appomattox. The rear and flanks were covered by the rivers; the front looked towards the west, the open country and the enemy. Our division has the front, Marston's brigade in advance. We move through wheat-fields, corn-fields, meadows, along the edge of a deep tangled wood which extends on our right to the bottom lands of the James. No enemy appears. About ten o'clock we halt, throw our pickets out a hundred rods on the right flank and front, stack arms and lie down on the ground to sleep. Early on the morning of the 6th, we shook out our blankets, dried the heavy dew from our garments, ate our frugal meal, ranged our files and ranked our lines and waited the order to advance in line of battle. Near six o'clock, the march began towards Point of Rocks, six miles from the landing. At an old church two miles out, the tenth army corps took the right-hand road leading towards the James, and the 18th continued directly towards Walthall's landing and the Appomattox. No troops of the enemy were seen. Near Point of Rocks all went into camp, halting for camp equipage, artillery, ammunition and stores. During this day, Heckman's brigade of the 18th corps had the advance and furnished the skirmish line. In the afternoon, we constructed a breastwork of rails, logs, trees and dirt; and, by night, this extemporized line extended from the James to the Appomattox. Supplies came up; the weather was fine; the *morale* of the army excellent. Butler and Smith were often seen riding along the







*U. S. Grant*



lines over the fields. Both received our cheers whenever near. On the 7th, Brooks' division advanced to the railroad which runs from Walthall's to the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad. His troops destroyed the bridges, burned the ties and bent the rails for a few hundred yards. Later in the day, a strong Confederate force, under D. H. Hill, appeared in front. Heckman's brigade from the second division came to our support. Heavy skirmishing followed. We gained some advantages, but were compelled to retire with the loss of nearly three hundred men. Gen. Heckman was slightly wounded and his horse killed. This day the 25th Massachusetts confronted the 25th South Carolina regiment.



Heckman was the best fighter of the Army of the James. He had the most sagacity and living courage, and handled his command best under fire. During an engagement he was accustomed to ride slowly along behind his line, to examine well the position of the enemy, direct his own officers to take advantage of the accidents of the ground, and to speak to them in the coolest and most self-possessed manner imaginable. He was thin, small, nervous, wiry, without much force or spirit, but his courage was of the first order.

The Army of the James rested on the 8th day of May, and we availed ourselves of that opportunity to collect material for this interesting and reliable history, and to knit the fringed or raveled ends of a few personal observations together.

The portion which we have so far seen of Chesterfield county is fertile and tolerably well cultivated. The surface is generally level or slightly undulating, and the productions are the same as those of central New York. The bank of the Appomattox is high and steep. About three miles from City Point, a ledge of limestone crops out along the shore, and the place is called Point of Rocks. No rocks are apparent east of these. Here Butler established his base hospital; and Dr. McCormic, his medical director, with his medical staff, at once went to work to lay out the ground, raise the tents and construct the buildings.

Petersburg, at present our objective point, lies on an angle of



Dinwiddie county, on the south bank of the Appomattox, twenty-two miles from Richmond and nine from City Point. Vessels requiring six feet of water ascend to the city, but Waithall's landing, six miles below, is the harbor for Petersburg. Railroads connect it with City Point, Richmond, Norfolk and the South. A short railroad runs from Walthall's to the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. The two cities are also connected by an old turnpike or state road, wide, generally level, and without fences at the sides, or bridges over the streams. The population of Dinwiddie county, in 1860, was 30,198, of whom over half lived in Petersburg.

Early on the morning of the 9th, the whole command started for the doomed city, the 18th corps on the left, the 10th on the right. "Baldy" Smith commanded the former, and Gen. Gillmore the latter.

Smith skirmished with the enemy from the junction of the railroads, and drove him back, with little loss, beyond Swift's creek. The stream is but a small tributary of the Appomattox, and at that point, about three miles from the city, runs nearly parallel with the river. The creek has high banks covered by thick, primitive forests; behind it the enemy retired. On the night of the 9th, after dark, our forces took their position, divided by the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, along the left bank of this sylvan stream. Brooks' division was on the right of the railroad, and the rest of the 18th corps on the left. Brooks connected with the 10th corps. During the day, in this advance, we had skirmished with the enemy, wounded a few, killed a few, captured a few.

The railroad crossed the creek on a trestle bridge about sixty rods in our front. For miles around, the country was covered with primitive, tangled southern forests. Front, rear and flank, all was wood. When night came on, the wind dwindled to a whisper, which rustled in the leaves and sighed in the pine-tops; the owl hooted in her leafy tower; the whippoorwills sang in concert along the margin of the stream; the roaring of the water over the rapids rose and fell on the air, and brightly the evening fires gleamed, and their arrowy sparkles quivered, along the forest branches.

Our tour of duty came, "doomed for a certain time to walk the night," and take charge of the picket for Marston's brigade, which extended from the railroad, fifty rods to the right, through the

deep wood, and, as we have said, about sixty rods from the stream. At 10 o'clock, P.M., we posted them and spent most of the time during the night walking up and down behind them, in the forest shades, ranging our "Suliot band."

One of our batteries was in position a little behind the point where the line of battle crossed the railroad. Twice during the night, the enemy ran his cars, loaded with troops, down to the bridge, and, unloading them, charged along the road upon us to take the battery. We could plainly hear the approach of his cars, hear him stop them and order the troops to get out, hear him form them, and give the command to advance.

At the second charge, our troops near the railroad moved up to the picket line and discharged a volley along the road and into the woods. Suffering heavily, the enemy was repulsed each time with rifle and cannon. But the terrors of that night battle, the shouts of the enemy, the flash and roar of the rifle and cannon, the deep darkness of the woods, the uncertainty that our troops were holding their position, filled our pickets with fear and caused them to abandon their posts. After the enemy had retired and the battle died away, it was our duty, a Herculean task, to find them again, collect them together and replace them. Up and down the line, back to the line of battle, forward to the picket line, we went a dozen times, tangling, groping, picking our way. All the while the cries of the enemy's wounded and dying came from the front and made night hideous. As the morning hours chilled their gaping wounds, their cries became more loud and piercing and frequent. From eleven to three, the battle and firing along the railroad were incessant; every moment of these four hours was a screaming horror. Tired, hungry, exhausted, at times deserted, in all our round, we never passed such a night on duty before. For months afterwards, the shrieks, yells, moans and cries of the enemy's wounded rang in our ears. The brigade picket, unnerved by the surrounding horrors, their senses appalled, became panic-stricken, and officers and men left their posts regardless of duty, danger and honor. That night battle in the woods of Petersburg baffles description. Every sound seemed to have treble effect in the deep darkness of the unknown wood. Front, flank and rear were alike uncertain, and all the elements of a panic, confusion, terror and dismay, pressed upon us on all sides round, like Ocean round a diving bell. It was a miserable night,

“So full of ugly sights,  
That as I am a Christian, faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time.”

To illustrate its effect upon our troops we relate that about 4 A. M., the corps officer of the picket rode to Gen. Marston, who was sleeping on the ground beside a fallen tree. He requested the general to go with him and show him the pickets of his brigade. Marston was a New Hampshire lawyer, about forty-five years of age, and, at that time, a member of congress. All had been quiet since three o'clock.—Marston mounted his horse and, followed by the corps officer, struck off through the woods towards the rear. After riding half a mile, Marston began to look for his picket, and expressed shortly afterwards a wish to know what had become of them. “In the name of God, General,” said the corps officer, “you are not looking for your picket here, I hope !” “Certainly,” replied the General, “where else should I look for them ?” “Why, we are here in the rear of your line of battle a half mile or more,” rejoined the indignant outpost commander, and, turning round sharply, rode back to the front. Marston said for excuse and apology, that *he himself was bewildered and turned round.*

Between 9 and 10 A. M., Butler's forces began to retire. An hour after the troops had gone, we were directed to collect our pickets, fold them up, and follow the main body. This movement was soon discovered by the enemy, and, not long afterwards, we heard him crossing the bridge and forming his line of battle. He followed us to the sound of drum, fife and trumpet, carefully, however, with skirmishers in front. The corps in this retreat, tore up several hundred feet of the railroad, bent the bars and burnt the ties. By 3 P. M., all moving back to camp again at Bermuda Hundred, we

“Whispered in an undertone,  
Let the hawk stoop—his prey is flown.”

But why did we march up and then march down again? While along Swift's creek, the night of the 9th, Butler telegraphed to Washington: “Lieutenant-General Grant will not be troubled with any more reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard's forces.”

Butler, encouraged by his success, determined to drive the

enemy across the Appomattox into Petersburg and capture that place. But, during the night, news came from Washington that Lee, vanquished by Meade, was in full retreat towards Richmond. If so, he might fall heavily upon the Army of the James and crush it to atoms. Butler decided to stand from under, to recall his troops from Swift's creek, to strengthen his lines at Bermuda Hundred, and to prepare for active operations against Richmond.

Returning to camp at Bermuda Hundred the 10th of May, the Army of the James rested and refitted on the 11th, and, early on the 12th, took up the war-path again.

Striking boldly and freely out from the intrenchments to the railroad and pike leading from Petersburg to Richmond, it halted for an hour to let Kautz's division of cavalry pass. Kautz, holding the pike for a few miles, turned to the left, swept near Chesterfield court-house, destroyed the Richmond and Danville railroad near Coalfield and Powhatan stations; crossed the Weldon road at Jarratt's station, passed by Prince George's court-house, and returned to City Point on the 17th.

Leaving a heavy force under Gen. Ames to guard their rear from the direction of Petersburg, the 18th corps followed the turnpike, and the 10th corps marched up the railroad, northward towards Fort Darling and Richmond.

For that day the weather was rainy and disagreeable. In the morning we passed over a part of the ground where the rear of Gillmore fought on the 10th with the pursuing enemy. The woods had been fired, and our dead, unburied, still lay on the ground, half burned.

We marched with flankers on the right; two companies of the 98th were detailed for this purpose, under command of Capt. Hildreth. On the evening, in a drizzling rain, we bivouacked along Proctor's creek. The enemy had fallen back behind this creek, and taken a position in a fortified line, the outworks of Fort Darling.

All day General Heckman had the advance, skirmishing with the enemy. During the night, a steady, pouring rain fell; and, on the morning of the 13th, the 98th, wet to the skin, was ordered to report to Gen. Heckman. About 7 A. M., the advance began. At 10 A. M., we crossed, with but little opposition, Kingsland's creek, and ascended the ridge near the Half-way House. As we marched over the rising ground, we saw the troops before us, in a wide open field observing apparently, perfectly, the skirmisher drill, drive

the enemy before them. Our men stood boldly up, and, marching at a rapid rate, kept up their fire and pressed the Confederates in the woods beyond. The line of battle advanced with the light troops and rested for the night on both sides of the main road, 80 rods in front of the Half-way House.—Here, for the night, the 98th was directed to support a battery. The enemy threw solid shot at the battery; none did any damage. A few random rifle balls came over from the skirmish line: one of those Corp'l Hiney, of the color guard, caught in his coat. Just at sunset the Confederates tried to break our line by a charge down the pike towards the battery. They drove back the light troops and were succeeding apparently very well, when the battery opened and our whole force rose and cheered and yelled. The Confederate advance ceased, and the battle died away.

During this day, the 10th corps turned the enemy's right; and, on the morning of the 14th, both corps advanced and drove him into his rifle pits and forts.

In this advance, companies D and H, of the 98th, under Capts. Gile and Davis, in the forenoon, and F and I under Capt. L. A. Rogers, in the afternoon, were on the skirmish line. The remainder of the regiment supported the battery until 5 P. M., when it reported to General Heckman again. This general had the extreme right on the right of the turnpike, somewhat advanced. Colonel Cole's colored cavalry connected his brigade with the James. On the evening of the 14th, Butler enclosed the enemy's earthworks on three sides, and, during that night, the 98th was the extreme right of the infantry line; nothing between it and the James, on a mile or more of meadow lands, but scattered vedettes from Cole's cavalry.

We were to assault the works in front on the 15th at 4 in the morning. But Gens. Butler, Gillmore and Smith held a consultation during the night at the mansion of Dr. Freund, which we passed near Proctor's creek. They decided that their line was too thin to make the attack, and postponed the assault until the morning of the 16th. With this delay Butler lost his opportunity again. It cost him a bootless battle and four thousand men.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men;”

and in the tented field there are golden chances to advance and win, which sagacity must seize.

General Beauregard is in command of the Confederates, and he prepares a similar movement. During the 15th the troops changed their position several times; they pressed closely the enemy's works so that they were all day under fire. At night the 98th was at Heckman's left, on its left were the 8th Maine and the 21st Connecticut; further left were the 18th and 10th corps, forming a line five miles long, concave towards the front. They constructed a rude breast-work of logs; the skirmishers were from twenty to one hundred yards in front; the enemy's main work was one thousand yards distant. About dark, the outpost firing, which for twenty-four hours had been constant, ceased entirely, but the utmost vigilance was maintained. They were to assault at 4 A. M., the 16th.

It rained slowly most all day; the ground and bushes were wet. We made us a hut of boards from an old fence. In this Col. Wead and the writer lay down, about 9 P. M., to sleep. During the day neither of them had eaten anything but hard bread. Their three days' rations gave out the night of the 14th, and they sent Alfred Courtright back to camp for food. He was directed to neither halt nor tarry, but to make what speed he could. Though his pass was from "Baldy," Alfred was delayed by provost guards and by an attack in our rear on Gen. Ames. The roads were slippery, muddy, and the streams swollen. Near eleven, Alfred returning knocked at the *door* of our bivouac. Said Col. Wead: "Courtright, for the love of God, where have you been, and what have you got?" Disregarding the first part of the interrogation, Alfred said: "I've got a ham and some cheese, coffee and soft bread; but the ham isn't cooked." After a little consultation, it was decided to postpone the ham until morning, and take the cheese, coffee and bread, *sur le champ*, on the spot. Alfred laid the ham on the leaves, under the floor of our bivouac, and spread his frugal board before us. We soon after fell asleep.

Between two and three in the morning, we heard a few rifle shots in the front, and calling to Isaac, our colored man-servant, who slept on the ground near by, asked him to get up and ascertain, if possible, what was going on. Isaac arose and listened. Not reporting, we called out: "Isaac, what do you hear—what is going on?" "Nuffen, sir, nuffen: only I guess de 'skeeters are troubling de picket line a leetle!"

At that time a dense fog began to rise from the river and creep over the country. At day-break, however, the ball opened with

heavy picket firing, vigorous shell and case firing from the redoubt. Soon after, the enemy advanced in force, drove back our outposts, approached our breastworks in the fog, and assaulted our line. He was repulsed from all points by a well-directed fire. During this demonstration, the enemy hurled against the right of Heckman a column which had crossed from the north side of the James during the night. Himself and more than half his brigade were captured or killed.

The enemy marched down Heckman's line from right to left and scattered all his regiments, taking them one after another in flank. Arriving at the 98th, his advance was checked, as reported by Col. Wead. "I changed the front of my regiment to rear on its left company, and received the leading regiment, the 23d Virginia vols., with an unexpected fire which threw it into confusion. The enemy then marched by his right flank with the purpose of turning our left, but he was again repulsed by the 8th Maine, which occupied the breastworks at right angles to our line. At the same time my right wing was attacked by the 14th Georgia, which it handsomely repulsed. After the enemy was thus checked, the 98th and the 8th Maine were withdrawn by order of Gen. Smith, through the woods back to the Half-way House, and posted across the turnpike, forming a line of battle with the 9th New Jersey and 21st Conn."

Wead's report and statements went to army headquarters, and were never contradicted. They explain how the advance was checked. But Greeley and Lossing say: "The 112th New York, of Ames' division, which had been sent to Smith, came up. Being at that instant joined by the 9th Me., the two regiments checked the assailants by a stubborn resistance."

The enemy pursued and attacked us again in our new position, near the Half-way House, and after an hour of severe fighting was repulsed in disorder.

In the second battle of the day, the writer commanded the 98th, and Colonel Wead had charge of a provisional brigade, formed by General Weitzel, Butler's chief of staff, of the 9th N. J., 8th Me., 21st Conn., and 98th N. Y.

This brigade, a light battery and Colonel Cole's colored cavalry, (Cole of Hiscock notoriety), under the direction of General Weitzel, saved the Army of the James. The positions it took and held under his direction were vital. Holding the turnpike, checking the enemy for a few hours, prevented Gillmore, who had been

sorely pressed, from being cut off, and allowed him to retire. From Greeley and Lossing the reader is led to infer that two regiments stemmed the tide of conflict and saved the day.

Col. Wead, in his report to corps headquarters, said: "The 9th N. J. sustained its well established reputation; the 8th Me. exhibited great steadiness and tenacity; the 21st Conn. fought gallantly; my own regiment obeyed its orders, and my senior officer managed it with bravery and ability."

With other troops, this brigade, commanded by Col. Wead, formed the rear guard in the retreat, that afternoon, for the Army of the James.

The 98th lost that day, in killed and wounded, one hundred and three officers and men. But one man straggled, and none were made prisoners. During the early evening all returned to camp, sorely beaten, but not disheartened, cast down, but not destroyed.

All day we had nothing to eat, nothing but water to drink. We thought a thousand times of the ham which we had left that morning under the floor of our bivouac. What had become of the ten lost tribes of Israel, of the seventh star in the Pleiades, of the lost books of Livy, never received such deep, anxious, earnest inquiry and consideration.





## CHAPTER XV

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The Fortifications of Bermuda Hundred—Butler, how bottled up—The 18th Corps sent to Cold Harbor—The Landing at White House, and the March to Cold Harbor—The Parson's Ride—The 9th Heavy Artillery—The Corps in Order—Waiting to go in—A Night's Blunder and its Result—June 2d, we rest, and June 3d, the whole Army charges the Confederate Line—Col. Wead mortally wounded—His Character—The Intrenchments—A Mid-summer Night's Dream—The Confederate Charge of June 4th—The Author holds Sick-call in the Trenches, and gives a Dinner in the 3d Parallel—Death of Capt. L. A. Rogers—The 18th Corps returns to Bermuda Hundred—The Army of the Potomac transferred to City Point and Petersburg.

AFTER the defeat of the Army of the James at Drury's Bluffs, it retired within its intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, and completed under the direction of Gen. Weitzel that line of works which for defensive operations was not surpassed during the war.

In front of and parallel to that of the Army of the James, Beauregard constructed a similar line of intrenchments. From the 17th to the 26th of May, both armies worked like beavers at their fortifications.

If Butler's position was impregnable, so was that of the enemy also. If Butler was unable to undertake offensive movements, the secure position which he held was of vast importance in connection with the operations of the Army of the Potomac.

Butler was not bottled up; he could move in every direction but one. His line of communication was undisturbed. He had a daily mail, and the James was full of his transports, gun-boats and supply-ships. He could cross the James at Haxall's or any other point. He could send the 18th corps to reinforce the Army of the Potomac at White House. He could cross the Appomattox at Point of Rocks and move upon Petersburg along the right bank of that river. Yet Butler, mortified because he had succeeded so poorly with his splendid army, sneeringly said when Grant directed

him to send the 18th corps to Meade at White House, that the necessities of the Army of the Potomac had bottled him up.

The line of works constructed by Weitzel extended from the James below the Howlett house to the Appomattox a few miles above Point of Rocks.

First, there was a strong line of earthworks consisting of breastworks and redoubts, so high that troops and teams were secure behind them. The inside of the intrenchments were supported with timber and the embrasures for the cannon were constructed of sand-bags. To prevent the action of the weather, as well as to render them more secure, a row of sand-bags lay on the top of the breastworks throughout their whole extent. Second, outside this line was a deep ditch, and in front of the ditch an abatis, ingeniously constructed of sharpened branches of trees driven in or staked to the ground; outside of all was a row of pointed palisades inclining towards the front. In Butler's farewell address to the Army of the James he said, "that it made its defensive works so strong that they held themselves." So far as the eye or glass could detect the works constructed by the Confederate engineers were similar.

Though we sent daily large details for picket or for labor on the intrenchments, we still had time to obtain clothing, arms and other necessary supplies.

On the 19th and 20th, Beauregard assaulted the right of this line, captured a few of the pickets and working parties, and pressed back the divisions of Ames and Terry. The line each day was restored after heavy fighting and much loss on both sides. After these no other attempts were made, the pickets became friendly, exchanged papers, traded coffee and tobacco, and communicated items of war-news.

From the 13th to the 31st of May, Meade and Lee confronted each other with their immense armies, manœuvred and counter-manœuvred, watched for weak points in the dispositions of each other, intrenched, skirmished, fought from Spottsylvania courthouse to Cold Harbor.

On the 27th, we received orders to be ready with three days' cooked rations in haversacks, to march at a moment's notice. Later, we are informed that we shall go by transports, that we must leave under guard the heavy baggage and surplus stores. On inquiry, we learned that the order was given to four divisions, one

of the 10th and three of the 18th corps, twelve thousand in number, and that Gen. Smith was assigned to their command.

On the 28th, the four divisions marched back to Bermuda Hundred; on the morning of the 29th, they embarked and steamed down the James. Passing Fortress Monroe during the night, and ascending the York river and the Pamunkey, they landed at White House during the morning of the 30th.

Sheridan's scouts and a few of his cavalry were on the ground at our arrival. We learned that Sheridan's cavalry and Wright's corps, the 6th, were at Cold Harbor, and that Meade was pressing Lee everywhere with success, and driving him back towards Richmond; that the Army of the Potomac had crossed the Pamunkey at Hanover town, New Castle and Piping Tree fords, and that Lee was somewhere south of the Tolopatomoy on the old battle ground of Cold Harbor, between Porter and Jackson in 1862. We were directed to take three days' cooked rations in haversacks, ten days' rations in bulk, sixty rounds of ammunition to a man in pockets and cartridge boxes and forty in wagons, and march, on the morning of the 31st, by way of New Castle, to the right of the Army of the Potomac. The troops, manifest the greatest haste, and are anxious to share in the overthrow and capture of Lee. At 7 or 8 o'clock on the morning of the 31st, they took up the line of march, Brooks' division in front, along the river road up the Pamunkey towards New Castle. The country appeared rich and prosperous; the clover was passing from the blossom; the wheat was ripening for the harvest, and the corn was tasseling. Twelve or fifteen miles out, the corps halted about 4 o'clock, P. M., for the night, and bivouacked along a warm, sandy ridge, covered with oak and pine forests, wheat and corn fields, near an old Episcopal church and its parsonage. The parson was at home, and claimed to be a Union man. Wishing to see the men as they were bivouacking along the road and in the fields and woods, Gen. Brooks furnished him with a horse, and, with several of his staff, rode with him around among his troops. The parson wore an old stove-pipe hat, a swallow-tailed, broad-cloth coat, a farmer's satin vest, a white shirt and neck-tie, shining, smooth, black doe-skin trousers, white stockings and low shoes. Of middle height, he was slim and of red complexion. The General rode fast, and the parson's shirt worked out of his vest and his trousers worked up. Wherever they passed, the men shouted and cheered.

In riding the parson beat Ichabod Crane in the Sketch Book. We believe he was a Union man ; we see him riding now, and like his earnest frankness, his smiling and intelligent countenance.

The 98th bivouacked in the edge of a wood fringed at the left by a little stream. The smoke rose perpendicularly in the calm, clear, azure air from our evening fires, and our banners drooped along their staves. Long before the bee had left his bivouac under the leaf, long before the flowers had opened their petals to the morning sun, while that lingering star, with lessening ray, that loves to greet the early morn, was shining in the east, we ate our morning meal and resumed the march.

When near the Piping Tree, a staff officer from Gen. Grant came riding along our line in hot haste. His orderlies were far behind him, his horse was white with foam, and bloody from the spurs. His manner indicated the greatest haste, excitement and earnestness. His rank was lieutenant-colonel, and his sash and sword-belt placed him in the general staff. He inquired for Gen. Smith. We soon learned that we were off our road, that there was a mistake in giving the order ; instead of going to the right, we must join the left of the Army of the Potomac.

We halted a short time, then, going a little farther, turned to the left, and, after marching about ten miles, struck the direct road leading from White House to Cold Harbor. This road was wide, well made and well traveled. At a point where we turned from it, towards evening, to take the Gaines' Mill road, we saw a sign on which was painted : " Twelve miles to Richmond ; " and the men said : " Let us take that road ; " " Richmond is a hard road to travel ; " " If that's the way to Richmond, what the devil are we going to Gaines' Mill for ? "

Following the Gaines' Mill road till near six o'clock, we arrived on the battle-ground of Cold Harbor, at the left of the 6th corps, and behind the light troops of Sheridan, who had held the position all day. As we approached, we could hear the report of the rifles on the skirmish line in front, and we soon after discerned the 6th corps in battle. Later, we learned that the troops whom we saw in the skirmish belonged to the 9th N. Y. artillery, raised in Wayne and Cayuga counties. They advanced in good order, with alacrity, fired rapidly, and pressed the enemy back upon his intrenchments.

We had marched twenty-five miles that day, and, though the

weather was warm, the roads dry and dusty, we were directed to hurry up the men behind, form our ranks, take our position in line, and assist in charging and endeavoring to carry the enemy's position in front. We moved about twenty rods to the right of the road, ate hastily in our hands, sitting and standing, from our haversacks, our evening meal, then ranked the files and ranged the lines and rested, standing, listening, observing, while

Rampant War  
Yoked the red dragons to his iron car.

As the 18th corps thus stood in line of battle on the 1st of June, at Cold Harbor, its right was commanded by Gen. Martindale, its centre by Gen. Brooks, and its left by Gen. Charles Devens. Its left connected with the 6th corps, along the Gaines' Mill road; its right was covered by Warren's corps. The battle-field was broad, open, undulating, rising gently towards the front. A fourth of a mile distant, in the farther edge of a wood, the Confederates had a line of rifle-pits and a low breastwork of logs and rails, thrown up during the day and the evening before. Behind this first line was an open field, and beyond the field about eighty rods, was another wood, in the nearest edge of which was the enemy's second line.

We stand waiting, looking, listening; the sun is less than an hour high; and the light troops, between us and the enemy, are engaged in the hazy, dewy, evening air. At our right is the 96th and 139th, and at the left the 81st N. Y. vols.

One of the youngest colonels in the service, E. M. Cullen, commands the 96th.

He has ridden all day a light, roan horse; young, restive, unaccustomed to battle. Cullen commanded at Coinjock, while we were at Pungo; and, though he was stationed in North Carolina hunting guerrillas, he too has never been in battle. Son of Dr. Cullen of Brooklyn, he has had every opportunity to inform himself, and no pains have been spared in his education. Nervous, intelligent, steeped to the lips in poetry and literature, he has become enamored of military glory, and wishes to distinguish himself in the field; but now Bellona, in all her terrible reality, in her Gorgon terrors clad, stares him in the face. Far different her appearance now from when he saw her first in imagination, at his home of ease and luxury in Brooklyn. He becomes embarrassed, grows pale; his horse dashes about in an ungovernable manner.

Riding furiously up to Col. Wead he said: "Do you think they intend to take us in battle to-night?"

"I have no doubt of it," said Wead.

"What, after marching all day as we have done!" exclaimed Cullen.

"Certainly," said Wead.

Cullen rode back; informed his men that they were going to fight; exhorted them to keep in line, obey orders, and preserve presence of mind. When the order to advance was given, he became sick, fell behind and let his regiment go. He was not a coward; the fault was in his nervous constitution. We saw him often afterwards, during the summer's campaign, on fatigue, in skirmish and battle; his youthful cheeks became embrowned with exposure and the sun, until he appeared like the female mummy in the Smithsonian Institute.

After the war Cullen became Gov. Tilden's engineer-in-chief.

While the low sun was sinking in the west, the 18th corps advanced and captured the whole of the enemy's first line. He opposed us with rifle and cannon, and fell back before our skirmishers, so that the main troops were not generally engaged. While standing within his works in the twilight, eight or ten of the 98th were wounded; among them Captains Gile and Davis.

Numerous staff-officers hurried to and fro, swept along our line in greatest haste and most reckless manner, and ordered to re-form the troops and charge the works in front. It was after eight when both corps passed on to the second and stronger hostile line. The Confederates fought obstinately and held it; night put an end to the advance, but not to the conflict; and, standing in arms, we kept up a desultory fire all night on the ground we had gained.

Lossing in his History says, that the army bivouacked during the night. Devens at our left, fearing from certain indications in his front, a night attack, sent to Brooks for aid. Brooks directed Marston to send the 98th to Devens. After nine o'clock, picking our way and tangling into a piece of wood, Wead reported to Devens; all the while, far and near, right and left, were constant cannon and rifle firing. Roar of cannon, crash of shell, report of rifle, and yell of charging enemy were incessant, till late in the night.

After 10 o'clock, Devens, putting the 98th in charge of one of his staff, sent it, marching by the right flank, through the wood to support one of his regiments. Soon the rattling of the men among

the brush and trees attracted some one's attention in front, and he poured a volley down along our line lengthwise. We stop; the ground rises before us, and the aim of the firing is too high. Staff-officer says: "These are our men, there is some mistake; wait awhile, and the firing will stop." Firing does not stop, and the aim is better. Staff-officer goes to report, hastens for orders and instructions, and never comes back. Our position is terribly embarrassing, frightfully uncomfortable. Our ignorance of the place, the darkness, the wood, the uncertainty, whether the firing is from friend or foe, increase the horrors of that night's battle. The writer walked from the centre to the head of the regiment and asked Col. Wead what the firing meant. Wead replied, "We are the victims of some one's blunder." We suggested: "Let us withdraw the regiment, or fire at the enemy in front. We can't stay here and make no reply. Our men are being killed, or wounded fast." Wead remarked: "I have no orders to do either, they may be our men in front. I am here by direction of Gen. Devens, and one of his staff has gone to report the facts to him. He will return in a short time. If we are all killed, I don't see that I can prevent it, or am to blame for it."

We asked Col. Wead to have the men lie down. The order, "Lie down," was passed along the line, and we returned to our position by the colors. Subsequently, Col. Wead joined us there. The firing continued; the range became lower; the men lying down were wounded fast. We all lay down. Col. Wead was struck a glancing blow on the shoulder strap by a rifle ball; and, after lying senseless for a moment, said to the writer, "I am wounded, take the command." We arose immediately, walked along the line, and quietly withdrew the men to the lower edge of the wood where we had entered.

In that night's plunder the regiment lost forty-two men, killed and wounded; among them Capt. L. A. Rogers; Sergts. Sam'l Sherman, Foster Dow, Peter Fritz, Samuel Howes, Joseph Perry, and R. S. Cummings. Sergeants Dow and Sherman died June 2d.

During the night and early morning, Col. Wead and the wounded crawled back to the regiment. The more severely wounded were carried back half a mile farther to an old barn, beside the Gaines' Mill road, where their wounds were dressed and whence they were taken in ambulances to White House.

Nothing could equal the horrors of that night's battle; the

blundering march into the enemy's intrenchments; his merciless fire; the cries of our wounded and dying; the irresolute stupidity and want of sagacity of the conducting officer, deepen the plot and color the picture.

The writer's authority for withdrawing the regiment never was questioned.

We rested the 2d day, and the whole army reorganized for the 3d.

Grant desired to drive the enemy from his second line.

At 4 A. M. of the 3d, he intended to make the attempt, and issued his orders accordingly. By that hour on the 3d, the 18th corps was formed for the charge in three lines; first, a heavy skirmish line; second, a line consisting of regiments deployed; third a line formed of regiments in solid column doubled on the centre. The 98th was in the third line. The whole army advanced together at sunrise.

The corps lay that morning in order of battle from right to left; the 9th, the 5th, the 18th, the 6th, the 2d. Wilson's cavalry was on the right, and Sheridan's on the left towards White House and the Chickahominy.

Within twenty minutes after the order to advance had been given, one of the most sanguinary battles of the war, "quick, sharp and decisive," had transpired, and ten thousand of the Nationals lay dead or wounded on the field. By this battle the Army of the Potomac gained nothing, but the 18th corps captured and held a projecting portion of the enemy's breastwork in front. The 98th knew well the ground that it helped to capture; for there lay its dead left on the night of the 1st. Within a few yards of the line lay privates Strickland, Osterhouse, Drury, Lowndsbury, Thomas and others, victims of Gen. Devens' blunder. One day's sun had turned them black.

The men at once began the construction of a breastwork, using their hands, tin cups and bayonets. Later, they procured picks and shovels. They laid the dead in line and covered them over, and to build the breastwork used rails, logs, limbs, leaves, and dirt. The enemy's shells, solid shot, and rifle-balls, all the while showered upon them and hit every limb and twig about or above them. Nothing saved us but a slight elevation of the ground in front. A limb cut by a solid shot felled Gen. Marston to the ground. Three boyish soldiers, thinking to do the state service, picked him up, and were



hurrying him to the rear, when he recovered his consciousness and compelled them to drop himself. In a short time he walked slowly back to the front.

In this advance and during the day our regimental flag received fifty-two bullet holes, and the regiment lost, killed and wounded, sixty-one. Col. Wead rose to his feet an instant on the captured line, when a rifle-ball pierced his neck and cut the sub-clavian vein. He was carried back to the barn beside the road, where he died the same day.

Frederick F. Wead was the son of Samuel C. Wead, the business partner of Hon. Wm. A. Wheeler. He was in stature about five feet five inches, of light complexion, firmly knit, and strong. An only son, he had grown up petted, indulged, well-nigh spoiled. His experience in the service was of the greatest benefit. Camp-life was stripping him of his snobbish, fast and finical notions; and his responsibilities and duties were developing the good material in him. Naturally intelligent, shrewd, quick of apprehension, he promised to become one of the most reliable and efficient officers in the army. At the time of his death, his regiment was one of the largest, best drilled and best handled in the 18th corps. Heckman, Weitzel, Devens, Brooks had rested their arm upon it for support. Young, ambitious, hopeful, the patriot will drop a tear on his grave. None gave his life more bravely and freely than he.

“How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
With all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.”

The army constructed three principal lines of breast-works, varying from twenty to fifty yards apart. These lines were connected by deep zigzag ditches or approaches, furnishing secure passage back and forth to the different parallels. They were all

filled to overflowing with troops, and by the 5th were sufficiently strong to defy assault.

Though the effort to advance ceased on the morning of the 3d of June, the firing was maintained, uninterrupted, by both armies for several days.

On the night of the 4th, the 98th moved from the second line through the approach to the front line, and relieved the 118th N. Y and the 10th N. H. It had barely time to take its position when the Confederates made a night attack along our whole front. For twenty minutes before, the rain of shells and balls was terrific; the missiles tore and screamed and sang and howled along the air. Every branch and leaf was struck; every inch of the trees and breastworks was pierced. Then the firing ceased along his line for a few minutes, while the enemy crossed his breastworks and formed for the charge, when,

At once there rose so wild a yell,  
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
Had pealed the banner cry of hell.

But no living thing could face that "rattling shower" of ball and shell which poured from our lines upon them. They fell to the ground, they crept away, they hushed the yell of battle. The horrors of that night-assault baffle description. One may as well attempt to paint Niagara or a conflagration, Waterloo or Gettysburg. The roar of our cannon and redoubled volleys surpassed the thunder of heaven.

Lee's effort failed; the battle died away. How his army got back and with what loss, history has never written. His wounded crawled back to his lines, and a long, gray swath of dead men lay before them in the morning.

During the 5th, an assault was made on the left. On the 6th, Burnside and Warren were transferred from the right to the left of the army, when another night-attack was made on the right. During these efforts the enemy shelled and fired upon our front with more than his accustomed energy.

On the 7th, Grant's line was extended to the Chickahominy, near Bottom's bridge, where the enemy was found in force.

On the night of the 5th, the 98th was relieved by the 21st Conn., and ordered to the third line in the rear. Since June the 1st we had lived among the dead, and breathed the putrid air. There,

for the first, we had an opportunity to eat, to sleep, to wash in running water, to change our raiment and feel clean. We compared ourselves to the young Shunammite, whom Elisha raised. During those five days no surgeon came near us. The writer, with Josiah Cook, hospital steward, and brother of Sydney G. Gook, of Sodus, held the regimental sick-calls in the trenches under fire. Some of the sick were sent to the rear, others were allowed to lie down in the shade where the breastworks were securest and highest.

Knowing that we were to be relieved on the 5th, we sent Alfred Courtright and Isaac to the rear to bring up our satchel to the third line, to obtain some food and to prepare a meal for us there. We gave them some money, and an order on the brigade commissary for bread, rice, coffee, sugar and fresh beef. We directed them to make some soup, to put some rice with the beef, and stew them well in a camp-kettle. We also gave them an order on our old friend of the Christian Commission, Rev. Mr. Harris, for a bottle of *spiritus vini Gallici*, or brandy.

The quarter-master, commissary-sergeant, and company cooks received explicit orders to draw, cook and have ready in the third line the regimental rations. The aggregate present was over three hundred and fifty men.

We were relieved after three P. M., and it was five before we sat down under an arbor in the trench to eat the first rational meal for five days. A few tin-plates, cups, knives and forks had escaped the general wreck. We used boards from bread-boxes for tables and dishes. Officers Stanton, Lewis, Harris, Allen, sat down around our camp-kettles, while the enemy's shells and balls were whistling over us in the glowing sunlight of that afternoon.

While arranging and adjusting our tables, a solid shot passed so near that several of us felt its breath. At the same time, to the right, a few rods, a shell exploded in the headquarters of Gen. Brooks, wounded one of his staff, and killed an orderly and his horse.

Observing Col. Stevens, of the 13th N. H., member of congress, whose regiment lay at our right, watching us with his mouth watering, we beckoned him to draw near. He came, followed by his major. We pointed to the bottle of *spiritus vini Gallici*, and directed Courtright to obtain a piece of board for the member of congress and the major. Stevens took the flowing bowl, that is

the bottle, and explored long and complacently, like an astronomer, the azure depths of the evening sky. "Captain," said he, "where did you get that? I haven't ever had anything do me so much good in my life. It's five days since I've had anything to eat or drink but hard-tack, and this miserable brook-water." "A friend of ours in the Christian Commission, four miles away, obtained it for us of the doctors," we replied.

Col. Cullen, of the 96th N. Y., who was on the sick-list, and whose regiment lay on the left, seeing Stevens drink standing, joined us and said: "Captain, what have you?" We replied: "Pardon us, Colonel, for not sending for you; we thought you supplied. We have *spiritus vini Gallici*, prepared by the doctors. Will you take a glass with us?" "With pleasure," said Cullen; "I love to share a soldier's battle joys." He repeated before drinking, from Walter Scott, a stanza of the Soldier's Song:

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Paul  
Laid a swinging, long curse on the bonny, brown bowl;  
That there is wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,  
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack.  
Yet whoop! bully boys, off with your liquor,  
Drink to the bottom and a fig for the vicar.

We had barely finished our repast when Capt. Lawrence, adjutant-general of the brigade, approached and saluting us, said: "Captain, you are the senior officer of the brigade, and I report to you for orders. Every field-officer and every captain of superior rank is *hors de combat*." Our command of the brigade lasted until the close of the following day.

June 7th, the 98th returned to the first line, where it remained until the evening of the 10th, when it was relieved. On the 12th it was marched back to White House. Embarking on the 13th, it arrived in the old camp at Bermuda Hundred on the 14th.

During the twelve days at Cold Harbor, the regiment lost one hundred and twenty-one officers and men killed and wounded. It received the highest praise from its brigade and division commanders.

Capt. L. A. Rogers died of his wound July 9th, at Washington. He was a brave and efficient officer. His courage and administrative ability were at a premium. Flattering positions were several times offered him on the brigade and division staffs.

From the 6th, the Army of the Potomac kept extending and moving towards the left. After the 18th corps embarked at White House, that place ceased to be the base of supplies, and the ties and rails of the York river road were sent to City Point. The 2d and 5th corps crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge on the 12th and 13th; Wright and Burnside with the 6th and 9th corps crossed that river lower down at Jones' bridge, whilst the trains, for greater safety, took a longer route and crossed still farther down at Cole's ferry. Before the evening of June 16, the whole army had crossed the James below Harrison's landing, and Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia, had retired within the fortifications of Richmond.



## CHAPTER XVI.

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Administrative Duties—Deceased Soldiers—Marching Orders—Death by Publication—Promotion—On the Way to Petersburg, and the Method of Marching—The Enemy driven within his Intrenchments—Gen. Smith waits for Hancock and the 2d Corps—At Sunset he advanced and captured the Enemy's Line—June 16, the 98th ordered to capture Longstreet's Grand Division, and the Author refused to do it—A Night of Battles—Sent back again to Butler—The 18th a day of Marching and Countermarching—What the new Position of the Army cost—The Crossing of the James by the Army of the Potomac—Petersburg and its Roads from the South—On the 21st in the Trenches again—The Enemy makes an Attack, and is repulsed—Shelling the Trenches—Corporal Hinman and Gen. Stannard—The Mine and Burnside's Failure—The Music of the Ramrod.

ALTHOUGH back to camp at Bermuda Hundred, and within the secure and well-built breastworks, the reader will not infer that we shall have an opportunity to rest, or that we shall remain there long. During a campaign an officer has but little more leisure in camp than on the march; for his administrative duties are often numerous and responsible. He has letters to read and answer, reports and rolls to make out, entries to make for sick, wounded, absent and returning officers and men; perhaps clothing, stores, arms to issue, take up or account for; orders to issue, observe or transmit; subordinates to govern, watch and take care of. As soon as the regiment halts the company and regimental commanders must set up their desks.

At Col. Wead's death upon us devolved the responsibility for the government property which he carried, and we directed our adjutant, D. H. Stanton, to collect together and make an inventory of his "effects or equipage," and account for them to his father in Malone. For the sick and wounded, the company commanders made out descriptive lists and forwarded them to the hospitals; for the dead, they wrote up the accounts in the descrip-

tive books and sent final statements of pay and clothing to the Adjutant General.

The 95th Article of War prescribes:—"When any non-commissioned officer or soldier shall die or be killed in the service of the United States, the then commanding officer of the troop or company shall, in the presence of two other commissioned officers, take an account of what he died possessed of above his arms and accoutrements, and transmit the same to the office of the Department of War, which said effects are to be accounted for and paid to the representatives of such deceased non-commissioned officer or soldier." The personal property or effects of a soldier generally comprised one blanket, one overcoat, one dress-coat, one pair of trousers, one blouse, one pair of shoes, one cap, two pairs of drawers, two pairs of stockings, two shirts, two handkerchiefs, one pocket-book containing a few dollars. They were usually buried in the clothes in which they died, and the loose earth thrown hurriedly on them in sadness and respect. We fancy we could read in the face of every burial party: As we do to you our comrades, so may others do to us. We will meet you again at the Great Muster and Inspection, the Great Centennial, when the graves shall open and the sea give up its dead.

"It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well;  
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man."

We landed at Bermuda Hundred, and marched to camp on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th. In the afternoon of the 14th, we received an order to cook three days' rations, supply the men with forty rounds of ammunition in cartridge boxes and twenty in pockets, and be ready to march in the morning at four o'clock. The rations were drawn, and the cooks set to work. We subsequently learned that we were to go to Petersburg, this time up the right bank of the Appomattox.

During the afternoon, we received the New York daily papers and the regimental mail. The Lyons papers contained a list of

killed and wounded at Cold Harbor, and the correspondents of the dailies had described the battle in their usual off-hand, incorrect and exaggerated way. The writer had the satisfaction of reading his name among the killed in the *New York Herald*. A score of men came from the different regiments of the brigade to ask how the mistake occurred, and to congratulate him for his existence in spite of the *New York Herald*. "How will you do," said Col. Cullen, "if the *Herald* does not correct the mistake?" "I'm sorry you don't belong to the 139th," said Major Mulcahy, of Brooklyn, "for we would send for a gallon of Bourbon and have an Irish wake." "You better inform your wife at once of the mistake; if you do not she'll do as Annie Lee did in Enoch Arden," laughing, roared Col. Stevens. "They couldn't kill you! they couldn't get you down in this Virginia clay," said Col. Raulston, of the 81st N. Y.; "You beat the Rebs and the *New York Herald*. You are Old Redivivus, and no mistake." We tried to repeat:

Come not when I am dead,  
To drop thy foolish tear upon my grave,  
To trample round my fallen head,  
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.

"Has anything been done about your promotion?" said General Marston. "Come to my tent this evening, and I'll write to the Secretary of War. Your regiment ought to have a field officer in command, and if we do not attend to it, your Governor will be putting over you some damned politician up there." Gen. Marston wrote the recommendation for our promotion to lieutenant colonel, and Generals Brooks, Smith and Butler approved and sent the request forward, but it "ne'er was heard of more."

We received a letter from the Adjutant General inclosing an order which dismissed Major George H. Clarke, June 4th, 1864, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, while at Elmira, N. Y. Major Clarke was a favorite of Col. Durkee; to him he owed his promotion. The Major's crime was bigamy; and the men of the regiment said he should have belonged to a Mormon organization; others, that he should have confined his efforts for recruits to the sex designated in Army Regulations. Col. Cullen was fond of alluding to, "Your uxorious major."

The reveille sounded on the morning of June 15th at 3 o'clock,



from division headquarters, and far and near, in wood and dell, on field and hill, the call was repeated upon bugle, drum and fife. The men hurry for wood and water ; a thousand kettles for coffee and meat soon hang over the blazing fire, and the cavalry and artillery horses are soon eating from their hanging nose-bags the forage of oats and corn. The rank and file pack their tents and baggage and carry them to central places for store and guard. Near 4 o'clock, men and animals have finished their morning meal. Another call issues from headquarters, and the regiments begin to take form and line. The men laugh and joke and sing, as if a hunt were up. Orderlies and staff-officers riding recklessly in the greatest haste, scatter over the fields and through the woods and openings, and designate the order of march. All are soon on the way ; the cavalry first, the infantry next, and the batteries last ; then

March the heavy mules securely slow,  
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go.

We crossed the Appomattox on a pontoon at Point of Rocks, and turning to the right, took the river road to Petersburg. As we ascended the right bank of the river, a wide prospect of fine, well-tilled farm lands lay before us, extending to the James, and the morn, in russet mantle clad, walked over the dew of the high eastward hills.

The object of the movement and the nature of the ground determine the order of march for an army, the kind of troops in each column, and the number of columns.

The advance and rear guards are usually light troops, infantry and cavalry ; their strength and composition depend upon the nature of the ground and the position of the enemy. They serve to cover the army and to hold the enemy in check until the commander has time to make his arrangements and dispositions. The Austrian General Neiperg, who fought against the Great Frederick, in Silesia, was distinguished for the manner in which he surrounded and concealed the movements of his army by clouds of light troops and skirmishers.

On our marches, not in presence of the enemy, the troops marched *en route* by the flank. They were allowed to talk and smoke and sing and carry their arms at will, but not to leave the ranks. No honors were paid, no salutations made on the march.

The batteries of artillery moved with the divisions to which they

belonged. The field trains and ambulances followed at the rear of the corps, and the baggage with the rear guard. Artillery, trains or troops halting on the road, formed in file on one side, and infantry arriving at their destination formed in close column, and took their place in order of battle. Halts to rest and reform were frequent, and the orders given at the head of the column were repeated in all the organizations.

Three or four miles out, we comprehended and ascertained the disposition of our advancing forces. Gen. Martindale with one division took the right along the river; at his left was Brooks' division; then Gen. Hinks on the left of Brooks, and, last, Kautz with his cavalry on the extreme left. The colored brigade of Gen. Hinks was in the front, deployed. A thin line of Confederate skirmishers fell back before his advance. From them he captured an incomplete line of rifle pits and two brass field pieces. Inspired by this success, we pressed forward with vigor, and by 10 A. M., had driven the enemy within his intrenchments before Petersburg. We spent the rest of the day taking and leaving positions, skirmishing and pressing closer to the enemy's works. Had Gen. Smith, who was in command, ordered us forward, we could have captured the city at once.

The enemy had a strong line of works garrisoned by a few militia soldiers.

Smith waited for Hancock, who had crossed the James the day before, below Harrison's landing, with the 2d corps, to come to his support; and as the van of the Army of the Potomac, the divisions of Gibbon and Birney approached, near 6 P. M., he ordered his line to advance.

Marston marched backwards and forwards behind his regiments, stopped every rod or two, and counseled his men to keep steady, saying: "Don't be afraid; we are ten to one of the enemy." We advanced, and in ten minutes captured four redoubts, two and a half miles of the enemy's intrenchments, fifteen guns and three hundred prisoners. In this encounter Napoleon Parikee, John McCann, Stephen Premo and Daniel Finnigan of the 98th were wounded.

At sunset we stood in the fortifications, and Smith halted for the night, though the moon rose full and clear. Had Smith pressed forward he could have captured the city, but this delay was the turning point of the campaign. Grant said in his final report:

"Smith, for some reasons that I have never been able to satisfactorily understand, did not get ready to assault the enemy's main line till near sundown."

From ten until six, the whole army stood in line with loaded rifles and shotted guns, waiting the order forward. We all became nervous, weary, exhausted, discouraged. To ourselves we appeared hesitating, intimidated, while the enemy fortified and reinforced; but when the order came our artillery opened with all its thunder, and the whole line advanced at the double quick with a shout. In ten minutes the victory was won.

We slept on the reverse of the captured intrenchments all night, heard in our front the sound of moving troops and trains, and in the morning a different class of soldiers confronted us; for, during the moon-lit watches, Lee's ironsides, crossing the James below Richmond, had hurried into the defenses of Petersburg.

Early in the morning, the 98th was advanced a few hundred yards before the picket, along the near edge of a large corn-field, and on the farther bank of a stream about twenty feet wide, which ran to the Appomattox, a hundred rods to the right.

We had no sooner placed the regiment in position than Capt. Lawrence, Marston's adjutant general, who had accompanied us, said: "Captain, I order you to deploy your regiment as skirmishers, and capture the Confederate picket line yonder." Then he pointed to a line of Confederates, eighty or a hundred rods in front, half concealed by the tall corn. We replied: "Gen. Marston gave us no such order. We have placed our regiment where he directed us. He sent you along to see that we executed the order. Besides, what you call a picket-line is a line of battle, two or four ranks deep behind an intrenchment. Those you call pickets are men sitting or walking on the breastwork. We refuse to obey you."

Capt. Lawrence returned mortified; in the afternoon he sent his apology.

When the gray of the morning melted into daylight, the bayonets of Longstreet's grand division glistened before us through the corn-field in the rising sun. We sent to the rear for shovels, and at once began the construction of a breastwork. In a few hours we covered our front, and felt secure. During the day the Army of Northern Virginia entered the intrenchments around Petersburg, and the whole Army of the Potomac, with Smith's troops at its right, beleaguered the Confederates.

The enemy fired at us from his pickets at intervals, and we lost during the day, killed, Corporal De Gray and private Henry Otis; wounded, Sergeant Graves and private Robert Zoller. As Corporal De Gray was lying down on the ground a ball entered his shoulder, and passing the whole length of his body under the skin, came out at the ankle in his shoe.

Near 4 P. M., the brigade of Gen. N. M. Curtis came to our support and formed on the left. He subsequently figured at the capture of Fort Fisher.

At 6 P. M. of that day, the Army of the Potomac was ordered to charge the Confederate lines. Meade had received the order at 2 P. M., but it was near sundown before Hancock's, Burnside's and Warren's corps could make the advance. The foe was behind earthworks, which were often sheltered by deep, primitive woods.

Then again occurred one of the severest and most sanguine battles of the war. The result was an advance of the Union lines, but at fearful cost. From our position, on the top of an old barn at the right of the regiment, we could command about a mile of the battle-field; we could see our troops run to the charge, and hear them yell and fire. Three times we saw them advance and retire.

The horrors of Cold Harbor were re-enacted; all night long the battle lasted, and all night long we stood to arms. In the woods and fields, along the fences, hedges, all that summer's night roar of volley and crash of shell were incessant.

Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air.

Orpheus in the shades never heard such shrieks, saw such sights, or smelt such sulphurous odor.

From ditch to fence, from field to wood, from rank to intrenchment, leaped the live thunder. Charge after charge was made, battle after battle was fought, the earth shook and trembled, and the noise of the tumult ascended to heaven. What pen can describe, what painter delineate the deeds of heroism, the pains, the anguish, the horrors of that summer's night? Twelve years have not effaced from our memory the vision. Imagination stops to trace the scene, and the field is repeopled before us. We see them form and run to engage the foe; we see the fire; we see the dead fall to the ground and writhe in agony; we see the wounded fall to the ground and rise on their hands and knees, or straggle slowly to

the rear ; we see the serried ranks, the long line of fire, advance ; we see them hurled back in defeat and disorder.

On the 17th, Brooks' division was relieved by a portion of the 6th corps, and sent back to Bermuda Hundred. Butler and Terry had attempted to cut the Richmond and Petersburg railroad at Port Walthall junction ; but Pickett's division, marching from Richmond to Petersburg, had fallen upon Terry and compelled him to retire.

Grant, foreseeing Terry's extremity, relieved Brooks' division, and sent it back to Butler. All day the 17th, and nearly all night, we marched to join Terry. On the 18th, Terry thus reinforced advanced and made for Pickett. But Pickett had fortified and rendered his position impregnable. The wise, shrewd and sagacious Terry, deeming discretion the better part of valor, retired. All that day, the division marched, countermarched, took positions and abandoned them, filed through the woods, debouched on the fields, lay down by the fences, or squatted among the bushes, hoping to draw the enemy from his position, or to surprise any straggling troops on their way to Petersburg. When night came, tired, faint, hungry, sleepy, completely dragged out, we sprawled back to camp.

We returned to the right of the Army of the Potomac, along the Appomattox, on the 20th, and learned that the position it then occupied had cost 10,000 men—from the 16th to the 20th, 10,000 men.

We have seen how, by successive extensions of its left, the Army of the Potomac crossed the Chickahominy and reached the James. The second corps, Hancock's, was ferried across that river June 14th, at Wilcox's landing, a few miles below Harrison's, and immediately marched to co-operate with Smith before Petersburg, while the remainder of the Army crossed, during the 15th and 16th, on a pontoon, at Windmill Point, below Wilcox's, 3,580 feet long, and wide enough for twelve men or five horses to go abreast. About 130,000 men, with their long lines of regimental wagons, commissary wagons, ambulances and artillery, successively and without confusion passed the stream. Burnside's corps, composed partly of colored troops, crossed first, and a vast drove of cattle last. During three days the procession continued ; it resembled those northern hordes, somewhat, that crossed the Rhine or Danube, that supplied their wants from an ever-shifting base, and subverted the Roman Empire. Heroes of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania,

North Anna and Cold Harbor, from their ranks, the old, the feeble have been stricken out, and bloody, terrible, firm-paced and slow, like the tramp of destiny, they move along.

From the 5th of May to the 20th of June, the Army of the Potomac had lost 64,000 men ; and the Army of Northern Virginia, about 38,000. The failure to take Petersburg closed the first period of the campaign on the south side of the James ; and the siege of Richmond and Petersburg began when Lee entered the defenses of those two cities, and connected them by a continuous line. On the 20th of June, Lee had about 70,000 men, and Meade and Butler 150,000.

If the reader will look at the military map, he will see that Petersburg is the centre of many converging roads ; that from the south there approach, from the Appomattox, below the city, to the same river above it, the City Point railroad, the Norfolk railroad, the Jerusalem plank road, the Weldon railroad, the Vaughan road, the Squirrel Level road, the Boydton plank road, the Southside railroad, and several others. All these roads figure in the history of the summer's campaign. In August Grant's left lay along the Jerusalem plank road, and Lee's lines had reached the Weldon railroad. The defensive works from the north side of the James, a prodigy of labor, and the admiration of military men, reached, subsequently, a development of more than 40 miles, to the vicinity of Hatcher's run.

On the night of the 20th, while we were marching to our old position, on the right of the Army of the Potomac, and along the right bank of the Appomattox, a mile and a half below Petersburg, Butler threw a pontoon across the James at Deep Bottom, and with Foster's brigade effected a lodgment ; at the same time, Grant, with the 2d and 6th corps, attempted to seize the Weldon railroad, but was driven back with a loss of 4,000. At the beginning of the war, in the days of Big Bethel and Ball's Bluffs, what a wail and a howl this loss would have caused. Grant does not even mention the affair in his report.

About this time, Gen. Stannard of Vermont, was assigned to command the division.

On the 21st, we entered the trenches along the Appomattox and those extending towards the left, at right angles to the river trench. The river was about five rods wide, the right bank nearly thirty feet high, while the opposite bank, in possession of the

enemy, was low and level, and stretched away in meadow lands and corn-fields far as the eye could see. The spires of a few churches in Petersburg were visible, and a few trains arriving and departing on the Richmond railroad. Behind us the country for half a mile sank in a valley, then rose in a ridge, on which were the headquarters of the 18th corps, and the redoubts and earthworks which it captured on the 15th. There also was a battery, belonging to our division, of twelve pounder rifled Parrotts, which constantly threw shells over our head into Petersburg.

All set to work at once, digging, burrowing, making bomb-proofs and abatis. The enemy's batteries across the river had an enfilading fire upon us, and compelled us to build the breastworks very high, and traverse them every ten or twelve feet with high cross works. Looking at our lines from the rear, they appeared like a long succession of stalls. The enemy fired at us constantly from rifles, mortars and cannons.

We had five lines of breastworks, which, eighty rods to the left, were contracted into three; and the corps from right to left lay in the following order, the 18th, 6th, 2d, 9th, and 5th.

Gen. Marston became sick and went north; Col. Cullen took command of the brigade.

On the morning of the 24th, the enemy concentrated upon the division a large force, and apparently all his available artillery. For three hours he poured upon it a perfect storm of shot and shell. The men kept under cover, lay flat on the ground, never fired a gun, while the shells tore through the breastworks or exploded over their heads. Cullen, with drawn sword and bare head, raged and shouted, yelled and hallooed, flamed and tore along the line of his brigade. He said: "When the enemy stops firing, he'll charge upon us. He'll think he has killed us all. Then rise and stand firm. Only be courageous. Don't throw away your fire; draw a bead on them. Don't let a man flinch, but up and at 'em, and by the living God we'll hold the line!" His brigade was along the river bank, and at right angles to it on the extreme right, and he felt the importance of his position. But louder, deeper, heavier and more destructive grew the enemy's fire. Before it the loose and recently built earthworks were crumbling and leveling fast. The men were killed and wounded by scores. Cullen fainted away, and was carried on a stretcher through the zigzag approaches to the rear.

The fire at length ceased ; the foe leaped over his breastworks and started on his charge. The division, massed five lines deep, rose up behind its intrenchments, and upon seeing the thin line of the foe that approached, yelled and shouted : " Come in, Johnnie, and we won't fire." About one hundred and fifty came in, and the rest fled away to their breastworks, and the battle ended.

The 98th lost that morning eight men wounded and twenty-eight taken prisoners. They were on picket down under the bank along the river.

We remained in these trenches holding that line five days in and two days out, until the 30th of July.

Every night from eleven until three the enemy shelled us from his guns in front, and across the river, and our casualties were from one to ten a day.

One night a flaming, blazing, hissing shell dropped behind the intrenchment where Corporal Hinman and about a dozen privates were standing. Hinman seized the shell and threw it in front over the parapet where it soon after harmlessly exploded. Hearing of it we sent for him, complimented him, gave him a note, and sent him to General Stannard. Stannard looked him over as he stood before him, tall and lank, black and begrimed with the dirt and smoke of service. " I like such men," said Stannard. " He is made of the same material as Arnold Winkelried, Putnam, and Boone. They add romance to the routine of marches and battles. Their living, self-denying courage gilds even the horrors of war. Corporal, here is a pass for five days ; show it to your commander, and then go where you please."

We had heard for a long time that some miners of the 48th Pennsylvania vols., in Burnside's corps, were practicing a mine under a Confederate fort near Cemetery Hill. We hardly credited the account, much less did we expect to be present at the explosion. On the 29th of July, we were relieved from the trenches, and received the usual order to be ready to march, and be prepared with rations and cartridges. Between eight and nine P. M., we began the march along the rear of the lines towards the left. After twelve we were halted behind the trenches near the Norfolk railroad, in an open wood, and told to make ourselves comfortable. The adjutant detailed a guard to watch ; the men scattered along on the ground, and we lay down among the color guard to sleep.



At half-past three o'clock, A. M., July 30th, the mine was to be exploded, and half of the Army of the Potomac appeared massed behind the intrenchments in that vicinity. About that time, we were aroused and stood to arms. The fuse was ignited, and, after waiting an hour, no explosion followed. Two men then entered the gallery and relighted the fuse. Near five A. M., all watching intently, we saw a large part of the doomed fort rise in the air, and heard the explosion. The fort, its guns, its caissons and three hundred men were thrown in the air, then buried underground. All the National cannon then opened on the fort and the adjacent line for ten or fifteen minutes, when the firing ceased, and the assaulting columns moved slowly, feebly, forward. There was no order, no method in the advance. The divisions of Potter, Wilcox and Ledlie halted, obstructed, blocked the way. Portions of several brigades jumbled together, rolled together confusedly on the ruins of the sunken fort. Though the enemy ran in consternation out of his works, but few of our troops went further than the fort and the adjacent line. When the foe recovered from the shock, he opened his batteries upon our troops rolled together like an immense crowd in and around the sunken fort. Shot and shell and minie ball made dreadful havoc. Some of the troops tried to resist; they repulsed an advancing column of the Confederates. But the concentration of fire upon them was so great that to remain or flee was equally fatal. Save himself who can, became the order, and the men fled in confusion back to our lines. The affair was a glaring blunder, a conspicuous failure. The Nationals lost more than 4,400, and the Confederates less than 1,000.

The gallery of the mine was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  by 4 feet and 600 feet in length, and lined on the sides and top with boards from cracker boxes. In the chamber were 8,000 pounds of powder.

Burnside was responsible for the management of the troops and the organization of the assault, but Grant and Meade were on the ground.

After the explosion, the 9th corps, near the mine, was relieved for a few days by other troops. The 98th was sent to the front through a long approach, and assigned a position before the entrance of the mine. Over the exploded fort, between the breastworks and the fort, the National dead not only touched each other, but lay in heaps upon each other.

As we entered the approach to go to the front, we heard an eight-inch shell, thrown by the enemy from a mortar on Cemetery Hill, come through the air and light among the men of a regiment sitting and lying on the ground, near us, and explode. It threw out a wagon load of dirt, killed six men and wounded several others. It tossed one of the dead men like an empty coat and pair of trousers, more than fifty feet in the air.

As we marched up the approach, the enemy directed one of his batteries upon it, and tried to explode his shells over our marching column. By the bursting of one of these, George McGrath, company C, was killed and six others of the regiment wounded.

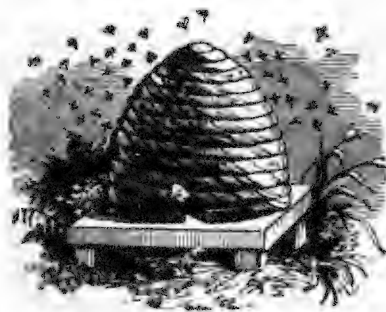
When we had gained the front line, we felt more secure, though the enemy maintained the fire.

Many of our men who escaped, and all of the wounded and prisoners left their arms on the field around the mine, and, for several days, the Confederate soldiers amused themselves in firing at us the ramrods taken from the captured guns. This new feature in warfare excited a great amount of merriment among the troops. The sound of the ramrod singing through the air, "is peculiar."

On the 2d of August we returned to the old position at the right on the Appomattox.

We have seen so much service now that the sun does not smite us by day nor the moon by night. The men sleep on the ground in the dew or rain and rise for duty in the morning without any sensible inconvenience in member, joint, or limb. The ideal soldier has

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him and no labors tire.



## CHAPTER XVII.

Cause and Effect—Col. Cullen's Party—Cullen on our System of Promotion—Extracts from our Log-book—A Rain-storm and a Flood—Gen. Ord and one of the Boys of the 98th—The Log-book continued—A Letter from Wilkesbarre—The Parable of the Sower—The Roll of Honor—Deep-bottom and Ream's Station—Dutch Gap—The Capture of Fort Harrison—Three thousand Negroes capture Spring Hill—The Battle to regain Fort Harrison—Work on the Fort—The March to Fair Oaks; the Demonstration there, and what it cost—The Battle on the left near the Boynton Plank Road—The 98th goes to New York and Troy to keep down Insurrection—Voting, in the Army—The Author attests the New York Vote in Hospitals—Grant and Butler—Military Operations at a Stand, and we sum up—Count the Cost—Dollars and Men—A few Bottom-facts concerning the contending Parties—Arming the Slaves—The Confederate Dollar—The Responsibility Fix—The National Dollar—The Election of Mr. Lincoln—War-id-as—Administrative Duty in the 98th: Promotions and Discharges—The Return of our Old Battle Flag to Malone.

THE history of the 98th, with unabated interest, seems lengthening as we go. The admirers of antiquity say that the Iliad of Homer contains all human knowledge; writers on social science, like Huxley and Spencer, maintain that all worldly events are involved and connected together; and the savans in natural science assert that all the changes in the material world are linked with each other, that cause and effect are convertible, and that all life constitutes a chain, a scale of being.

'Tis the golden, adamantine chain,  
Whose strong embrace holds heaven and earth and main.

It was Paley, we think, who, in his Natural Theology, said, that the motions of the planets were connected with the roosting of barn-fowls.

So, the history of our little regiment, which on the 1st of August, 1864, had present but 250 men, is connected with that of the

Army of the James; the history of the Army of the James, with that of the Army of the Potomac; the history of the Army of the Potomac, with the military and civil history of the republic; and the history of the republic involves the advance of society, the enfranchisement of the human mind and the social and political life of the world.

During the month of July, the casualties of the 98th were thirteen: one killed, one mortally wounded, five severely wounded, and six slightly. On the 6th of July, Lieut. Cassius M. Ransom, standing between the writer and Capt. Allen in the trenches, was mortally wounded by a sharp-shooter concealed in the top of a tree within the enemy's lines. He died, the 14th, in Chesapeake hospital, Fortress Monroe.

About the 12th of July, Col. Cullen, then in command of the brigade, "made a party" for a few of the higher officers of his brigade, while off duty out of the trenches. From the deserted houses within the line, he appropriated a piano, some cane and sofa-bottomed chairs, a few dishes, rugs and pieces of carpeting. The brigade band rendered its choicest pieces. The best cooks of the brigade served the refreshments, consisting of canned meats and fruits, boiled corned beef *sliced*, tea and coffee. All the guests were cordially invited several times into a tent near by, where the Colonel said "the still waters flow." Cullen had grace, deportment and airs.

The next day, he sent for the writer, and the following conversation transpired: "Captain, you are the senior officer of your regiment, and have been in command since the death of Colonel Wead, I believe?" We replied affirmatively. "Well, why the devil don't you get promoted?" We remarked, "that several recommendations had been sent to Albany asking for an advancement to the lieutenant-colonelcy, but that no notice had been taken of them." Said he, "What are you?" "We have always been a Republican, voting, writing, and working as well as we could for the party." Said he, "Have you no congressman, officials, nor any one else to look after your promotion?" We replied, "No, none. Never an official, or member of congress, or any one else of political influence in Wayne county, or in the twenty-sixth district, looks after any one but himself, and his own little political ring. Never has one of those manifested the least interest in the welfare of the regiment—never has one of them

made any inquiry concerning the regiment, its condition, its business, its necessities. Our judge, clerk, sheriff, are as oblivious, as ignorant of the 98th, as they are of the cohorts of Cæsar. We are mercilessly afflicted with a lot of small men up there." Said he, "How many men of the regiment were from Wayne county?" "Three hundred and twenty-five or fifty." "Who is your Representative?" said he. "One Theodore M. Pomeroy, of Cayuga," said we. "Have you written him about your promotion?" "What is the use of writing him about our promotion, when he refuses to answer our letters about other matters, and totally and entirely neglects us? We have expected that the Governor would act on the request of the generals and the Secretary of War; we have no experience in politics, have no political influence, and do not think we ought to beg for what we have earned and deserve." "Damn the generals, the Secretary of War, and the congressmen, too. If I were in your place, if they did not give me my promotion, I never would work for such a party, nor draw my sword, nor risk my life for such a country. Here you are mounted at your own expense, commanding the regiment and doing the duty of a field officer for months in the regiment, brigade, division and corps. I wish to God we had a general like Frederick or Bonaparte to re-organize this army and the whole system of promotion. The whole thing—the way of promoting—is a sham and a shame. No decent man ought to stand it a minute. It don't make any difference what duty you do, what risks you run, what your ability is. You must log-roll and caucus, and use political influence to obtain what you have richly earned before, and what some damned lickspittle, or political favorite, can get for nothing. I will write a letter to Col. B. C. Gilbert, the appointing clerk for Gov. Seymour, and have a few officers of the brigade sign it who know you, and we'll get your commission right away." We thanked him for the interest he manifested, and remarked, "that though not promoted we had a country nevertheless, and felt it our duty to stand by the men who had enlisted with us; that the lessons of our youth told us never to prate of our patriotism, or of our personal worth, never to seek office, but rather to let place and office seek us; and that we would be unworthy to live unless, when the day of our country's peril and calamity came, we should freely offer upon its altar our life, our fortune, and our sacred honor. Our promotion will some time come; the longer with-

held, the more deserved. Bye and bye we shall reap it in the iron harvests of the field."

Cullen did as he said. Our commission was dated July 20th, and gave us rank as lieutenant colonel from February 25, 1864. We had so long been doing the duty of our new commission that its acquisition made no difference with us. We received it, too, in such a way that we never felt thankful for it. The laurel crown given by the Pope to the dying Tasso came too late; the world had conceded it before.

Extracts from Log Book. Aug. 5th, 1864. The regiment lay in the second line at work on the pits and trenches. The enemy blew up a small redoubt on the left of the division during the afternoon. The guns, ammunition, and men were removed from it; the troops having received information from deserters that the foe had undermined the fort. No other damage was done. The whole corps opened a heavy fire of musketry and artillery to which the enemy responded with artillery. We hear of three or four being killed and twelve wounded on our side. *The 98th formed at once, and marched to the front for a support.*

Aug. 6.—We lay in the rear line all day and went into the front line at dusk, relieving the 139th N. Y. All quiet, but rumors are flying that the enemy are digging, undermining our right, along the river. They say, holding the ear on the ground, the sound of the pick and the shovel can be heard below. Sent Adjutant Stanton to learn the facts. He returned, saying the rumor was all "bosh."

Aug. 7.—Lay in the front line. All quiet during the last night and this day. Duty monotonous and time slow.

Aug. 8.—Lay in the front line through the day. All quiet during the night. Was on court of inquiry at corps headquarters. While there we saw a great number of recruits and several new regiments from the north, marching towards the left.

Tuesday, Aug. 9.—Returned to camp last night about 9 P. M., in the ravine. We heard heavy firing at the left in the vicinity of Fort Hell. A charge and a repulse perhaps. "There the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." About 11 A. M., we heard a tremendous explosion in the east, and saw large volumes of smoke and dust rise in the air. We learned during the day that these proceeded from the gunpowder explosion at City Point. Detailed for fatigue, to work on the breastworks and trenches to night, three officers and 120 men.

*Aug. 10.*—Was division officer of the day ; Capt. Lewis left in command of the regiment, which went to the front in the evening. The weather pleasant, but extremely warm. The new moon lasted until 11 o'clock. Was awake all night, and saw a grand display of meteors. Walked along the picket-line in the gray starlight twice ; once at 12, again at 3 A. M. The pickets on half the division front are only five or six rods from the enemy's. Neither party fires after dark at the other. As we walked along we unhooked our sword, and let it clank on the ground. Every man of the enemy's picket was awake, and showed the keenest attention. His officers viewing us askance, glared defiantly as we passed. Captains Wells and Allen had charge of the brigade picket ; no better officers for that purpose ever shook the heavy dews of slumber from their comrades and watched while an army slept. The tiresome hours of that night's long and sultry watch made us hail with joy the first glintings of the day in the east ; for then we all hurried away within our lines, and the crack of the rifle, the roar of the cannon, the whiz of the ball and the scream of the shell began.

*Aug. 11.*—A member of the 8th N. C. vols. came and delivered himself a prisoner to Lieut. Copps, 98th, on picket. He said his regiment had been on the front line nearly a month without being relieved, that it was poorly clothed, and not half fed. He says : "The Confederates have made a second line of trenches in rear of their first, in case we should blow up their works ; that they are mining at the left of our division where the City Point and Petersburg railroad crosses the line of battle, and that, day before yesterday, they had dug 40 or 50 feet under ground." This mine is near the one exploded on the 5th, adjoining Fort Steadman. Fort Steadman was the work attacked and captured by Gen. Lee, March 25th, 1865 ; and around it began those battles which resulted in annihilating the Army of Northern Virginia. It was a powerful earthwork, complete in every respect, abatis, ditch, embrasure, bombproof, magazine, high protecting traverses and parapet. The fort stood about 100 rods to the left of the Appomattox, and not where Draper says, near Burnside's mine, three or four miles further to the west. Less than three hundred feet from the enemy's line, on loose, sandy soil, it was a tempting object for his mining projects. When we went through it in August our troops had sunk several shafts in it for the purpose of countermining. In recapturing this fort, March 25th, 1865, from the troops

led by Gens. Gordon and Bushrod Johnson, Gen. Hartranft, now Governor of Pennsylvania, with his division, won his most substantial laurels.

We pass over a few days of our sojourn in the pits or trenches, and stop at Monday, Aug. 15th, 1864. The reader has doubtless read of the great rain which fell in the time of Noah, when the water stood upon the earth, also of the rain storm with thunder and lightning which King Lear encountered on Dover heath. We suffered a similar inconvenience from a great rain on that day. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed; the rain fell in sheets and torrents; the bending heavens broke and the clouds fell. The storm began about 3 P. M., and continued for three hours. The ravine in rear of and parallel to the trenches was flooded, and the pits were filled with water from one to two feet deep. The flood rose so rapidly in the ravine that men, stores, tents, sutlers and their goods, were washed away and poured into the Appomattox. Four men were drowned, and a vast amount of stores destroyed or carried away. The valley was narrow, and the sight of men and animals struggling, floundering, sinking, swimming in the rising, boiling, roaring flood, was by turns ludicrous and painful. The efforts of a sutler and his clerk to save his wares excited infinite merriment. His tent went down, but he struggled manfully and saved it. In the valley, were scattered the cooks and ready stores of the division. When the rain descended and the flood came, they struck for higher ground. It was amusing to the men to see them work like beavers, hurry, run, carrying their traps and stores, good for nothing else, as they were, but to cook. Down in the ravine too, a few malingerers, professionally sick men, were drowned out. Some of these had fine quarters, shelter tents, and boards to sleep on. Tenting thus with the cooks, and staying in the rear, playing sick, they called keeping along with their regiments. Whenever one of those carrying his earthly effects joined his regiment, the men shouted, laughed and jeered. The storm over, we began a system of draining, dyking and canalling. Similar work, perhaps, the Dutch have when the ocean overflows his barriers.

*Aug. 16.*—Still in the front line. The pits are dreadfully muddy since the rain. Jonah never had a tighter, a straighter, a more uncomfortable place than we.

*Aug. 17.*—A constant fusilade, cannonade and bombardment



all day. Ft. Clifton, three or four miles away, opened for the first with a Whitworth gun upon the line. Corp'l John Young, co. K., shot in the hand; private Nelson Butchard, co. F., wounded in the hip, and John Nero, co. A., in the left ear. Raining in the afternoon: the bomb proofs are fearfully damp and horridly muddy. We do not get relieved.

*Aug. 18.*—Still in the front line, and with no prospect of getting relieved, except by the enemy. His firing was long and heavy during the night. He opened with new batteries, and threw shells which burst right and left among the men in the trenches, but which fortunately did no injury. We heard heavy firing to the rear of Petersburg. Reported, Wright's corps has turned the enemy's right.

*Aug. 19; Friday.*—The Confederates tried their shelling again, about 3 A. M., louder, deeper, than before. Orderly Serg't Thomas Tait, co. K., had the back of his head scooped out by a shell as he stooped over to avoid it; and Thomas Tacy, co. G, was wounded by a piece of a shell. By the explosion of another in the pits of co. D, four men were thrown prostrate on the ground, and for half an hour "reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye."

*Aug. 20.*—The shelling was not so long, nor so loud, nor so well sustained as last night. Four recruits from New York joined the regiment, and were assigned to cos. B. and D. "The rain it raineth every day," and keeps the pits wet and muddy. Take a man, rig him with the U. S. uniform, and roll him in a pool of mud, or dip him in a tanner's vat, and leave him sufficiently long for thorough saturation, ingrainings and dyeing, and you will have a *fac-simile* of a majority of the soldiers living in the trenches about Petersburg. In the French infantry service, the soldier wears his great coat three years, in the Sardinian and Belgian armies that garment lasts eight years. But a day's service here is sufficient to spoil any article. Gen. Ord, who now commands the corps, with his chief of artillery, inspector general and Gen. Stannard, the division commander, passed through the trenches from right to left along the line to-day. They stopped for a few moments near the centre of the 98th, making observations, looking at our line, the enemy's works and the bomb proofs and pits. While there, a boyish soldier of co. H., overgrown, stout and greasy, whose clothes had all the hues of an autumnal forest, turned towards Gen. Ord, who stood near him, and, looking the

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general good-naturedly and respectfully in the face, sang these lines :

Take this letter to my mother,  
Far across the dark blue sea;  
It will give her heart new pleasure;  
She'll be glad to hear from me.

Ord smiled, and turning to the writer, said, aside: "Colonel, what is the best thing I can do to him for his mother?" After an



ORD

instant we replied: "I should think to order him washed." "You make a good suggestion; when you are relieved have him washed and send him to our headquarters with a note for a suit of new clothes. See to it, will you, Colonel?" We saw Gen. Ord frequently while in Richmond in 1865, and on one occasion he said: "I often think of that soldier's singing in your regiment by Petersburg in the trenches. Covered with clay and dirt, good-natured, humorous, contented,

happy, his singing and whole appearance were perfectly killing. Dickens cannot beat him."

*Aug. 21, Sunday.*—Very heavy firing on the left from daylight until 10 A. M., when the batteries opened successively towards the right to Fort Clinton. We replied with infantry and artillery to prevent their massing troops. In the afternoon reports say that Warren with the 5th corps is driving the enemy on the left. We anticipate an attack on our front, and are cautious and extremely vigilant. The regiment has 270 present, 27 sick, 239 present for duty and 185 effective for the field.

We have thus copied rather freely from our notes that the reader may comprehend better our life in the trenches around Petersburg. We divided the day and night into tours of duty, and all slept and watched by turns, for more than two months in the trenches, burrows, pits, and caves. We lived and ate and looked like troglodytes. The sun and storm, the dews of heaven, the hot, malarial air made our hair grow like eagles' feathers, and our nails like birds' claws. We had no conveniences as, chairs, stools,

tables, kitchen furniture and utensils. We sat on banks of earth covered with blankets, and ate from tables made of boxes and barrels, or carved from the solid ground. In eating, it has been said that the Great Napoleon sometimes made use of his left hand instead of a fork. In this infraction of the rules of table etiquette we imitated the Great Captain.

The army ration was full and regular. The regiment was paid in July.

The division had excellent opportunities for washing and bathing in the creek which we have described behind it, and in a few sheltered arms of the Appomattox. The river loaded with the rubbish, the cast-off clothing, the dead mules and horses of the Confederate army about Petersburg rolled away through our corps with its deadly rinse, reeking and steaming in the hot, malarial air.

The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash the city of Cologne;  
But say, Ye Nymphs, what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

On the 26th, the division was relieved at 8 P. M., and directed to march to Bermuda Hundred in the vicinity of Dutch Gap. Arriving there about 4 A. M., it bivouacked in a wood. During the 27th, it marched three or four miles through the woods towards Point of Rocks, and at an angle of Butler's defences went into camp. There we remained until the last of September, doing fatigue, guard, and picket duty. It needed rest to collect the men, refit, and re-organize.

While at the explosion of the mine, we were required to furnish a detail to bury the dead between the lines in front of the demolished fort. Lieut. Sperry had charge of the party. Returning he handed us a memorandum book taken from the side-pocket of a young lieutenant killed the day before. Our burial party dug a trench seven feet wide, about two feet deep, and sufficiently long to hold the dead conveniently near. Similar trenches were dug by the different parties. In them, they laid the dead side by side crosswise, and covered them over with dirt; and that is the way the dead were often buried between the two armies. From the note-book we learned that the lieutenant lived at Wilkesbarre, Penn., and that he had recently been home on a leave of absence. Further, the book contained four or five letters, all in the same

hand, addressed to him, and a photograph of an exceedingly beautiful lady, of full figure, dark-complexioned, intellectual, affectionate and elegantly dressed. She was a daughter of one of the coal miners, or coal merchants of that vicinity; for in one of her letters she speaks of visiting New York and Philadelphia with her father while negotiating his coal. She signed her name Myra, and there seemed a world of fascination, constancy and loveliness in her lips and eyes, and the luxuriant waves and folds of her dark brown hair. We make a copy:

HOME, July, 1864.

DARLING, ALL MY OWN:—I think my promise made to you ought not to be kept, and still I am making the attempt. How much I enjoyed my little visit Wednesday with you between the hours of three and four! Golden hours they were to me. How pleasant our short walk, how bright the sun and how glorious the mountains. Oh, that this day might foreshadow our lives! What are we to do, how are we to live? I cannot bid you go, I cannot have you stay. I have faithfully tried to give you up, fearing it wrong to love you better than your duty, your country and your honor. Were I assured that I shall see you again I could be resigned. Could I go with you, share your bed on the hard ground, your duty in camp, on picket, or facing the storm of deadly lead, it would not be so difficult. Then I should be with you, know your danger, share your wounds and death. But no, I must stay here; and something tells me, something—a presentiment—warns me, and my eyes are filled with tears. I know not why I am so sad.

I try to give up loving you so dearly, but my love is increasing, poor me. I'll try to be stoical and write, "do leave to me, my precious one, and see if we cannot get the better of our circumstances, and be reasonable once more." Thus you write, and so we could, were it not for that deep foreboding evil which breaks down my effort. Oh, the agony of this horrid war!

"Let us try and understand ourselves," you say, "and become masters of our love and passion." I am thinking of you all the day long. I will be resigned. At this time, 9 P. M., I shall always have you with me; your dear face will always be close to mine, and life, even as it is, shall be endurable, because I feel and know you love me. Go, I must say, go. I'll walk the picket's dangerous round with you, and the ball that wounds you shall strike me also. I cannot write any more to-night. I send you many kisses; may your sleep be sweet. I hope to see you once before you go. Darling, good-night. MYRA.

The parable of the sower has its exemplification in martial as well as in civil life, and the worth of the soldier is measured by

his intelligence, endurance and fortitude. The men who passed through the campaign of 1864 with the Army of the James, deserve honorable mention in their country's annals, and a golden medal. To him who first scaled the walls of a beleaguered city the Romans gave a mural crown; and among the Greeks a hundred acts received honorable mention in their public assemblies.

We mention with pleasure the following officers of the 98th, who passed with credit the fiery ordeal of that summer's campaign, and challenge any other organization in the service to set an equal number of names beside them: Capts. Lewis, Atkins, Hildreth, Allen; Lieutenants Stanton, Copps, Angevine, Oakley, Beaman, Harris, Wells, Sperry, Benton, Hickok, Short. Lieut. Stanton was one of the coolest men that ever served his country under fire.

Capt. Gile and Davis, wounded at Cold Harbor, returned about Aug. 1st, and remained through the campaign; Capt. Wm. H. Rogers was on duty at Fortress Monroe from June 14th until Aug. 29th, when he returned and remained with the regiment constantly until it was mustered out. Lieut. D. D. Mott was brigade commissary, detached from the regiment. Drs. Van Rensselaer and Howland were with the regiment or on duty in the field hospitals. Capt. Anderson and Lieuts. Ames, Sneed and Smith were absent all summer, sick. Lieut. Zeno I. Downing was tried by court martial in August, and cashiered Oct. 14th, 1864, for disobedience of orders and neglect of duty. Tired and sick of the service, Lieut. Sneed, who had been sick most of the summer, tendered his resignation Sept. 1st. His communication went to division headquarters; but Gen. J. B. Carr, of Troy, New York, who was then in temporary command, thinking it out of order to resign at such a time, refused to forward the letter, and returned it to us. Whereupon we made the following endorsement upon it, and sent it forward again:

HEADQUARTERS, 98TH N. Y. VOLS., }  
1st Divis., 18th Army Corps, Sept. 9, 1864. }

Respectfully returned, with the request that the communication may go to department headquarters. Lieut. Sneed has done no duty since we returned from Drury's Bluffs, May 16th, except staying in the trenches two or three days before Petersburg.

On the 29th of July, he started with the regiment to join the 9th corps at the explosion of the mine; about 10 P. M., he fell out without permission of the surgeon or of the commanding officer of his company or

regiment. For this he was tried by court martial and acquitted, in general orders, 105 headquarters, 18th army corps, though he confessed the charge. Our regimental surgeon refuses to give him a certificate of disability. If we order him to duty when not reported "sick," he can do as he pleases about performing it; for a general court martial has found him "sick" when arraigned, and that on the evidence of persons out of the Medical Staff.

Lieut. Sneed's second reason for tendering his resignation, under general order 73, chap. vi., section 2, series 1863, War Department exempts him from draft, and entitles him to a discharge from the service if he choose to take advantage of it.

Lieutenant Colonel, commanding reg't.

Upon this General Carr made the following endorsement :

HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 18th ARMY CORPS, }  
September 10, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded with the request that Lt. Sneed be dishonorably discharged the service of the United States. J. B. CARR.

Major General Gibbon, who is now figuring among the Indians on the plains, was then in command of the corps temporarily, and made the following order in the case :

HEADQUARTERS 18th ARMY CORPS, }  
In the field, Virginia, September 11, 1864.

Respectfully returned. This officer, if not reported sick by his regimental surgeon, will be ordered to duty and compelled to obey or arrested and charges preferred against him. The Major General commanding does not desire to forward to department headquarters an endorsement to the effect that an officer in this command can do as he pleases about obeying orders.

By command of MAJ. GEN GIBBON.

THEODORE READ, Assistant Adjutant General.

Lieutenant Sneed remained with the regiment, and was sick or well as he pleased, performed such duty as he liked, until January 4, 1865, when his resignation was accepted. It was our idea from the first to accept his resignation and give another man his place. Had the communication reached Butler he would have canceled at once Sneed's engagement with the government.

Capt. Anderson was discharged September 7, Lt. Ames, September 20, and Lt. Smith, September 7, by the President, after receiving the following statement :

HEADQUARTERS 98TH N. Y. VOLUNTEERS, }  
Near Petersburg, Va., August 18, 1864. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to report that the following officers have been absent from the regiment, sick, more than sixty days, and, therefore, come under the provisions of paragraph 11, General Order 100, series 1862 War Department.

Capt. James H. Anderson was absent, sick in hospital, from May 27 to August 4, 1864, when he returned to the regiment, with which he is now, unfit for duty.

Lieut. Oscar P. Ames is absent, sick, since June 14, 1864.

Second Lieut. Isaac Smith is absent, sick, since June 14, 1864.

Very respectfully, ——— ———

Lieut. Colonel commanding regiment.

To Brig. Gen. LORENZO THOMAS,  
Adjutant General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

During the months of August and September, Grant made several attempts to extend the flanks of his army; the right was thrown across the James at Deep Bottom, and the left, capturing the Weldon railroad, pushed on to the Boydton plank road. August 18, Hancock and Gregg demonstrated against Richmond from Deep Bottom, and withdrew, after losing about five thousand men; at the same time, Warren, with the 5th corps and a part of the 9th, seized and held the Weldon road. Hancock returned from the north side of the James to the assistance of Warren, and August 25th fought the battle of Ream's station. The Weldon road, Hatcher's run, Ream's station were like an immense morass where, during two months, more than twenty-five thousand troops were lost.

For a month after, the opposing armies were comparatively quiet. On September 17th, the Confederate pickets yelled at ours: "Yanks, have you got any beef?" "Do you want some beef?" "How does your beef go?" "Will you trade coffee for beef?"

During the day, we learned that Wade Hampton, sweeping down with his cavalry near Sycamore church, on the 16th, had captured 2,500 beeves feeding opposite Harrison's landing.

Butler's batteries on the south side of the James commanded the north shore in the vicinity of Aiken's landing, and Dutch Gap. At Dutch Gap, August 16th, Butler set a number of negroes digging a canal. There, by cutting through a neck of land less than 300 feet across, he hoped to flank several important works of the

enemy, avoid the formidable obstructions in the river, and save a circuit of seven miles. The bank was from 30 to 50 feet high, and he dug the canal 60 feet wide and 10 feet below the surface of the water. His working parties were negroes, convicts and prisoners. They cut the shore into bomb proofs, caves, pits and honeycombs; for the enemy annoyed them constantly with shells from the Howlett house and the batteries on Fox's islands. The Confederates had the range of the canal precisely. We have seen them burst their shells half a mile high, directly over the channel. Night and day we could see at any time a display of their skill as artillerymen.

*Sept. 28.*—Pickets detailed but not mounted, fatigue parties sent back. At 10 A. M., the corps was ordered to be ready to march at 9 P. M., with three days' rations, and sixty rounds of ammunition. At nine, the division marched to the James at Aiken's landing, and rested on its bank while the engineers constructed a pontoon. At daylight it crossed the river on the pontoon muffled with hay, grass and straw. While the 18th corps, under Gen. Ord, crossed the James at Aiken's, the 10th corps, under Gen. Birney, crossed at Deep Bottom; and while the 18th followed the Varina road over Chapin's farm, the 10th struck for the New Market Heights and Spring Hill.

*Sept. 29.*—At 7 A. M., Ord engaged the enemy at Fort Harrison and Birney at Spring Hill, and by 10 A. M. they had captured the whole of his first line.

Carr and Gibbon left the corps a few days before the battle; and Ord's commanders of divisions and brigades that day were Stannard, Burnham, Heckman, Weitzel, Roberts and Col. Stevens. His corps captured 300 prisoners and 22 heavy cannons. Ord and Stannard were wounded, and Gen. Burnham killed. Col. Stevens, 13th N. H. vols., commanded our brigade.

Weitzel assumed command in place of Ord, and pushed the forces against Fort Gilmer in the second line, but he was repulsed with the loss of 300 men.

Butler went with Birney, and at Spring Hill placed 3,000 negroes in column of division under Gen. Paine, and moved them forward against the redoubt on that hill. They swept with a shout across a marsh, over a stream fringed with trees and bushes, and carried the work at the point of the bayonet. This was the key to the Confederate defences, and ended the contest in that quarter for the day.



This storming party of black warriors lost fearfully, and dead or wounded, they left a third of their number on the hill. We passed along the road the next afternoon, near where they yet lay in continuous swathes and lines, their faces to the front and their backs to the field.

In that engagement the 98th had nine killed, two mortally wounded and fifty-one wounded. It was in the first line, and among the first to enter Fort Harrison. Gen. Stannard marched on foot with the 98th. We sent to division headquarters two Confederate flags which it captured in the fort. Captains Lewis, Rogers, and Lieutenant Stanton, in fact, all the officers, rendered important service.

The new position of the regiment was four miles from Aiken's landing, one from the James and six from Richmond. The bottom lands extended from the river to Fort Harrison, which stood on the brow of a bluff. In the attack our troops marched through an open field, every foot of which was commanded by the guns of the enemy. At first he poured upon them minié balls, shells and solid shot, and, as they approached, he changed to grape and canister.

*September 30.*—Spent last night digging, clearing away the ground and getting ready for the charge which we hear the enemy intends to make. The Confederates massed a large force under Gen. Lee's supervision and endeavored to recapture Fort Harrison. Their Generals, Hoke and Field, commanded the charging party. They were repulsed with but little loss to our troops, but with almost annihilation of some of their regiments and brigades.

During the morning of the 30th, the division worked with the greatest haste and energy under fire from the batteries on the river, and from rifles and mortars in front. They leveled the old parapet and tore down the barracks and constructed a line of fortifications a little in advance and faced towards the enemy. By two o'clock the defensive breastwork was three feet high.

About that time the enemy began to collect and arrange, under General Lee, his forces in our front. A few minutes later we could distinguish three separate, well-arranged lines, one behind the other, twenty-five or thirty rods apart, and of which the first was distant from ours not more than fifty rods. We poured upon them a storm of missiles from our rifles and cannons all the while. The sublime and the ridiculous are often mingled, at least

they are but a step apart. A Confederate officer was very busy riding hither and thither on a white horse, placing the regiments, carrying orders from rear to front, ranging the lines and ranking the files. Him our men marked. He fell to the ground, and his old white horse, frightened, started off at a gallop for our line. Halting near us, he was caught and taken in. This was a happy omen: we had captured their palladium and divined the result of the day. The men yelled, shouted, and made the welkin ring.

We see the foe apparently ready. Why does he delay so long? A full half hour he stands waiting in his serried lines. It is four o'clock, when, from far behind, a bugle sounds the advance. It is taken up by drum and fife; low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly, and the heavy embattled lines move forward—still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm. Notwithstanding our fire, they approach, and their line of battle is unbroken.

We have but two half covered lines to meet his three; ours are all veterans, exulting, flushed with victory, defiant, and never a man looks behind him.

Still the gray-backs come marching on; the ground seems to shake under their feet; the fate of the Republic may depend upon their charge. They are within twenty rods of us now, marching and unbroken. A rider, a division commander, perhaps, dashes out before the second line formed of regiments in column and commands, high and loud, distinct and clear as a silver horn: "Movement by battalion—deploy columns. By the right and left flanks. March!"

That movement, in our front and under our fire, was fatal. That officer never saw his columns together again. They collided, they recoiled, they fell, they fled. Nothing could exceed the rapidity and precision of our fire. When our men rose to discharge their pieces, their countenances wore an unearthly aspect, and when they saw the enemy broken and scattered they clenched their hands, gnashed their teeth and smiled grimly.

No subsequent charge was made. When the evening came we placed our guards a few rods in front, lit our fires, and ate our evening meal along the line.

The night was dark, rainy and cold. The enemy's wounded were uncared for. Two days afterward, our burial parties, without truce, but unmolested, passed over the field and gathered them in.

Of them we remember one poor fellow of the Richmond guards, dressed in citizen's clothing, who was laid near us. A minié ball had passed through both temples just behind his eyes, and yet he lived and recovered.

The regiment remained at Fort Harrison, the name of which was changed to Fort Burnham, for about a month, doing duty in the trenches or on picket. For that time no movements of importance were undertaken by either army, and the soldiers had a season of rest.

Pursuant to orders, the regiment started Oct. 27th, 5 A. M., from Fort Burnham, and, after marching to the right of the 10th corps, struck the old Williamsburg road at Fair Oaks, and moved about two miles towards Richmond. The troops in this movement were the first and second divisions of the 18th corps.

The 98th lay all the afternoon under a heavy artillery fire, and had three men wounded. Towards evening it retired and crossed over to the Charles City road, along which, after marching a short time, it bivouacked for the night. It rained, nearly all day and night, and the water stood on the ground. On the 28th our forces manœuvred around through the woods, took positions here and there to attract the attention of the enemy, until two o'clock, when they withdrew and retired to their old camps. In this feint the 18th corps lost nearly two brigades captured by the enemy.

While our corps was demonstrating thus, Grant, with the 9th, 2d and 5th corps, fought the unsatisfactory battle of the Boydton Road. Lee claimed a victory, and Grant said he had accomplished his object.

The reader will recall that the second election of Mr. Lincoln occurred in November, 1864, and that Gen. Butler was sent to New York with a portion of his forces to prevent riots and other disturbances on election day. The 98th, 96th, 92d, and 81st, among other regiments, were selected by Butler and taken to New York. The 98th embarked at Deep Bottom, November 2d, on the steamer Wm. Irvine; November 4th, it was transferred to the steamer Constitution, in Hampton Roads; November 5th, it landed and entered Fort Richmond in New York harbor; November 6th, it set out for Troy, and arriving there went into garrison at the Watervleit Arsenal; November 13th, 11 P. M., all on a train of cars at Troy, horses, baggage, and men, we informed the conductor that we were ready, and he rolled us away to New York

again; November 15th, on board the steamer *Perit*, we were out on the broad Atlantic, sailing over the ocean blue; November 17th, we arrived at Deep Bottom, and landing, bivouacked for the night; and, on the 18th, we went into camp again at the right and rear of Fort Harrison.

On our return, we found Gen. Charles Devens in command of the division, and Lieut. Col. Raulston, 81st N. Y., of the brigade. The troops left in camp fared better than those who went north.

During the month of October, Lieuts. Oakley and Wells were promoted captains; S. S. Short, Clark B. Colwell were advanced to first lieutenants, and Captain Wm. H. Rogers was mustered major.

In November, Lieut. G. H. Booth was promoted captain, George H. Benton, first lieutenant; Henry R. Thompson, second lieutenant, and the writer advanced to the full grade of colonel. Lieuts. E. M. Copps, Frank Angevine, Alba Harris, D. D. Mott, were promoted captains, and B. S. Powell, H. R. Thompson, were made first lieutenants, in the last month of the year.

During November, the 98th lost by expiration of term of service, Capts. Hildreth, Davis, Gile, and Lieut. D. H. Stanton; and during the month of December the following officers for a similar reason: Capts. Lewis, Allen, Hickok, Booth, and Lieut. Case. Capt. Atkins was discharged December 1st, on surgeon's certificate, and Assistant Surgeon, J. W. Gray, was promoted surgeon, 65th N. Y. vols. During the same months the term of service of more than fifty privates expired.

The regiment needed reorganization after the severe and protracted campaign. We forwarded to Albany a list of names for promotion. Requisitions for equipage, accoutrements and clothing were made, and the men began the construction of winter quarters.

From October 9th to November 5th, the writer was detached from the regiment and ordered to superintend the voting of the soldiers from New York who were in the hospitals of Virginia and North Carolina. A captain, a lieutenant, and a few enlisted men assisted him. The soldiers from Pennsylvania voted at the polls in their regiments; those from many states were unable to vote unless they went home; the soldiers from New York voted by proxy.

Whenever possible, we recommended furloughs, and nearly a thousand went north to vote from the base hospital at Point of Rocks. More than 2,000 received sick leaves. We tried to choose

worthy, reliable men, who would return within twenty days. None whom we recommended were refused. We went ourself to the different posts along the James, and sent our assistants to Fortress Monroe and North Carolina. Our notes are full of incidents and anecdotes. Visiting frequently City Point and the immense hospitals there belonging to the Army of the Potomac, we saw phases of military life, surgical treatment, wounds, and disease, concomitants of active service in the field, which we never expected to see, and which we never shall forget. Lazarus from Abraham's bosom never saw such forms of suffering and anguish.

In our memorandum, Oct. 20th, is written as follows: Gens. Grant and Butler visited and inspected the hospital. Gen. Grant was not distinguishable in appearance from a civilian except by his three stars, while General Butler had a *sui-generis* dress and rig which enabled one to distinguish him at any distance. Grant had no sword nor belt. Butler had both. Grant wore a plain felt hat, dark blue trousers and civilian's boots; Butler had his jack-boots on, and a gold-embroidered military cap. Grant is not above ordinary size, straight, slim and quiet. He walked among his staff, and talked now to one and then to another, or listened to their remarks. Butler always walked ahead with the air and mien of one who is accustomed to command. Butler is intensely personal; Grant is impersonal. Ostensibly, Butler is the greater man. His nervous temperament and long habits of study and forensic practice unfit him, perhaps, for a great general, but the power and vigor of his mind, his legal knowledge, his political influence, his insight in human nature, place him among the first men of the country. Butler is a lawyer and a forensic orator; Grant is a military man and nothing more.

In times of peace Grant would pass, as he was passing, unknown and unhonored. His silence fights half his battles, covers his mistakes, and gives design and brilliancy to his victories. In all his battles of this summer, he seems to have miscalculated his means, or, in other words, his undertakings have been greater than he anticipated. He failed to take Petersburg; he failed in all the battles of central Virginia, and he has failed half a dozen times on the left of his present position. He failed several times to hold the ground gained on the north side of the James. We venture to say that there is no artifice or strategy in General Grant's character; still as a commander he is eminently aggressive, and in his

method of warfare seeks to surround and overwhelm by superior numbers.

The movement we have mentioned on the north side of the James, Oct. 28th, and the battle of the Boydton road on the extreme left, closed, practically, the campaign of 1864; and, from right to left, without any definite orders to do so, the whole army, during the months of November and December, constructed for itself, by instinct, huts, cabins, log-houses, and went into winter quarters. No orders were issued by any general authority that huts should be built, or how they should be built, but the line officers and enlisted men made them as they pleased.

Military operations are at a stand ; Meade and Butler are crouching before Petersburg and the Confederate army ; Sherman has marched down to the sea and is resting at Savannah, and Thomas, pausing at Nashville, waits for an opportunity to exterminate Hood. All around the prospect is brightening, and the horizon seems clear.

The loss of the Army of the Potomac during the campaign of 1864, from the Wilderness, May 5th, to the Boydton road, October 29th, exclusive of prisoners captured and returned, was not far from 65,000 officers and men, and the captured and missing fell but little short of 25,000. During the same period the losses of the Army of the James were, killed, wounded, and missing, 12,000. The aggregate loss of the armies operating against Petersburg and Richmond, for the six months, exceeds 100,000 men. Gen. Hancock states that, from the Rapidan to the James he lost a number equal to his entire corps, 25,000, but that his ranks were kept full by reinforcements. The total effective dead loss was, then, more than 75,000. During the year Mr. Lincoln made four calls for men, amounting in the footing to one million and a half ; of these but 600,000 actually reported and were incorporated in the different armies of the Republic during the year. But we must add to the above-named levy, 100,000 hundred-days' men, who were voluntarily furnished by the governors of the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, and who relieved disciplined troops, did garrison duty, or went to the front, and for whose maintenance congress appropriated \$25,000,000. Besides the bounties, town, county, state, and National, the pay of the soldier was, for wages \$16 a month, and \$3.50 a month for clothing. So paid, so armed, so furnished, so fed, the world had never seen

such an army before. The troops with which Napoleon, Frederick, Cæsar, or Alexander won his most brilliant battles would barely make our picket line.

The loss of the Confederates for the same time, before the two armies, has been estimated, including 15,000 prisoners, at 40,000 men.

In February, 1864, the Confederate congress passed a general Military Act ; by it the whole male population could be employed either in the army or in raising supplies. The military usurped the civil, and the Confederate states became a camp. From time to time more stringent measures were taken, details, exemptions, furloughs, were revoked and forbidden. Finally, their Conscription Acts made every man liable between seventeen and fifty-five.

It was impossible to put a gun in every man's hands, and exemptions for all kinds of pretenses were reported : 30,000 persons exempt by the Conscription Bureau, as state officers ; 100,000 from physical disability, and 100,000 as farmers and producers. The government was a despotism, and exemptions were subservient to public interest. A system of passports supplanted the *habeas corpus*. The government seized the monopoly of cotton, and citizens were compelled, under bonds, to furnish it to the government for valueless currency, at government prices.

Taxes were levied in violation of law ; the railroads were seized by the government ; grain, horses, cattle, were impressed, and the Conscription became an engine of extortion, vengeance, cupidity and terror.

In the Diary of a War Clerk in Richmond we read : "I saw two conscripts from western Virginia conducted to the cars, going to Lee's army in chains.

"Lee writes that the Bureau of Conscription has failed to replenish the army. The rich men and slave-holders get out and keep out of the service. Over 100,000 are now out of the ranks, and soon, I fear, we shall have an army that will not fight, having nothing to fight for. The higher class is staying at home, the lower class is thrust into the trenches. Guards everywhere are arresting pedestrians and taking them to the army. Of the citizens taken to the front last week a majority have deserted. There are now 100,000 deserters ; of these the lists show 60,000 Virginians. A poor woman applied to a merchant on Carey street to purchase a barrel of flour. He demanded seventy dollars. 'My God!

how can I pay such a price? I have seven children. What shall I do?' 'I don't know, madam,' said he, 'unless you eat your children.'"

Matters in the Confederacy were coming to an extremity. Late in 1864, Davis and his War Secretary Siddons, had called attention to the propriety of employing negroes for soldiers. In the Confederate congress the opposition was stormy. A member rose and said: "Since Davis proposes 40,000 negroes for the field we cannot postpone the question: Are we approximating exhaustion? The President said at Macon that two-thirds of the army were absent. Let that subject command the attention of Congress, rather than the arming of the negroes. All nature cries out against making the negro a soldier. That is an abandonment of the ground on which we seceded from the Old Union. That race was ordained for slavery by the Almighty. Emancipation would be the destruction of the social and political system of the South. We have said that slavery was the best state for the negroes, and now, if we offer freedom as a boon, we are liars and hypocrites."

Notwithstanding this opposition, measures were taken in the spring of 1865 for the organization of negro troops. Secession was made to support slavery. Now slavery must be sacrificed to support Secession.

The Confederate currency was fast sinking into hopeless depreciation. Until October, 1861, it remained at par. Subsequently it depreciated so low that the amount required to buy one dollar in gold was, December, 1861, \$1.20; December, 1862, \$3; December, 1863, \$19; December, 1864, \$50; March, 1865, \$60. In April it became worthless.

Such was the condition of things, and yet there are people who love the Lost Cause and hope that it will reassert itself.

"Who is to answer for the hundreds of thousands of men who have been slain during the war?" said R. M. T. Hunter in the Confederate congress. "Who is to answer for them before the bar of heaven? Not those who had entered into the contest upon principle, but those who had abandoned principle!!!" History tells us that Lost Causes do not live. Witness the social wars of Rome, the civil wars of England and France.

The banks of the loyal states suspended specie payments in December, 1861; in January, 1862, their bills were, compared with gold, from 1 to 5 per cent. discount. In Feb., 1862, con-



gress authorized the issue of \$150,000,000 of treasury notes, legal tenders—green-backs. In January, 1863, the currency or bank notes which formed the usual recognized circulating medium, sank below coin so that gold was at a premium of 60 per cent. In July and August, 1864, the percentage at which gold could be purchased with irredeemable paper currency rose to 229 and 231.

The National debt was, June 30, 1864, \$1,740,036,689; March 31, 1865, \$2,423,437,001, and January 1, 1866, \$2,749,491,745.

The choice of Presidential electors was made Nov. 8th, in every state. General McClellan received the electoral votes of New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky—21 in all; and Mr. Lincoln obtained the remainder—211—of the electoral votes of the loyal states. The vote of Tennessee, though given to Lincoln and Johnson, was not received and counted by congress. No election was held in the ten seceding states. Fourteen of the northern states allowed their soldiers to vote, and, so far as their ballots could be distinguished, three to one were for Lincoln and Johnson. The popular majority of Mr. Lincoln was 411,428.

In his last annual message to congress, delivered, Dec. 6, 1864, Mr. Lincoln said, speaking of the election: "There have been much impugning of motives, and much heated controversy as to the proper means and best mode of advancing the Union cause; but on the distinctive issue of Union or no Union, the politicians have shown their instinctive knowledge that there is no diversity among the people."

He stated a single condition of peace to the insurgents: "I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government, whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

In this message he called attention to the 13th amendment of the Constitution, which passed the Senate April 11, 1864, and was lost in the House June 15th. He said: "It is not claimed that the election has imposed a new duty on members to change their views or their votes, any further than as an additional element to be considered their judgment may be affected by it. It is the voice of the people, now for the first time heard upon the question. In a great national crisis unanimity of action is very desirable. And yet no approach to such unanimity is attainable unless some deference shall be paid to the will of the majority. In this case, the common end is the maintenance of the Union, and among the

means to secure that end such will, through the election, most clearly declared in favor of such Constitutional amendment."

The amendment was passed by the House for submission to the states, Jan. 31st, 1865, by a vote of 119 to 56, and subsequently was ratified by more than two-thirds of the states.

Of the two Southern war ideas, State Rights and Slavery, but one remains. Slavery yielded to Necessity when the South decided to arm the slave; but Nationality and Emancipation, Northern war ideas, allied to modern civilization, are striding on to victory.

In the month of November we addressed the following letter to Gov. Seymour in relation to promotions:

HEADQUARTERS 98TH N. Y. VOLS., }  
Near Fort Burnham, Va., Nov. 24, 1864. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to request the following promotions in this regiment, viz.:

First Lieut. George H. Booth, to be captain, vice, Capt. Wm. H. Rogers promoted major, to rank from June 4th.

First Sergeant Clark B. Colwell, to be first lieutenant, vice, Lt. George H. Booth promoted.

First Sergeant George H. Benton, to be first lieutenant, vice, Lieut. Zeno I. Downing cashiered by general order, 128, Oct., 14th, 1864, department headquarters.

Sergeant Major Lyman B. Sperry, to be first lieutenant, vice, Lieut. Dan'l H. Stanton, mustered out Nov. 18th, 1864.

First Lieutenant Alba S. Harris to be captain, vice, James H. Anderson, discharged by Special Order 308, Sept. 17th, current series, War Department.

Commissary Sergeant Henry B. Thompson to be first lieutenant, vice, Lieut. Alba S. Harris promoted.

Having appointed Lt. J. K. R. Oakley regimental adjutant, vice, Lieut. Stanton mustered out, I respectfully request that the recommendation for his promotion to a captaincy be canceled.

Six of our officers have made applications to be mustered out by reason of expiration of term of service, so that the interest of the regiment demands the foregoing promotions.

The persons herein recommended are those to whom the advancement belongs by every right. I am, respectfully,

your obt. serv't,

Colonel 98th N. Y. V.

To General John T. Sprague,

Adjutant General, Albany, N. Y.

When the regiment left Malone in 1862, the ladies of that vil-

lage and vicinity presented it a beautiful silken flag. This by the campaign of 1864 was rendered unfit for service; we thought it best to muster it out and send it home. Many regiments of this state sent their worn-out flags to the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany; but our fair friends of Malone requested that this should be returned to them.

As Mr. Albert Andrus, of Malone, then member of Assembly, made the presentation speech, in 1862, to the regiment, we transmitted the banner to him with the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS 98TH N. Y. VOLS.,       }  
Chapin's Farm, Va., Nov. 25th, 1864. }

HON. ALBERT ANDRUS, MALONE, N. Y.:

*Dear Sir:*—Having frequently heard of your patriotism and public spirit, knowing the interest you have felt in our regiment, and remembering that you were selected by the ladies of Malone to present us a banner in their behalf, when we first volunteered to fight our country's battles, I desire to add to our present obligations, and request you to return for us to their care and keeping Our Old Battle Flag. We have borne it in all the marches and battles in which the 18th corps has participated during the summer's campaign. When that corps threatened Petersburg it took the advance. At Drury's Bluff, rallying around it in the fog and darkness of the morning, we checked the onset of the enemy, and later in the day rolled back the tide of battle. We flung it boldly and defiantly to the breeze, at Cold Harbor, and, driving the enemy from his line, planted it in his works, and maintained it there during twelve dreadful and bloody days. Charging and defending the works before Petersburg, and storming the batteries on Chapin's Bluffs, in hardships, privations, dangers and death, we have gathered around it, listened to the rustling of its silken folds, and shared a soldier's toils and a soldier's battle joys. Our dead comrades fell on all those fields, fell as the brave, honored with their country's benediction and gratitude.

Emblem of our once free and happy country, it has been to us the sign of hope and triumph. We love its streaking of the morning light and its starry folds. The lessons which our mothers taught us, our affection for our wives, our sisters, our homes, and our country, have nerved our arms and steeled our hearts to strike down the traitors in their name, in the name of our Revolutionary ancestors, in the name of human rights and in the name of God.

Whatever shall be the result of this war, our old Battle Flag shall be our witness that thus far we have done our duty well, and that the banner you gave us was not entrusted to unworthy hands. Torn and

pierced by more than fifty bullets, it tells its own history more eloquently than words or painting.

Returning it to the ladies of Malone after three years of service, we wish to add that we feel the same uncompromising hostility to traitors that we did when we received it. We cherish it now as we did then, and we know that they will cherish it, also ; for it is our country's flag, pierced and torn in deadly conflict, for its unity and existence.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

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Colonel 98th N. Y. V

Hearing that there were several hundred unassigned recruits in Albany and New York, we sent the following request to the Superintendent of the Recruiting Service at Albany :

HEADQUARTERS 98TH N. Y. VOLS., }  
Chapin's Farm, Va., Nov. 29, 1864. }

MAJOR :—In compliance with the directions of paragraph 110 Appendix to Revised Army Regulations, I have the honor to request that four hundred recruits be assigned to this regiment.

Our aggregate is now six hundred and fifty ; of them a few over forty have never joined the regiment, and about one hundred will be mustered out before February 1, 1865, by reason of expiration of term of service.

The cessation of hostilities during the winter, to a greater or less degree, will give us time to organize, instruct, and drill them. An aggregate of nine hundred men will allow the regiment its full complement of officers, and render it more serviceable and less expensive to the general government.

Respectfully, I am your obedient servant,

To Maj. Frank Townsend,

Supt. Recruiting Service, Albany, N. Y. Colonel 98th N. Y. V.

In reply to this we received a letter from Capt. Muhlenburgh, December 10, saying that by direction of Major Townsend he had referred our letter to Brev. Brig. Gen. Divens of the Northern division of New York, and that was the end of it.

Though a person enlisting could select the regiment in which he desired to serve, the letter below speaks for itself, and shows how recruits were sometimes obtained :

HEADQUARTERS 98TH N. Y. VOLS. }  
1st Divis. 18th Army Corps, }  
In the field, Va., December 2, 1864. }

COLONEL :—I have the honor to state that in July last I wrote to Mr.

George C. Strang, of Lyons, New York, and requested him to enlist a regimental clerk, not having any suitable person in the regiment. He induced George T. Foster, of that place, to enlist for that purpose, and that the facts are as stated I enclose a letter from Mr. Strang and the affidavit of private George T. Foster, who was forwarded by the Provost Marshal's Department to City Point, where he escaped from the guard and made his way on his own responsibility to our regiment.

November 20, I requested Captain John N. Knapp, assistant provost marshal at Auburn, N. Y., to send me George T. Foster's muster in and descriptive roll. He forwarded me the enclosed roll and statement, showing that George T. Foster enlisted in the 9th N. Y. heavy artillery. Believing the mistake a *clerical error*, I respectfully request that private Foster's enlistment papers be made to agree with his affidavit and this statement. I remain your obedient servant,

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Colonel 98th N. Y. V

To Col. E. D. Townsend,  
Assistant Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.

The papers were corrected as we desired, and private Foster remained with the 98th. From this the reader can readily imagine how the 9th N. Y. heavy artillery (Seward's) swelled its numbers, and how perfectly futile any efforts would have been for justice with the assistant provost marshal.

The original term of service of many members of the regiment expired during November and December. Three years of active service in the field is a long time, and all who were able availed themselves of the opportunity to leave the service.

We again wrote our Governor in regard to promotions :

HEADQUARTERS 98TH N. Y. VOLS. }  
Chapin's Farm, Va., Dec. 6th, 1864. }

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN T. SPRAGUE, Adjutant General, Albany, N. Y. :—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, on the 2d inst., of two commissions, one for Lieut. Oakley and another for Sergeant Colwell, and again, on the 5th inst., one for Sergeant Benton.

These promotions give entire satisfaction to the regiment and place us under renewed obligations.

Since the recommendations forwarded on the 24th ult., the following officers have been mustered out by reason of expiration of term of service, viz.: Capt. E. J. Hildreth, November 27; Capt. H. P. Gile, November 26; Capt. H. N. Davis, November 23; Capt. E. M. Allen, December 1. Capt. Alfred Atkins, resigned on surgeon's certificate of disability, December 1. Lieut. George H. Booth has made an applica-

tion to be mustered out by reason of expiration of term of service; I therefore withdraw the recommendation for his promotion, made November 24.

The interest of the service demands the following promotions, which I recommend with pleasure, viz.: First Lieut. Frank W. Angevine, to be captain, vice, N. H. Davis; First Lieut. Dennis D. Mott, to be captain vice, Capt. E. J. Hildreth; Private Benton S. Powell, to be first lieutenant, vice, Frank W. Angevine promoted. Private Powell was for a long time sergeant major, but was compelled, on account of protracted sickness, to resign his warrant. Lieut. Mott is commissary of subsistence for our brigade. The other officers have been on duty with the regiment during the whole campaign, and are all efficient, brave, and reliable. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

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Colonel 98th N. Y. V.

Within twenty days the commissions were granted as requested, except that Lieut. Alba S. Harris received an assistant surgeon's commission in the 155th N. Y., through mistake; but Harris, making no pretensions to the healing art, returned the commission with thanks.

The letters published above will give some idea of the official correspondence of a regimental commander.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

Scope and Object—Method—Reorganization of the Army of the James—Fort Fisher—The Second Expedition—Our House—The Diary—The Officer of the Day—Picket Duty—Stonewall Jackson's Method—A Walk at Night through our Camp—The Soldier's Dream—The 98th has a Chaplain—The Log-book again—An Evening in Camp and a Song at Taps by Capt. Miller—All about Dutch Gap and the Confederate Effort to capture the Army of the James—Traffic with the Pickets.

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show  
 To paint with Thomson's landscape glow ;  
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe  
     With Shenstone's art ;  
 Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow  
     Warm on the heart.

IN writing this our history we make no pretensions. We aim more for weight than show. Military science and history no more than music and painting are our *forte*. No one has given us a model or a plan for the conduct of our story. We rest somewhere on solid bottom ; we touch the bed rock ; for we never try to imitate or copy others.—Perhaps our perspective is not always good ; our narrative is sometimes too long, and sometimes too short ; the thread of its texture is sometimes spun too fine and again too coarse ; we both over-do and under-do. We neglect all but the principal object, so that our structure is Gothic and grotesque, irregular and unequal. That the labor we bestow on these pages is more valuable than the material cannot be said. If we lack art or skill and labor, we cannot be charged with extravagance and affectation.

In our descriptions, we have used the least color possible ; our canvas is almost transparent, and our brush occasionally drags ; but then our hand is firm, the outlines of our characters are precise and the even tone of our level method is never warped by

figurative or imaginary persons, or by allegorical or metaphorical representations.

Of men and events we speak as we find them. Time has outrun our preferences and feelings ; “ the jars, jealousies and strifes ” are passed, and we write without human passion, but with rational fortitude.

Our subject is not of general interest, and in extolling an obscure act or person our words are often lost in empty air or blown stifling back upon us. In such cases the greater the merits, the truer the praise, the more suspicious, extravagant and disproportionate it appears ; while the vacant stare and empty leer of the disinterested and unappreciative public is perfectly crushing.

We begin this chapter Jan. 1, 1865, with the 98th in camp three-fourths of a mile to the right of Fort Harrison.

A few days before the white forces of the 10th and 18th corps were consolidated to form the 24th ; at the same time the colored troops of the two corps were united to form the 25th. Gen. Ord commanded the 24th corps and Gen. Godfrey Weitzel the 25th ; the former held the right of the line to Fort Harrison, the latter the left along the James to Dutch Gap. The 1st and 2d divisions of the 18th corps composed the 3d division of the 24th, and Gen. Charles Devens, of Mass., was assigned to its command. Our brigade was the 1st of this division, and consisted of the 11th Conn., 19th Wis., 13th N. H., 81st, 98th, 139th N. Y. vols., with Lt. Col. Raulston, 81st N. Y. vols., in command. The 2d division of this corps, a detachment from the 1st division and a division from the 25th corps under Gen. Paine, went with Butler, Dec. 8th, in the first expedition against Fort Fisher ; and the troops for the second expedition under Gen. Terry, Jan. 4, 1865, numbering about 8,000, were selected from the same divisions and were commanded by the same subordinate officers.

The regiment remained in its present position doing picket duty, holding the line, drilling, policing, working until March 27, when it moved to the right half a mile and went into camp. To convey an idea of our camp-life, we copy from our memorandum the transactions of the more active and important days :

*Jan. 1, 1865.*—The weather is cold. The ground is frozen so hard as to bear a horse on the thinnest mud. The roads to the river are frightfully bad. Those we have corduroyed are covered with frozen mud, cut into ruts and trenches. Four to six mules



can draw but little more than a wagon-box full of wood. The reports of those who have returned from Ft. Fisher are against the management of the general in charge. Many think the fort could have been taken with ease. They say our men were in its very entrance; that the Confederates there don't fight as those here; they are new troops, reserves and conscripts. Lt. Col. Smith, 13th N. H. vols., reviewed, inspected and mustered for pay the 98th yesterday; and we performed the same service for the 19th Wisconsin vols. They have a fine class of men, large, young and strong. One of the companies was composed entirely of Germans. Total present 360. We were division officer of the day, and reported for instructions at corps and division headquarters. We visited the line at 1 P. M., also at 5 P. M., and posted the reserve picket. Our mail is very irregular. It came last night at 10, and, to-day, we are to have none.

*Jan. 2d.*—We made an inspection of the picket line between three and four A. M.—The wind from the west was cold and piercing. The men are not allowed to have fires. They were all doing the duty well. The enemy has fires. From my house-door, I can see a few Confederate camp and picket-fires gleam through the gloom. Our camp is just behind the breastworks. The enemy's line is one hundred and fifty rods in front. At our left, an open field separates the two lines; at our right are fields and woods. At the right, the lines constantly diverge; at the left they approach to within fifty rods. All about us is quiet. The pickets stand looking at each other all the day. We drive teams in front of the breastworks to procure wood and material for abatis. Our troops are drilling, repairing roads and constructing quarters. The huts of the men are made of logs covered with tenting. They have chimneys, and contain from four to six men. Our house is built of logs; is ten by twelve; covered with a tent-fly, and has a chimney made of stones, old bricks and sticks. In it we have a bed, a desk, a table, a trunk, a traveling bag, three camp chairs, a bench, etc. We occupy it alone. Behind it we have a mess-house in which three or four of us take our meals. Alfred Courtright, assisted by two negroes, is purveyor and cook. The army ration is full, and we have plenty of food. The soft-bread, one day old, is baked at Fortress Monroe. We have no chickens, no milk, no eggs, but the best of coffee, cheese and fish. Alfred procures flour and meal at the commissary's, butter and canned milk at the sutler's, and

contrives to make excellent biscuit and corn-bread. His pancakes are equal to Delmonico's. He says he watches them while baking, and allows them to color like a meerschaum. Our home is cheerful, and during the long winter nights we are accustomed to draw an evening circle round its blazing hearth.

Tuesday, Jan. 3d.—Remained in camp all day. Signed the rolls of the 19th Wis. and forwarded a copy by mail to the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C. Five commissions for the regiment came by mail from Albany. It snowed quite hard at 5 P. M., and we held no dress parade on that account. A rumor in camp reports Ft. Fisher taken by Admiral Porter's marines. Nearly all of the 1st and 2d divisions and Paine's division of the 25th corps left this afternoon on another expedition, Terry's, for Ft. Fisher. 9 P. M.—The ground is frozen and covered with snow. We hear heavy firing in the vicinity of Dutch Gap and over on the Bermuda Hundred front. No Northern papers came to camp to-day, and isolated here we have no news from any quarter. A very disagreeable night, and the rude wintry wind idly howls round our dwelling. The first words of two Confederate deserters, after they saw themselves safely in our lines, last night, were: "Now, we'll not have to dig any more stumps." They were of the 18th Va. vols., and were compelled to dig stumps, with which to make picket fires. One of them said: "Jeff Davis is surely dead. I heard it reported twice."

Jan. 4.—All quiet, and the weather moderate. For a long time regimental matters have gone on swimmingly. Everyone seems contented and obedient. From the door of our house we can see several Confederate camps and a mile or more of their breastworks. Their drills, their dress-parades, their working parties, their camp and picket-fires all appear. During the day we attended to various regimental duties: issued orders for semi-weekly officers' school and drill, organized an awkward-squad, and began the instruction of the non-commissioned officers in the school of the soldier, squad and company.

Jan. 5.—Remained in camp during the day. The regiment received a large requisition of clothing, which was issued, in part, at once, to the men. The weather was warm, and the ground wet and muddy. We have very good health, and generally feel contented. We are a little tired of the service, and sometimes think we would be glad to get out of it. The regiment is so small that

the battalion drills are very unsatisfactory. All hopes of obtaining more men have well nigh perished. The 98th numbers over 600 men, 200 of whom are scattered throughout the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James; all efforts to get them together fail. To-day we received \$1,100 from the Paymaster General of New York, bounty, to be paid to men of the regiment who enlisted last winter. For that amount we returned receipts to Albany as required.

A circular informs us that the sick of the brigade is double that of any in the corps with an equal aggregate. It enjoined thorough inspection, overhauling and policing of camps and quarters. Rumor says that Gen. Butler attempted to blow the end out of his Dutch Gap canal last night, and that the project failed, because the powder in the chamber under the bulkhead had become wet. Only earth enough was blown out to permit a skiff to pass. All is quiet to-night, save now and then a heavy report from about Dutch Gap. The return pickets say that the enemy is drawing troops from our front, perhaps to send to Wilmington. No Northern papers in camp. We experience all the dullness of camp-life.

We resort to our library, which consists of the Army Regulations and Tactics, Napoleon's Maxims, Butterfield's Outpost Duty, Jomini's Art of War, Scott's Military Dictionary, the Bible and the Works of Virgil in Latin. At midnight in our guarded tent we hear a knocking at the south entry. Whence is that knocking? Hark! more knocking. We step to the door, and a voice says from without: "I'm Captain Julian, Colonel, and come to say that you are detailed for division officer of the day to-morrow. The order making the detail was lost, or mislaid. I am sorry to disturb you. Good night." Exit Julian.

The officer of the day for a division was taken from the regimental commanders, for a tour of twenty-four hours, and the position was one of responsibility, activity and watchfulness. He was the centre and commander of the grand guards or pickets, the conservator of the camps and the sovereign coroner of the organization. The executive officer of his commander, he outranked every one but him, and in the line of his duty his authority was supreme; still, though his duties were executive and ministerial, he must be guided by instructions, orders and law. He constituted the eyes and ears of his commander, and was not permitted to take off his clothes or sleep. He regulated the number and hours of the

patrols and rounds, stationed the vedettes, received and questioned the deserters, examined the ravines and hollow-ways which might conceal an enemy, instructed and questioned the guards and made them repeat their orders. If his picket or grand guard is attacked in force, he must take such positions, execute such movements as will best check the advance of the foe. He cannot wait for orders or hold a council.

When its corps retires the grand guard usually follows and, breaking up, its details join their regiments. Stonewall Jackson and a few other generals were accustomed to leave their pickets behind for several days after they had withdrawn their army, for the purpose of misleading and perplexing their adversaries, and keeping them ignorant of their whereabouts.

Concerning Jackson's forces, Secretary Stanton wrote to Gen. McClellan, June 25th, 1862, as follows: "Some reports place 10,000 rebels, under Jackson, at Gordonsville; others that his force was at Port Republic, Harrisburg and Luray. Within the last two days the evidence is strong that, for some purpose, the enemy is circulating rumors of Jackson's advance in various directions, with a view to conceal the real point of attack. Neither McDowell, who is at Manassas, nor Banks and Fremont, who are at Middletown, appear to have any accurate knowledge on the subject."

The reader will recall that, June 26th, Jackson was near Ashland, and that the next day he attacked McClellan's right, and fought with Gen. Porter the battle of Gaines' Mill, while Banks, Fremont and McDowell thought him each in his immediate front. Jackson knew how to seem and to be; he could see no stratagem or military sagacity in the wish of the poet:

"Oh, would some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us!"

*Jan. 6th.*—We reported according to our detail for division officer of the day at corps headquarters, to Major Read, assistant adjutant general, and immediately after, at division headquarters, to Brev't Brig. Gen. Guy V Henry, 40th Mass., then in temporary command. Col. Plaisted, 11th Me., was corps officer of the day. He was in Casey's division on the Peninsula with us; we were associated with him at Yorktown, at Beaufort and at the siege of Charleston. In civil life he had been a teacher, and when we first knew him he appeared stiff, precise, formal, but not

affected. Camp life had brushed away the rust and smoke of his studious seclusion. He was warm-hearted, social, intelligent, appreciative, conscientious and brave.

A deserter from the 27th Va. came in, about 12, at the right of the line on the New Market road. He said that two nights before he came from the Bermuda Hundred front, near the Howlett House, and that the enemy has there only two small regiments, forming one thin line. His regiment crossed on a pontoon, near Fort Darling, in the night, and took every precaution to prevent our discovering the movement. It belonged to Corse's brigade. He informed us that the 47th Va. had refused to do duty because it received but little food, and no clothing and pay, and that it was confined in Castle Thunder. He lived at Saltsville, Va., had been in the service two months, and never had any desire to fight the North. His sister had written him that the Confederacy had become mighty narrow, and that he better get out of it before it should collapse.

It began to rain in the morning, and rained all day. About 5 P. M., we visited the line the second time, the rain pouring down very fast. The surface of the ground was covered with a few inches of water and half a foot of mud. Our house leaks in a dozen places, and were it not that our bed keeps dry, we should be in a very sorry and uncomfortable condition. We saw the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of the 4th inst. Secretary Seward has, it appears, sent a copy of a paper, probably written by President Davis, and which appeared lately in the *Richmond Sentinel*, to all our foreign ministers, and desires foreign governments to consider it a confession that the rebellion is a failure, and asks them to cease to regard the Confederates as belligerents. The paper appears at length in the *Inquirer*, and indirectly gives a bad picture for the Confederacy. It is filled with bitterness and hatred towards the *Yankees*, and requires and incites the South to be willing to make any sacrifice, to free the negroes, to seek an alliance with any European nation rather than to return to the old Union. The avenging Nemesis seems presenting the poisoned chalice to the lips of the Confederate leaders.

*Jan. 7.*—Visited the picket between 3 and 4 A. M. As we rode along, a rebel deserter from the 15th Va. vols., came in. He told the same story as the one from the 27th, about disaffection and demoralization. During the day, after being relieved we gave our

attention to policing the camp and repairing quarters, and worked two or three hours in the adjutant's office at the regimental report of deserters and the quarterly return of deceased soldiers.—Signed them both and sent them by mail to Washington. The ground is very wet, and the going very difficult. We saw the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of the 5th inst. It contains the peace resolutions of the citizens of Savannah. They desire to get back into the Union. The *Inquirer* has numerous extracts from Southern papers. All raise a dismal howl—a loud and bitter cry against the Yankees. A bid for foreign assistance appears in every Richmond paper. They all endeavor to cheer each other and their fellow sharers in treason and hard times, and to nerve themselves to endure every privation and wo, loss of lands and negroes, wealth, nationality, sons, fathers, and life itself, rather than come back under the Star Spangled Banner.

8 P. M.—The ground is freezing, the wind from the north is cold, the weather has changed.

12 P. M.—We have just walked through our regimental camp. All are asleep except the guard in the guard-house and the sentinel who walks at our door. The moon shines bright, the night is clear and beautiful, and the sky is full of stars. On such a night Immanuel Kant may have said: "Two things fill me with awe: the starry heavens and the sense of moral responsibility to man." The same awe overshadows us; for the stroke of action has ceased and the pause of reflection has come. Our camp is on a knoll or ridge; we can see the picket-fires for a mile or more in front, and here and there at intervals a hostile camp-fire shines through the moonlight. No sounds come to our ear, though around us and before us are two hostile armies who have at their command all the implements and enginery of war, with which in a few moments they can cover the ground with blood and carnage, fill the air with the din and noise of deadly missiles and shake the earth with their thunder. How many sons, fathers and brothers here are asleep, safe and sound, while away at their homes in the distant North how many affectionate hearts are sad and sleepless on their account! Thousands of friends anxious and heavy would leap for joy if we could send this instant the dispatch: "If you are well, then all is well." "Weeping, sad and lonely" we walked to our quarters, and soon after fell asleep with the scenery and circumstances of Campbell's Soldier's Dream in mind:

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night, on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;  
 At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;  
 'Twas Autumn, and sunshine arose on the way  
 To the home of my father that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,  
 And I knew the sweet strain which the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn;  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear vanished away.

*Jan. 8.*—Held a rigid Sunday morning inspection. Took an estimate of all deficiencies in camp, garrison and ordnance stores. Signed the tri-monthly report, forwarded the inspection report, issued 3,000 rounds of ammunition, and drew of the division ordnance officer, Capt. Bryden, 4,000 rounds to replace those issued and to keep on hand. Had the men in camp in excellent order, so that the regiment, if not first, is near the first in the brigade. They need many articles of clothing, especially under-clothing; as to over-dress they are all comfortably clad in garments neat and new. Sabbath is always a busy day in the service; inspections, reviews and policing seem set aside for that day. In the afternoon a few men were caught playing cards for money. These we had arrested and sent to spend the night in the brigade guard-house. Playing cards for money is one of the greatest vices with which we have to contend. We can prevent intoxi-

cation ; but gambling, being more easily concealed and less patent in its consequences, escapes detection.

A number of officers from the different regiments, and from the brigade and division staffs, came into our camp between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. They collected in circles throughout the camp, walked up and down along the color line, and loitered in the officers' quarters. All finely dressed, courteous and intelligent, the interviews were social, friendly, jovial.

Crimson, lilac and golden—lilac, golden and gray,  
Sank the sunset shadows of that pleasant winter's day.

*Jan. 10.*—Nearly one hundred deserters came in last night on that part of the line picketed by the cavalry at the right.

Official information has been given us that a Mr. Richardson, formerly chaplain of the 92d N. Y., is appointed chaplain of the regiment.

We called on Gen. Devens during the day and had an interview in relation to a few furloughs and a Confederate flag which we sent him a short time before. The flag was found in the barracks of a Tennessee regiment by one of our men at the capture of Fort Harrison. It was a silken banner, was presented by certain ladies to the regiment, and had printed upon it, "The Sunny South." The General was in command of the corps, and in good humor.

The *Herald* of the 9th inst. has but little news. The President directs that General Sherman who is now at Savannah shall come north by land. He is about to move.

7 P. M.—The ground is not frozen, but the wind has dried the rain of yesterday. The night is very beautiful, the moon shines bright and the sky appears like a canopy of silver. Though all is quiet with the exception of the usual firing of artillery near the river, we cannot safely say: Quiet all day, until the day has expired. In a moment the pickets on the right or the heavy guns on the left may open the ball, and whether they will lead off with a round dance or a cotillion none can say.

*Jan. 12.*—Remained in camp ; the day fine ; the lines quiet. For reasons unknown to us the picket-line was strengthened and the reserves increased.

We repaired our house and finished our stable. For two days we have been entirely out of forage. Fortunately we had two



boxes of damaged hard-bread, which we mixed with corn-meal and potatoes from our kitchen and fed to the horses. The Arabian maxim says, "that no true Arab neglects his camel;" and the soldier's horse shares, if need be, from his master's board. We experience the insupportable *ennui* of camp-life.

*Jan. 13.*—We rode to the headquarters of the 25th corps, and returned by the rear of the 24th corps.

We drilled the battalion, and attended to various regimental matters.

Gen. Butler relieved by the President issued his last order. He feels now the weight of that power which it pleased him to use against others. He has many friends and enemies in the department, and as is usual the latter are more pleased than the former grieved. The misfortunes of our best friends having something in them not unpleasant to us all, those whom he has most helped remain guardedly silent.

*Jan. 16.*—At 2 P. M., the regular monthly inspection was made by Capt. Julian, division inspector. All the company books have in times past been poorly kept. Many of them are soiled, blotted and torn. They came down to us with all the carelessness, ignorance, accidents of three years marked indelibly upon them. Their condition grew out of the nature of the volunteer service. After pointing out the deficiency of a few articles which it has been impossible to obtain, the inspector expressed himself well satisfied.

Col. Cullen was again assigned to the command of the brigade, a duty which the writer had been performing for a few days.

*Jan. 17.*—At 9 A. M., the division formed and took its position in line of battle at the breastworks, opened ranks and waited the arrival of Gen. Gibbon, the corps commander. At 10 he appeared and rode along the line. It presented arms, and soon after returned to camp.

An order from corps headquarters directs that once in two weeks each brigade commander by careful inspection of camps, books, discipline, clothing, arms and men, shall select his best regiment and relieve it from fatigue and picket duty for one week; and that from the regiments selected by the brigade commanders the division commanders shall each select the best in his own division and relieve it from the same duty an additional week.

We caused the order to be read at dress parade, and after making a few remarks to the men, said that the 98th must aspire

to the highest distinction and receive the award of the division commander.—After dismissing them, officers and men went to work with spirit, and in a few weeks we realized our highest expectation, and the regiment was announced in general orders the best in the 3d division, of the 24th army corps.

The weather is fine, but the wind is high. The capture of Fort Fisher was announced in orders. Our men are hopeful and confident, and, on the contrary, the enemy is silent and despondent. Their camps lie sullenly before us; their pickets perform their duty, apparently, without animation or spirit.

The 81st N. Y., was ordered to report to us to be drilled. We signed the tri-monthly report and received the *Herald* of the 16th.

*Jan. 19.*—Remained in camp, constructed a few new barracks and a wash-house. Settled a quarrel with two men in Co. H., issued a few ordnance stores and dined with Col. Cullen. At the table we talked of the legacies which the ancient nations have left in their history, and concluded that the Greeks and Romans alone excite enthusiasm and inspire action and enterprise. The Persian, the Jew, the Egyptian, may have helped push forward the progress and civilization of the world, but to-day they have no apparent vital, energizing force. Marathon and Thermopylæ, the early Roman heroes and battles are revered by the patriots of every country; and Homer and Demosthenes, Virgil and Cicero teach their living lessons in every school.

Last night at 11, five deserters came in on the brigade front and three on that of the remainder of the division. They were fired on by their own men, even while within our lines and standing around our fires. One of the balls came into the camp of the 11th Conn., and, after passing through the sutler's store, grazed his arm and lodged in his pillow.

*Jan. 20.*—Seven deserters and two horses came in at the right of the brigade last night. We drilled the 81st and 98th, and held an officer's school.

Though the troops have not returned, we are receiving from Northern papers the details of the capture of Fort Fisher. Our forces met with heavy loss, as did the enemy also. Were not the picket duty so hard and the other details so large our present condition would not be unpleasant.

*Jan. 21.*—Rain and sleet all day. The men in most of their

quarters are comfortable ; in a few the water pours in at the top and runs in under the logs at the bottom.

*Jan. 22.*—No rain. The ground wet, the air damp and cold. Sunday morning inspection for the best regiment. The unpleasant weather has dulled the aspect of the men, clothing and arms.

Dull, duller, dullest ; nothing can exceed the monotony of camp-life. We read, we look after the duties of our office ; we walk, we ride ; we gaze at the sky, the stars, the sun, the moon ; yet we are compelled to return to the same surroundings, camps, arms, intrenchments, and lines of defense. We become weary of the details, of the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war. "O, my Christendom, were I out of this and keeping sheep !"

*Jan. 23.*—Reported and entered upon the duties of division officer of the day. Rode along the line three times during the day and evening. Yesterday four of our men, bounty jumpers, deserted ; three from the 9th Vt. vols. and one from the 11th Conn.

In the evening we heard heavy firing towards Dutch Gap, the batteries along the river and the gun-boats being engaged.

At midnight, we received a dispatch saying that the Confederate cavalry had marching orders, that we should be on the alert, because we might be attacked in the morning.

At 3 A. M., 24th, we visited the line and found five deserters from the enemy. They said that Gen. Geary's brigade of cavalry had orders to go to South Carolina. That fact explained the marching orders of the enemy's cavalry, and we sent at once the deserters to division headquarters. The firing at the left along the river was renewed and continued at intervals until after 9 A. M. At daylight the troops of both corps took their position along the breastworks, and the cavalry at the right mounted and formed. At 9 we learned that the Confederate gun-boats had passed battery Brady, the mouth of Dutch Gap canal, and were then lying under the Howlett House battery, and that in coming down during the night they had waked up our guns on the shore. The troops stood at the breastworks all day. About 2 P. M., the enemy opened with a mortar battery on Ft. Harrison, and a little later the guns in Ft. Gilmer, directly in front, sent eight shells into and over our camp.

At 4 P. M., we learned that our monitors and guns on the shore

had blown up the Confederate ram Drury, and that the Virginia and Fredericksburg were aground waiting for the tide near the Howlett House.

No rifles were fired in our front, and our cannon returned but four shots. In this movement the enemy massed heavily on our right, and, had his gun-boats cut the pontoons on the river and broken our communications with the rest of the army, he would have destroyed or captured the Army of the James.

*Jan. 25.*—About 12 M., we received orders to prepare two days' cooked rations, and be ready to march at a moment's notice. Rumor says that the enemy is massing on our right; if so, and he attack, our front is to be weakened to re-inforce the right.

Last night the rams came down again, and we heard prolonged and heavy firing about Dutch Gap. They passed the lower entrance of the canal and maintained an artillery duel with our monitors a few rods below. They dismounted the 100 pounder rifled gun in battery Brady just above the canal. This morning at daylight they returned to Richmond.

9 P. M.—All the evening two large bands in the 25th corps near by have been playing the finest tunes; "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," Marches, Waltzes, etc., tunes which our mothers sang when they rocked us to sleep. It is the same every evening. They often continue until 10 or 11 o'clock. While all is still and quiet the notes sound beautifully clear and sweet. At roll call our own camp was quite jubilant; in groups the men were singing: "Down with the Traitor and up with the Stars," "Fairy Bell," and "The Red, White and Blue."

f—As a solitary drummer ceased beating "Taps" on the color-line, Capt. Miller, 139th N. Y., whose camp was contiguous to our's, walked up and down along the officers' quarters and sang, loud and clear as a silver horn:

Meet me by the running brook,  
Where the drooping willows grow;  
Meet me in the shady nook,  
Where the silver waters flow;  
Friends we loved are broken-hearted,  
Smiles have flown and tears have started  
Since the time when last we parted,  
In the days of long ago.  
Meet me by the running brook, &c.

Meet me where the star-light plays  
O'er the wavelets bright and low ;  
Tell me of your youthful days,  
Ere the heart knew pain or woe ;  
Joy will come to charm and leave us,  
Lingering hope will still deceive us ;  
Life had nothing dark to grieve us,  
In the days of long ago.  
Meet me by the running brook, &c.

While he sang the camps were still as death ; the men came to the doors of their quarters and listening held their breath to hear.

*Jan. 26.*—We practiced the regiment in firing blank cartridges, ten rounds per man. A captain's commission for Lt. Beaman and a lieutenant's commission for Serg't McArthur, came from Albany last night.

We have the *Herald* of the 23d, and the most important news is that gold has fallen to 197.

We drilled the 81st and 98th, held dress parade, ordered daily inspection and daily company practice in loading and firing blank cartridges.

The enlisted men are confined to the limits of their brigade and the officers to the limits of their divisions. In ten minutes from the first alarm we can man our works, placing behind their whole extent a line of battle of two ranks.

*Jan. 31.*—Several of our regimental officers are absent on leave : Major Rodgers, Capt. Copps, Lts. Oakley and Sperry.

The day is fine, the ground frozen ; the men are repairing the breastworks and abatis, injured by the frost and rain.

In the morning we rode to Dutch Gap along the picket line of the 25th corps. This corps consists of colored troops, lies at our left and holds the ground from Ft. Harrison to the Gap. They perform the picket duty very well, and in the same manner as the 24th. A non-commissioned officer and four men are placed on each post, and the posts are six rods apart. One man at each station is advanced about six rods in front, and is called the vedette. He walks a beat extending on each side half way to the post on his right and on his left. This man is always on the alert. Besides the vedette, one of the three men left with the non-commissioned officer is required to be standing with his rifle in his hand. They change places with each other at certain intervals. The reserve

picket divided by brigades is placed a short distance behind the line, and at intervals of thirty or forty rods from each other. The reserves alone have fires. The utmost vigilance is required and actually obtained by this double row of sentinels.

Reader, imagine an ox-bow lying before you ; from arm to arm is the Dutch Gap canal, 300 feet ; at the bend of the bow stands the Howlett House ; at the right arm is battery Brady ; at the left arm are our gun-boats and monitors in the James, and the bow and canal seven miles around include Farrar's island. Across the river, a mile distant, at the right arm, is battery Simms, a Confederate battery ; across the river at the left arm terminates in a redoubt the breastworks of the Bermuda Hundred front. At this terminus is one of the highest signal towers in the Republic. Half of a mile below the tower is the pontoon at Aikens, and four miles below is the second pontoon at Deep Bottom.

Our troops have placed several torpedoes in the river above battery Brady, and several just above Dutch Gap canal. They can be exploded by galvanic batteries on shore. As a military project the canal is a failure, and the work on it is suspended. The water runs through it in a continuous, unbroken channel the width of the canal. The Confederates still shell the canal ; to-day they threw from battery Simms a few 200 pounders over it. The shells appeared to explode just above it half a mile in the air. When the rams came down our monitors discharged their guns through the channel at the Confederate batteries.

Our line in the vicinity of the canal is very weak. Four companies of a colored regiment picket Farrar's island and the river bank for a mile above battery Brady. The deserters from the enemy are numerous, nightly from one to ten. Along the whole front the pickets have frequent parlies. While on the line we saw an exchange of tobacco for coffee. The Confederate came to our vedette from his own line, a distance of half a mile. He wore one of our caps and overcoats, and passed within a few rods of us. His canteen was made of wood and his cartridge-box-belt was of canvass.



## CHAPTER XIX.

All History is a Diary—The Author copies from his Diary—A Hazy Day—The Peace Commissioners and the Result of their Interview at Fortress Monroe—The 98th decided the best in the Brigade—An Effort by the Army of the Potomac to capture the Southside Railroad—Grant knocks at the Southside Railroad—The 40th Mass. decided the best in the Division—New England against the World—All Quiet—The Mule Serenade—The President's Ultimatum—A Review again—A Ride with the Chaplain to the Rear—The Payment of the Army—The Corps Officer—His Back to the Field and his Feet to the Foe—A Military Execution—An Evening Incident on the Picket Line—A Salute for Sherman's Victories—Gen. Devens inspects the 98th with the Division Inspector—Father O'Reiley—The 98th adjudged the best in the Division—The Capture of Wilmington—Another Peace Commission—Chaplain Richardson preaches and then interviews his Commanding Officer—Chaplains in the Army.

ALL history is a diary, partial or universal, of the daily life of the world; and historians, biographers, naturalists, journalists, act similar parts, write up the characters of the *dramatis personæ*, and the routine of the unravelings of time. If we keep working at some rational business in some rational way, the sphere of our being will be filled, and the end of our existence be accomplished. So Bunyan and Kepler worked, though poor and wading against the stream of life; so the inventors of the Spinning Jenny and the Power Loom labored and performed more for the elevation of the human race than all the poets laureate, admirals, grand commanders and councilors of kings. Take some position and go to work. Do what you can, and do it well. Be true in your heart and life. Never think that you can afford to be idle, low or mean, but aspire to be high-minded, intellectual, noble. Thus shall you be ready for whatever position Providence shall call you, whether, like Cincinnatus, you shall be taken from the plow, or like Amos, from the sheep-fold. In our struggle for independence the woods of Virginia gave us Washington, and in our contest for national life and existence, the prairies of the West gave us Lincoln.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee,  
Bravely fling off the chain that hath bound thee !  
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee !  
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !  
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;  
Labor, all labor is noble and holy ;  
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

The consciousness that we performed our duty well in camp and field, that we shrank during nearly four years from no service or responsibility, and, that we lost for that time, but three days on account of sickness, is highly gratifying as our memory sweeps over the period of our martial life ; but the fact that we kept this, our diary, wrote up our impressions, observations, and the transactions of the day while many others were lounging or sleeping, is no less gratifying. Our memoranda were made on the spot, at no trifling pains and sacrifice, while our sword was girded and our banner waving on the tented field.

How many writers would make with these, our notes, a glowing parade and an envious reputation ! How the dailies and the periodicals would quote their vivid descriptions and life-scenes among their notices of new books and publications. The news stands and the hucksters on the railroads would hawk about *The Diary*, *The Memoirs*, *The Confidences*, *The Recollections*, *The History of Four Years of Active Service in the Late War*, by a Colonel in the Volunteer Army. Ah, me ! it makes all the difference in the world who says a thing ! Success in book-making depends on pushing the book ; it is not the title, so much, or the argument, often, as the enterprise of the bookseller. Unless forced upon the public by the machinery of the publisher, how limited would be the sales of many cotemporary authors !

If a man has anything to say, let him say it ; if not, let him hold his peace !

*Feb. 1, 1862.*—All quiet along the lines ; but with us the utmost activity prevails—drilling, administrative duties, policing, making and obtaining requisitions for quartermasters' and ordnance stores. About 10 A. M. we were directed to have three days' cooked rations in the haversacks of the men, and to distribute the reserve ammunition when about to march.

We drilled the 81st and 98th in the afternoon, having over six



hundred in line, and gave particular attention to the preparatory commands, to dressing the guides, and to the duties of division and company commanders.

Three of the 11th Conn., bounty jumpers, deserted during the night.

We received no Northern papers.

*Feb. 2d.*—We had company drill in the morning and battalion drill in the afternoon. Several commissions came from Albany, for which we returned acknowledgments, and also requested the Governor to promote Sergt. Patrick A. Manix. Patrick was wounded at Ft. Harrison. A grape shot passed between his stomach and his ribs, carrying with it a piece of every article of clothing which he wore around his body.

The weather was very fine, the sun shone all day, and from ten to two it thawed. The sky wore a misty, hazy appearance, and in the distance, across the James, on the hills, the outline of objects was blended and indistinct. By some kind of anamorphosis which we could not understand, at the distance of half a mile, a bush or a stub or a stump often resembled a man or an animal. Everywhere through the atmosphere innumerable misty particles were strewn. They spread a delicate veil of gauze in front of the slopes of pine. They abolish the definition of distant objects, dissolve them in the opalescent air, and

Melt things that be to things that seem,  
And solid Nature to a dream.

We are still under marching orders, and hear that a part of our corps has embarked at Deep Bottom and is going down the James. They went on an expedition, at that time, to Fredericksburg, to capture tobacco, and were sent at the request of the Treasury Department.

Information comes to us from corps headquarters, that the 23d corps, Schofield's, from Nashville, is at Fortress Monroe, and that Sherman has begun his northward march from Savannah. The Confederate Peace Commissioners, Stevens, Campbell, and Hunter, passed through our lines to-day, near Fort Harrison. They walked between the picket lines, and from Fort Harrison to the headquarters of the 25th corps, whence they were taken in a wagon to Aiken's landing. They are to meet Lincoln and Seward in

Hampton Roads, to-morrow. The indications of peace are not encouraging, yet all efforts seem not at an end. So far the attempts show at this time the impossibility of peace. The Northern papers contain a complete roster or list of officers of the Southern Army, and estimate its effective strength at 170,000.

*Feb. 2d.*—We remained in camp and drilled the 98th and 81st. Rumor says that Grant is moving against the Southside railroad, and that he is fighting in the vicinity of Hatcher's run.

In the afternoon the clouds grew heavy, and a little coarse snow resembling rain fell. About 8 P. M., we heard the whistles of the Confederate gun-boats on the James. They fell down the river, and later in the night engaged battery Brady loud and furiously. The camps are full of speculations concerning the probable result of the Peace Commission now assembled on a steamboat in Hampton Roads. Generally, we wish that they will be able to effect a cessation of hostilities, but think the chance for such an event very remote. In fact, both parties are anxious for peace, but on one vital condition, the independence of the South, they are unable to agree. All sorts of rumors are rife.

The enemy keep a sharp watch upon us; when we fall in for drill, or dress parade, they stand on their breastworks in large numbers and observe us. They are not irritable, but friendly, and appear to regret the present unpleasantness and hope that this cruel war will cease.

*Feb. 4.*—The order requiring four days' cooked rations in the haversacks of the men was countermanded, and the company commanders were directed to have them in their possession. Rumors of fighting on the left are current.

The camps were visited by a few clergymen of the Christian Commission. Any minister at the North who desires may come here in the employment of the Commission and have his expenses borne, provided he stay six weeks and either preach or distribute tracts and other religious books and papers.

The Peace Commissioners passed through the lines, on their way to Richmond, to-day. They failed to arrive at any agreement looking towards peace or an armistice, with Lincoln and Seward at Fortress Monroe.

*Feb. 5th, Sunday.*—The 98th was inspected by Col. Cullen, commanding the brigade. He decided the 81st the worst and the 98th the best in his brigade. Private Rufus Myers, co. F, was se-

lected for the best soldier in the division. The regiment was excused from all picket and fatigue duty for one week. The men are very cheerful, and think it pays to be the best regiment.

We are unable to obtain Northern papers. The Potomac and Chesapeake are partially frozen over or obstructed with ice.

We experience a difficulty in obtaining anything to eat besides the army ration. The sutlers and commissaries have nothing; still we have coffee, bread, butter, beans and potatoes, but no fresh meat and fish.

Gen. Meade is absent on leave; General Gibbon commands the corps, and General E. O. C. Ord the Army of the James and the department of Va.

*Feb. 6.*—We reported at corps and division headquarters as division officer of the day, and, immediately after receiving our instructions, rode along the line of pickets.

Two of the 11th Conn., bounty jumpers, deserted last night, and we took every precaution to prevent, during our tour, a similar occurrence. We required the men to remain behind the line, and the details for the posts to keep together, and we further directed the pickets to shoot every enlisted man who disobeyed the order by going in front of the line. Not a man deserted to the enemy during our tour.

In the forenoon, a Confederate came into the line. He was cutting wood between the pickets, and took advantage of his guard's negligence and deserted.

Wood for picket-fires is becoming a valuable and scarce article. The enemy sends guards in front of his line to cover the parties chopping and obtaining wood. Who shall watch the guard?

The deserter reports that Gen. Longstreet, who commands the forces north of the James, in our front, has been sending troops to North Carolina.

During the day, we heard prolonged and heavy firing in front of Petersburg. Towards evening, we learned that the Army of the Potomac had received marching orders on the 4th, and that, yesterday, Grant began one of his characteristic attempts to capture the Southside railroad. This effort resulted in a loss to the Nationals of 2,000, and to the Confederates of 1,000.

The forces of the Confederacy are now concentrated in two armies, of which one operates against Sherman, and the other against Grant.

The chief business of Grant is to hold Lee, to prevent him from moving and co-operating with Johnston, and Davis from transferring the Confederate government into one of the cotton states.

To prevent Lee's escape Grant is constantly knocking at the Southside railroad; and while we in our winter quarters enjoy comparative peace, there, on the left, along Hatcher's run, the contest is red-hot, and the troops are *flagrante bello*, in open war. We are daily informed of the condition of affairs there by sutlers, orderlies and staff-officers. It is a significant fact that the day our troops captured Fort Fisher, the success was reported in camp, and that Col. Curtis, who led the storming party, was wounded—both statements proved true.

The vedettes of the Army of the James are within six miles of the Confederate capital, and the left of the Army of the Potomac reaches to Hatcher's run, and holds with a firm grasp the Weldon railroad.

A railroad for carrying supplies runs behind the Army of the Potomac, from City Point to Hatcher's run.

*Feb. 7.*—We reported with the 98th at division headquarters, at 10, A. M., for inspection by Capt. Bessey, the inspector general of the division. Though there are twenty regiments in the division, the strife is really between the 98th, the 12th N. H. and the 40th Mass., who for the palm in contest high shall join, and who in equal rank shall stand.

Among all the New England troops, we have found a sort of Free-masonry, officers and men standing for each other. Col. Guy V. Henry, of the Regular Army, who commands the 40th Mass., is quite a favorite with Gen. Devens, our division commander. Gen. Devens has several times been a Democratic candidate for governor in that state. Col Henry was breveted brigadier for services rendered at the capture of Ft. Harrison, Sept. 29th, 1864; unfortunately the brevet was ill-timed, for, on the day of battle, he was home on leave in Boston! The mistake, however, neither damaged the colonel nor the government. In 1878, Henry was a brevet colonel in the 3d regular cavalry, stationed near Cheyenne.

At this inspection, the decision of the inspector-general was never publicly announced. But, in a special order, the 40th was preferred, and relieved from all duty, one week, for being the best in the division; whereupon the writer requested the division com-

mander to direct the inspector for the future to publish his grounds of preference to the division.

*Feb. 9.*—Company drill in the morning; battalion drill in the afternoon. We received no papers but the *Army and Navy Journal*.

We find great difficulty in procuring wood; the men haul it three or four miles. No fuel can be obtained but green pine, which makes a poor fire.

From being moist and windy, the weather has become cold and crisp. No clothing we can wear, or fire we can build, is able to shut out the freezing dampness:

The piercing air  
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.

We promoted a few privates to be corporals, a few corporals to be sergeants, approved and forwarded a few applications for passes to the different corps, and a few furloughs and leaves of absence for home.

In a conversation with the inspector-general relating to the recent inspection, he said that the grounds for preference were trivial, and that in a conference with Gen. Devens they decided to select the 40th Mass. this week, and the 98th at the next inspection.

Not a shot, heavy or light, has been fired during the day along our army front, nor did we hear one last night from the left. Our military life is again monotonous, and the iron tongue of war is still.

*Feb. 10.*—All quiet. Had brigade drill by Col. Cullen. The weather was cold and windy, and the frozen surface of the ground covered with water.

We received a *Herald* of the 7th filled with details of past events. Orders were promulgated for a division review in the morning at 10.

At 11 P. M., we were all aroused by a loud neighing, yelling, clattering and apparent stampede in front of Spring Hill far to our right, on ground covered or occupied by the cavalry. The bugles sounded, boot and saddle, and the cavalry rushed to arms. One after another the collections of mules of the corps, disturbed by the fracas, repeated the note and made night hideous. For half an hour prevailed a universal hubbub of jarring sounds and

stunning noises all confused. The hare leaped trembling from mossy cell; cold on his midnight watch the picket quaked and shivered; consternation and distraction seemed apparent; the air was filled with the tumultuous roar, dismal as the wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore. We learned the next day that this "sensation," this disturbance, was caused by a dozen Confederates, mounted scouts, who had at that unseasonable hour dashed within our lines and then dashed out again. The event was long after known in camp circles as "The Mule Serenade."

*Feb. 11.*—The division was reviewed by Gen. Devens in the afternoon; Col. Cullen commanded the division and the author the brigade. Everything passed off like a charm, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. The 98th never appeared nor marched better.

In the evening, we received the *Herald* of the 9th. It contained the result of the Peace Conference at Fortress Monroe. It appears, that the Confederates asked for an armistice during negotiations and that the President propounded his three requisites for peace *sine quibus non*, without which no peace; the preservation of the Union, obedience to the laws and the abolition of slavery in all the states. When Mr. Lincoln asserted these, shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod, the Conference broke up and the parties returned home.

*Feb. 12.*—The weather fair. At 9 A. M., we were directed to be ready at 10 for a review at 11, in light marching order without canteens and haversacks, on the New Market road.

At 11.30 we were reviewed by Gen. Gibbon accompanied by Gen. Ord.

After presenting arms to him, he rode along our front, but omitted to ride along our rear, as is customary. When the reviewing officer took his position, we marched past him and the mounted officers only saluted.

Three years of service have not been thrown away on the 98th; it marched splendidly, never better. The officers of the division were invited by Ord to call on him at Gen. Devens' headquarters after the review. The object was social; there they were treated to wine and whiskey. Several of them became very much elated. Gens. Ord, Gibbon and Devens made speeches.

Towards night the wind blew fearfully, and the weather became very disagreeable.

*Feb.* 13.—The weather clear, cold and windy from the west and north.

We drilled the 81st and 98th in the afternoon, in marching by the front and forming squares from line of battle.

Gen. Ord has gone to Baltimore for six days; Gibbon commands the department, Devens the corps, Col. Cullen the division and the writer the brigade. By Ord's absence every one in the department has gained a degree.

We rode in the afternoon to Aiken's landing with chaplain Richardson, and returned in the evening by department headquarters, the corps hospital and the rear of our first and second divisions. We had a short interview at headquarters with Capt. Sealy, adjutant-general, and Capt. Fred. Manning, provost-marshal for the department.

Capt. Manning belonged to the 148th N. Y. He was affable, competent, and well-liked by all who knew him. For his constant attention to duty and uniformly courteous conduct he deserves more than a passing notice.

It was nearly 11 P. M., when we left the hospital, and to shorten our route we took the road leading through the burial ground. The Soldiers' Cemetery contained nearly two thousand of the Army of the James, "each in his narrow cell forever laid." The graves were marked by neat head-boards on which the name, age, rank, company, regiment and state of their occupants spelled by the martial muse, the place of fame and elegy supply.

No visions of the foe's advance, no rumors of the coming strife disturb the quiet of their rest; no thoughts of home and loved ones break in upon their slumbers.

As the chaplain pressed his horse with the spur, we said, "Hold on, chaplain, let us go slow here; we like the thoughts suggested by these silent sleepers."

Col. O'Hara's lines came uncalled to mind.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

*Feb. 14.*—The weather fine, the surface of the ground frozen and dry.

We went to brigade headquarters and despatched the business there, signed reports and returns, approved passes and furloughs ; in the afternoon we drilled the brigade. This is the only brigade of the division that takes any interest or shows any efficiency in drilling. It consists of six regiments, and we performed the evolutions given in Casey's III. Vol., for battalions *en masse*. One thousand six hundred and eighty-one were in line this day for drill.

We received several Richmond papers and the New York dailies of the 11th.

The Confederates "scorn" Lincoln's proffered terms of peace. On the return of the Commissioners they held an indignation meeting in Richmond ; Davis, Hunter, Benjamin and Gov. Smith addressed the people and fired the Southern heart. The most bitter feelings and sentiments were expressed. It is difficult to see how they have produced, nourished and expanded into public opinion, such deep hatred and contempt of the "Yankees." What hopeless envy, what wounded pride, what deep despair is necessary to hear, tolerate, indulge or prompt such sentiments ! Poor deluded wretches, these Confederates, they will never unite with us again until every hope of success is lost !

The question of pay is becoming interesting to the division, and the need of money is pressing. The government owes the division for September, October, November, December and January. Numerous complaints have been sent to department headquarters, and Gen. Gibbon, now in command, directs every regimental commander to send in a statement of arrearages and necessities to him, who will forward them to Washington. Accordingly we made the following statement :

HEADQUARTERS 98TH N. Y. VOLS.      }  
First Brigade, Third Division, 24th A. C.   }  
February 14th, 1865.   }

CAPTAIN:—Your communication of to day requiring compliance with circular letter from department headquarters relating to the payment of troops, is received, and in reply I have the honor to represent :

That this regiment was last paid in October to include August 31, 1864, and that every member of it is now very much in need of money. The regiment is composed of men who in civil life supported themselves and



their families by manual labor; letters are frequently received from their families which show them always in need and often in absolute destitution. About one-half of the officers have families to support, and nearly all are at present subsisting on borrowed money. The high prices of food and clothing, at home or in camp, make it necessary that the troops should be paid once in two months.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

---

Lieut. Col. commanding regiment.

To Captain G. H. Hooker,

A. A. General 3d Division, 24th Army Corps.

No deserters have come in for the past few days; the enemy's front still quietly observes us, and the pickets, friendly and unmolested, walk their rounds. We have heard during the day, at different times, heavy firing to the left.

*Feb. 15.*—As commander of the brigade we received a detail for corps officer of the day, and reported at corps headquarters, relieving Col. Dandy, 100th N. Y. The detail gives us command of the picket, cavalry and infantry covering the corps. As we presented ourselves to Gen. Devens, commanding the corps, he said: "Colonel, I have no new instructions. This is the first time you have been on, I believe; you will have no difficulty in finding the line and understanding the duty. I always sleep well when you have the picket."

We rode along the line, taking with us two mounted orderlies, or cavalry-men. The day was rainy and the ground muddy.

In crossing a slough at the right, our horse broke through the frozen ground and ice and fell down. In extricating ourself we broke our sword-belt, lost one of our spurs, and tore our clothes; except being splashed with mud and water, neither rider nor horse was injured.

Returning from the cavalry front, we rode through the camps of the provisional division, composed principally of troops from Sheridan's army and the state of West Virginia. Their camps were in the worst condition possible, certainly the worst in the corps. To them we called the attention of Gen. Devens.

As we rode a few rods in front of the picket of the division, examining the ground for the purpose of advancing the line a short distance in order to procure wood with greater facility, we saw before us a few yards the clothes and skeleton of a negro sol-

dier who had never been buried. Fort Gilmer was directly in front, and he may have been killed on the 29th of September, 1864, when the colored troops of the 10th corps charged that fort. He lay with his back to the field and his feet to the foe. We ordered a corporal and a few men to drive a stake at his head and at his feet, and cover his bones with dirt. He died for the freedom of his race.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood you gave;  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave.  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

During the night we received three deserters, and lost one from the 10th Conn. All afternoon the Confederates cheered and yelled vociferously.

*Feb. 16.*—To-day the enemy's pickets hallooed to ours that Sherman had been beaten by Beauregard. Where and how all are ignorant.

We rode among the different camps while the regiments were drilling, and inspected the guard-houses. These places are generally neglected, dirty and uncomfortable. Two of them were in a horrid condition—more filthy than the famous Augean stables cleaned by Hercules. We found ten persons detained contrary to Army Regulations, and ordered them released at once.

The *Herald* of the 11th contains no news. Gold at 203. The ground is wet and muddy, and still it rains. We prepared and sent around a set of rules for the guard-houses of the brigade.

*Feb. 17.*—The weather rainy. The *Herald* of the 14th has no news. We hear prolonged and loud cheering within the Confederate lines, and fear that all is not well with Sherman.

Our quarters are now very comfortable. Our bed has two places on which the water drops; the roofing leaks in several others, but, taking all things into consideration, we are very well off. Since "the end of Dutch Gap" was blown out, we have heard but little firing in that vicinity; but, to-day, the report of one tremendous explosion came from there; and, across the James, we heard heavy artillery firing.

*Feb.* 18.—A very pleasant day. The fresh breeze from the south is laden with the odor of turpentine. Attended to the business at brigade headquarters. Directed the brigade officer of the day to see that the rules for the guard-houses were observed, and required the commanding officer of the 139th N. Y. to explain why he omitted his dress-parades.

In the afternoon we rode to the first division to see two men of the 10th Conn. hung for attempting to desert. The 10th and 11th Conn., and several other regiments were paraded to see the execution.

The enemy had thirty desertions in front of the 25th corps, last night.

Capt. Copps and Lieut. Short left for the North, on leaves of twenty days. A large number of officers are going North; a few are resigning.

A Confederate flag of truce boat exploded just below Drury's Bluffs, and the smoke from one of their rams ascends from the river, off Fort Harrison. Nine P. M. The night is very dark; the fires on the picket line blaze clear and bright. The report of a rifle, followed by a loud laugh, comes to our ears from the front. We readily guess that a Confederate, in attempting to desert, has been fired at by the enemy, who missed him. He laughs and yells, indicating to them that he is unhurt. Such incidents are not infrequent.

*Feb.* 19.—Warm and pleasant, the ground "soft and yielding." The brigade has increased to 2,000. Each of the three brigades of the division was inspected during the forenoon, and the 98th of the first, the 21st Conn. of the second, and the 9th Vt. of the third were decided the best; from these, on Feb. 22d, the division inspector will select the best in the division.

*Feb.* 20.—Signed the papers and dispatched the business at brigade headquarters; ordered regimental commanders to turn in all their surplus stores, and to make full requisitions for every article necessary to arm and equip every man. We rode to Fort Harrison, where we saw in a Richmond paper that Columbia, South Carolina, was evacuated. Received a detail for corps officer of the day to-morrow.

*Feb.* 21.—We reported as usual at corps headquarters for instructions, and invited Capt. Curtis, of the brigade staff, to ride with us along the line.

At corps headquarters we saw a dispatch from Gen. Grant, announcing the evacuation of Charleston and Columbia, and ordering a salute of 100 guns with blank cartridges, to be fired along the front of the Army of the James. Circulars published the news throughout the camps. At 10 A. M., the salute was fired. The men were in the best of spirits; they sang, ran, jumped, laughed, shouted, threw up their hats. The Confederates in front of Fort Harrison returned a few shots in blank cartridges; in other places along the lines, they received the salute in silence.

*Feb. 22.*—The anniversary of Washington's birth-day—warm and pleasant. The army has no drills nor fatigue duty to-day.

At 10 A. M., we heard heavy firing on the Petersburg front, which continued over an hour. We have the usual rumors since; one is that Petersburg is captured; but the fiercest artillery duels have so often resulted in nothing, that we place no credence in the report.

At 9 A. M., we rode to corps headquarters, to be relieved as officer of the day.

There in an assembly of officers, an advance of the picket line was proposed by the adjutant general for the purpose of acquiring wood and watching the movements of the enemy better. Against this we protested; for it was then so far out, that the enemy could sweep away at once from 100 to 200 men with impunity.

Leaving corps headquarters, we rode to the drill ground of the division to see the inspection of the 98th, 21st Conn. and 9th Vt., by the division inspector in order to decide which was the best.

Gen. Devens walked along with Capt. Bessey, the inspector, the first time around when the soldiers stand in full out-fit and carry their guns at a shoulder. He expressed himself highly pleased with the condition of the 98th, and remarked to Capt. Bessey that the contest lay between it and the 9th Vt. The 9th Vt. was Gen. Ripley's regiment and numbered, present, about 700 men. Their quarters were not so clean and comfortable, nor were the officers and men so well instructed in military drill and duty. Our camp and men resemble those of the Regular Army more, whilst those of the 9th, in spite of every effort, have a raw, rough, volunteer appearance.

After performing the duties at brigade headquarters, we had but little to do, and spent the afternoon reading tactics, the *Herald* of the 20th, writing letters, talking to the officers and men, looking

over the adjutant's office and attending to various miscellaneous matters.

*Feb. 23d.*—Last night, eleven deserters came in on the front of the division. It is reported that a much larger number entered the picket line of the 25th corps.

The weather is warm ; it rained slowly all day ; we had no drills or parade.

Rumor says that Gen. Sherman has been killed—shot in the head. Major Mulcahy, commanding the 139th N. Y., a Brooklyn regiment, discredits the report, and thinks it more probable that Sherman was shot in the neck. Major Mulcahy is an Irish refugee, and in the 139th are a great many Irishmen who are deeply attached to him. At short intervals, Father O'Reiley visits the regiment and stops at the Major's quarters.

Just now, 10 P. M., in the pouring rain, we heard a rap at our door, gentle as one from the spirit world. We open, and a short, stout, half-bearded man of fifty stands before us, in felt hat and military overcoat. He has a cane in his hand and an immense pack on his shoulder. We say : "Come in." He asks ; "Is Major Mulcahy in?" And steps inside the door. "No," we reply. "And is not this Major Mulcahy's tint?" We answer : "No, sir ; come to the fire and sit down."

He stands confounded ; meanwhile the water runs down the folds of his cape like melting snow from the eaves, and the drops of rain and perspiration glisten on his face. Said he : "And sure is not this the camp of the 139th?" "No, sir," we reply, again. "Holy mother, then I have lost my way in the night." "No matter ;" we add. "Lay down your bundle, take off your overcoat, and sit by the fire and dry yourself. We shall have supper for you in a short time, and you can stay with us during the night and be comfortable." Suddenly as if he had forgotten himself he asks : "What tint is this and what rigimint are you?" "This is the camp of the 98th N. Y." Lifting up his head he exclaimed, "O bless me, bless me, this is the camp of the 98th and the next is the 139th, and it is just a step to Major Mulcahy's tint. Thank you, thank you. And are you acquainted with Major Mulcahy? And a nice man he is too. He has been in the army a long time, now." "We know him well ; he is one of our best friends," said we.

Disregarding our importunities, the apostolic vicar bade us good night and disappeared in the darkness and wintry storm.

We received the following order from division headquarters :

HEADQUARTERS 3D DIVISION }  
24th Army Corps, Feb. 23, 1865. }

At the recent inspection held the 22d inst, the 98th N. Y. vols., was adjudged the best in the division. It will be relieved from all guard and picket duty one week.

By command of

GENERAL DEVENS.

GEO. H. HOOKER,

Ast. Adjt. General.

It was no slight honor to be thus preferred, and on Washington's anniversary. The men of the regiment were highly elated at this announcement; they obtained copies of the order and sent them home. A hundred officers, acquaintances, came to congratulate us, and we felt like one who had gained a prize at no trifling care, labor and expense.

Who in the Olympic games the prize would gain,  
Has borne from early youth fatigue and pain;  
His strength and skill has often tried,  
Love's softness banished and the glass denied.

Our victories are well received in England. Lord John Russell said in Parliament, "I rejoice in the hope that the blot and stain of slavery will be forever wiped from the nation's character and from the community of nations."

*Feb. 24.*—We were detailed a member of a military commission to try officers absent beyond their leaves, and reported at division headquarters in the morning.

Subsequently we signed the official papers at brigade headquarters, and in the afternoon supervised the battalions drilling.

At 3 P. M. we were directed to have the brigade ready to march at a moment's notice. At sunset a division of the 25th corps broke camp. An impression prevails that they are going to the right near the Williamsburg road.

The weather is fine, the surface of the ground "soft and yielding." Printed circulars giving the particulars of the evacuation of Charleston and the capture of Wilmington were read to the regiments formed for that purpose. The men cheered and yelled. After being dismissed, they ran, jumped, shouted, sang, wrestled, and in various other ways manifested their gladness.

*Feb. 25.*—The total number of desertions, daily, along the front of both armies from the enemy is seventy-five. In the evening, we heard heavy firing at the extreme right; otherwise all was quiet during the day. The marching orders are still in force, and still we stay in camp.

The Peace Commissioners, Gen. Singleton and Judge Hughs, crossed the line at Ft. Harrison on their way to Richmond.

If the Confederate authorities enter again into negotiations for peace with those at Washington, they may arrive at some definite understanding; because it will be impossible now for the enemy to raise much political capital, to fire the Southern heart to any great extent against the proffer of the former terms; the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws.

*Feb. 26.*—Sunday, not an unpleasant day. Though the ground is wet, the sun shines bright and the air is warm and mild like spring.

Gen. Gibbon returned, and Col. Cullen resumed the command of the brigade.

Chaplain Richardson preached at two P. M. It was his first service, and nearly all the men were present.

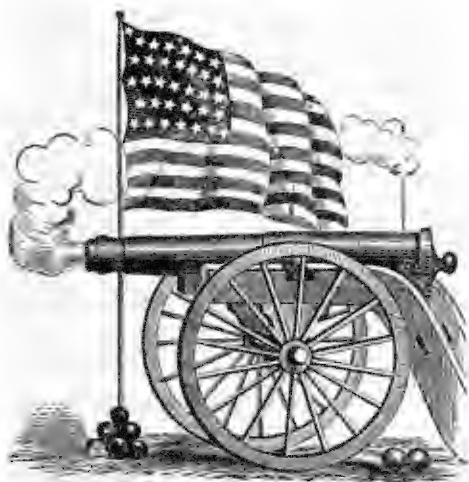
In the evening he called on us and said he was going to work. He desired to know what we wished him to do as chaplain. We replied: "To preach once a week to the men; to stay with the regiment and stand or fall with it. Become acquainted with the officers and men, and have your heart in your business."

We instanced half-a dozen chaplains who never held service, and who took every opportunity they could to absent themselves from their organizations; and said that we should court-martial him if he did as they. We referred to our doctor and quartermaster who have no heart and interest in their work, and who give us only extorted service, and said: "We had them tried and fined a month's pay because they refused to attend the inspections and dress-parades. You are a legally appointed and authorized chaplain, with all his powers, duties, and privileges, and all the law gives you you can demand as a right: if the regimental commander does not assist you, does not give you all the facilities which he should, report him. You are no sinecure, nor are you superfluous. Chaplains frequently say in excuse for doing absolutely nothing that their regimental commanders offer them no assistance and do not attend their service. If the commanding officer of the 98th

gives you no support you shall not make that an excuse for not performing your duty; lay not that flattering unction to your soul. The spiritual condition and welfare of the regiment are in your hands, and you must at all times be ready to give an account of your stewardship. As with the rest of us, you stand or fall as you do your duty.

"Chaplain, we intend to give you every assistance in our power, but we do not wish the performance of your duty to depend on what we offer or withhold. We are unwilling to add a straw to the burden of these little ones, but we feel that a majority of the spiritual advisers of the army are not up to the letter and requirements of the times.

"If a chaplain have no other design in entering the service than to work when assisted, praised, importuned, or compelled, he will be a stumbling-block in the way of his regimental commander, and in keeping up the moral status of his regiment he will be compelled to hold up and sustain the chaplain with the rest."





## CHAPTER XX.

The Diary continued—Gen. Ord goes to Washington—Rumors—The 98th the best in the Brigade—Ord and Longstreet have an Interview—Grant and Stanton—Gen. Devens inspects the 98th, and sees for himself—Mark one torn Shirt—A Flannel Shirt that never tears—Gen. Grant and a Reviewing Party—Our Military Life becomes tiresome—Sheridan terrifies the Confederate Government—The Slogan of Sherman's Army—The Slave must be armed—Wait and Hope the end of all human Wisdom—The contending Armies—The Scene of Operations—A military Railroad and Telegraph behind the whole Army—The Voice of the Paymaster heard in the Land—An African Review—Men of Straw—The Diary again—Marching Orders—Lincoln and Grant at City Point—The whole Army to move—Grant and Meade have a Ride—The Anaconda—The Lost Cause—A military Execution—Mr. Lincoln reviews the 24th Corps—Marching Order of the 1st and 4th Divisions—The Army of the Potomac moves—Grant desires to end the Matter.

MARCH 1.—Yesterday, we inspected and mustered the regiment for pay; a duty required every two months by Army Regulations.

That our promotions might be fair, and to avoid any suspicion of corruption, we organized a board for the examination of privates and non-commissioned officers, in order to ascertain who were best qualified for lieutenants. Lieut. Shaw, our quartermaster, was detailed brigade-quartermaster, and we directed Lieut. Powell to take his place in the regimental staff.

Capt. Harris drilled the battalion in loading and firing blank cartridges.

During the night the division lost one by desertion, and six South Carolinians came into the line. They say that much dissatisfaction prevails in the Southern Army, that they are on half rations, that Lee's army is fast falling to pieces, that we have soundly beaten the Confederates, and that Sherman having taken their homes and families, they have nothing more to fight for.

*March 2.*—It rained all day, and we stayed in camp. At the request of Gov. Fenton we forwarded to Albany a complete list or roster of the regimental officers.

We heard, at 10 P. M., a few shots along the picket, and inferred that the enemy was losing men by desertion.

*March 3.*—Gen. Ord leaves for Washington, to be present at the inauguration, and the officers of the department move up one degree or notch during his absence. The brigade is turned over to us again. We drill it in marching by the front and in column, in changing front and forming squares.

In the evening Col. Cullen held an officers' school at his quarters. While there, we heard a few shots from the enemy's cannon at the left along the James, and, after a moment, a volley, and at intervals, scattered picket firing for a few minutes.

Deserters say that Sherman has gained a victory over the Confederates in North Carolina.

*March 4.*—High winds from the south.

Our commission tried one officer for overstaying his leave, and acquitted him.

The air is full of rumors relating to Sherman. One says that he has been beaten, another that he is at Raleigh, and a third that he has captured Johnston.

We have no papers. All is quiet. Napoleon in exile could not have suffered more from inaction than we.

The third brigade marched to Aiken's landing, on its way to Fortress Monroe.

Lieut. S. S. Short, returning from leave of absence, brings the Wayne county portion of the regiment tidings from home.

*March 5.*—The whole brigade was inspected to-day; the 98th was decided the best, and the 81st the worst; 1,100 officers and men were present. The details for duty were so large that but half appeared.

Chaplain Richardson preached in camp at 2 P. M. Several hundred attended the service; the men were attentive, and the exercises interesting. At 7 P. M., we received a detail for corps officers to-morrow. This duty, though not laborious, comes once in five days. The officer is required to ride twice along the line during his tour. Representing the corps commander, he communicates his orders to the officers of the line, watches with the greatest vigilance the enemy, and is generally responsible for the conduct of the picket.

*March 6.*—We performed the duties of corps officer, straightened the line before the 4th division, and spent the most of the day at the front. Twelve deserters came in during the tour.

The pickets report that during the night part of the enemy left our front, and that they heard at the north of Richmond heavy firing in the morning. Rumor says that Sheridan is raiding behind Lee's army, near Beaver Dam.

Richmond papers say, that since Feb. 5th, Gen. Lee has been commander-in-chief of the military forces of the Confederacy; but the Confederacy, contracted to a "pent-up Utica," contains but a fraction of Virginia and North Carolina.

An acquaintance on the department-staff informed us that about ten days ago Gens. Ord and Longstreet had a long interview at the right, out on the ground between the lines occupied by the cavalry, and that they met to discuss matters relating to the department of Virginia. They were old acquaintances, and the conversation ran free and friendly. Ord said he had no doubt that Grant would meet and confer with Lee, and that a military convention properly constituted, might be able to settle the present unhappy difficulty. A few days after, Grant received a letter from Lee embodying the conversation with Ord, asking for an interview with Grant, and "hoping that it may be found practicable to submit the subject of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of military officers." Lee further asserted that he had power to do whatever the proposed interview rendered necessary or advisable, and, in conclusion, suggested that they meet at the place selected by Ord and Longstreet.

Before replying, Grant sent Lee's letter to Secretary Stanton, at Washington, related the whole circumstances giving rise to it, and asked for instructions.

We fancy the feelings of the General-in-chief of the National army, when he read Stanton's reply :

"The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with Gen. Lee unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on solely minor and military matters.

He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages."

To this Grant replied that he was simply asking for instructions.

*March 9.*—Our New England friends so arrayed themselves against us that Gen. Devens informed us that he would make a personal inspection of the 98th including books, papers, clothing and quarters, and directed us to have the regiment ready at 10 A. M., the shortest notice possible.

Near that hour he appeared. The regiment was paraded to receive him; ranks were opened and arms presented; ranks were closed and the regiment wheeled into column by company; ranks again were opened, and while the men stood at shoulder arms the General walked around the regiment and then began the inspection on the right.

He was attended by Col. Cullen, Capt. Babcock and Lieut. Ladd of his staff, and they examined and scrutinized everything; the arms, clothing, equipage, hair, beard, hands and ears of the men.

As he passed among the file-closers in co. D., the General said: Lieut. Ladd, "mark one torn shirt in this company." Sergt. Allen knowing the remark intended for himself, stooped down, took two army shirts from his knapsack, laid the torn one down and placed the new one upon it, and repeated low but audibly:

Happy the man who draws and wears  
A flannel shirt that never tears.

No one durst laugh or smile. The General looked at the shirt and at the sergeant, and as he passed to the next company, said: "Lieut. Ladd, you may cross off that torn shirt."

He inspected books, papers and quarters, and frequently expressed himself well pleased.

After all was over the inspector and his friends took a drink of Bourbon and a cigar, except the General, who did not smoke.

This week, the 98th being the best in the division was ruled out, and the 9th Vt., Gen. Ripley's regiment, was preferred.

By telegram from Winchester, we have the details of Sheridan's victory over Early at Waynesboro, Va.

The weather, taking the mud into consideration, is very unpleasant.

All quiet at 8.30 P. M., and all around us the drummers are beating tattoo.

*March 12, Sunday.*—We rode to Ft. Harrison. The troops have withdrawn from the fort and occupy quarters a short distance be-

hind it. The fort is hardly tenable ; the rains and frost have undermined the parapet which, in several places, has fallen into the ditch. It is being repaired.

About 2 P. M., Gen. Grant and a part of his staff rode along the lines to-day. Soon after he passed, two headquarter-covered wagons, each drawn by four horses, and two wagons each drawn by two horses, and all filled with ladies and gentlemen civilians, followed through the camps. The civilians appeared much interested in everything they saw, and often directed each other's attention to the most trifling objects. They particularly watched and pointed out the hostile line in front.

The first division of the corps was reviewed to-day, and Gen. Grant and all these people were present. They returned through our camp to the 25th corps on the left, and took thence the Varina road to Aiken's.

It is a little amusing to see these very nice people from the Departments at Washington and the palatial residences of the North, like those we saw to-day, come riding through our camps and impudently and staringly talk of our appearance and mode of life in our own presence. A few days on our fare in camp, on picket, in the air, on the ground, would soil their fine clothing and spoil their smooth faces.

At sight of us we fancy the gentlemen speaking to the ladies in words like these :

And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villainous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good, tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.

We are tired of the routine of military life, tired of camps, and tents, and arms and trappings. Though surrounded by thousands, we are as much alone as Robinson Crusoe. Martial ideas, martial news, the everlasting *qui vive* of active warfare tires us down.

We long to see again civilized men, women and children, stores and farms, churches and court-houses.

We can appreciate the feelings of "Lo the Poor Indian" whom the white man tried to civilize and educate, when he exclaimed :

“O, give me back my bended bow,  
My cap and feather give me back !  
To chase again the bounding roe  
And follow on the otter's track,”

“Everybody,” said Sheridan, March 10, “is bewildered by our movements.” He was then halting at Columbia, Va., for a day, while his troops were destroying the James river canal. The following day he marched northerly to the Virginia Central railroad and destroyed it for fifteen miles, towards Richmond to Beaver Dam station. Thence he sent Custer and Devin in different directions ; and they burned, broke up and destroyed all the railroad bridges they could find in the rear of Lee's army on the north of the James. Sweeping around by the Pamunky, he collected his scattered forces at Whitehouse ; thence he crossed the Peninsula to Haxall's, and, passing the James on a pontoon, joined the besieging army in Bermuda Hundred. No raid during the war inflicted a more damaging blow to the Confederates. The utmost consternation prevailed in Richmond ; the archives were packed, the cabinet officers were several times in the saddle, or had their horses in readiness for flight ; empty packing boxes were sent to the residences of Davis and Lee, and preparations made for an early departure. The “Government” was frightened by that bold rider of the wind and stirrer of the storm.

A lieutenant and private, deserters, who came into the line last night, said, speaking of these circumstances and referring to Davis and his cabinet : “They've got to dig out !”

We have seen that the Confederacy has shrunk to a small part of Virginia and North Carolina, and that it has become very difficult to procure subsistence for Richmond and the Army of Northern Virginia.

*March 5.*—Lee's commissary reported but four days' rations for the army. The capture of Wilmington has cut off all foreign supplies. In the territory occupied there is no meat nor grain to sustain an army. Johnston can offer no resistance to Sherman. The tramp of Sherman's corps can already be heard ; every gale that sweeps from the south to the north brings to their ears the slogan of their march. Dread are the slumbers of the distant lion. When he shall cross the Roanoke, the destruction of Petersburg will be inevitable. *Sic volvere Parcas.* So the fates decree.

The Confederacy is *in extremis*, in its last agony. Congress

and Davis make convulsive efforts. They set on foot a tax-bill : real and personal must pay eight per centum ; specie, bullion, bills, must pay twenty ; coin held by banks or individuals must pay twenty-five.

The slave must be armed. The sheet-anchor of the Confederacy must be thrown overboard. Lee has for some time favored the organization of negro troops. In February, a measure for that purpose passed the lower house, but was lost in the senate by a majority of one. Now, Virginia has instructed her senators to vote for the bill. It is tried again, passed, and becomes a law. For soldiers "twenty-five per centum of the male slaves between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, in any state, should be called for under the provisions of the act."

How bitterly the Confederate leaders denounced the National government for arming the negroes ! It was the excuse for the massacre of Fort Pillow and the horrors and barbarities of Belle Isle and Andersonville.

Whether the slave should become a soldier or not could then make but little difference. As a cause of the war, as an object of the war, slavery has been given up. As a war measure the arming of the slaves came too late. The tide in the affairs of the Confederacy can now be taken only at the ebb.

In the progress of society, the development of the plans of Providence no one man's works or gifts are needed. Alexander died before his conquests and power were centralized and consolidated ; Lincoln expired before the Union was reconstructed, the fruits of victories realized and the constitution and the laws rehabilitated. Nor are decisive battles always victories of reform and advancement. The victories of the Greeks over the Persians at Platea and Arbela rather facilitated than checked the advance of Asiatic ideas ; and the liberalism and republicanism of western Europe triumphed when the corps of Napoleon went down at Waterloo. The marches, the triumphs, the conquests of the Roman consuls and imperators for five hundred years, did but little more than eliminate the barbarian forces of the known world ; and their victories over the Gauls, the Germans, the Huns, the Vandals, hastened the approach and lengthened the duration, of that intellectual darkness which for more than a thousand years overspread mediæval Europe. The religious wars of the Reformation, of the great Gustavus, of the Netherlands, of the French, sought to

establish or reacquire those prerogatives and securities to Catholicism from which society had been receding for centuries. Religious liberty was recognized if not established before Gustavus, the representative of the liberal sentiment, conquered at Lutzen.

So the battle for the slave was fought and his liberty achieved long before the war of 1861. That he was and of right ought to be free, that the world was conscious of the fact, Congress promulgated more than eighty years before Mr. Lincoln's proclamation in the adoption and assertion by the armed hand, of the Declaration of Independence. Left to the ordinary forces of modern society, agitation, the school, and the press, the shackles of the slave would have become weaker than a rope of sand in less than fifty years. Our climate and the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race are incompatible with slavery. The politician's war for place and power precipitated freedom to the slave. For a century the negro had stood with folded hands and watched the forces which were agitating society, and felt that the year of his emancipation was coming. While thousands were speeding over the land and the sea, counseling in halls of state, plucking up drowned honor by the locks, the slave bearing mildest his yoke, serving the great end and aim of his being best, could only stand and wait. While philanthropists and philosophers, the great and good, impatiently exclaimed, "How long, O God, how long!" his own conscience, his own heart, whispered to the slave that to wait and hope is the sum of all human wisdom.

On March 20th, 1865, the contending armies about Petersburg probably numbered as follows: The Army of the James, 36,000; the Army of the Potomac, 85,000; the Army of Northern Virginia, (Lee's), at least 70,000.

The fortified line from Ord's right on the north of the James to Warren's left at Hatcher's run, could not have been less than thirty-five miles. Ord, Meade, Sheridan, have separate armies acting together under Grant. Gen. Weitzel's corps, the 25th, are negroes, and comprises about one-third of the Army of the James. Sheridan's is cavalry, and numbers 9,000. The corps commanders were in order from right to left; Gibbon, Weitzel, Parke, Wright, Humphreys and Warren, commanding respectively the 24th, 25th, 9th, 6th, 2d, and 5th corps.

Of the Confederates, Longstreet commanded in front of Ord, north of the James; next Hill's corps confronted the troops on



Bermuda Hundred and before Petersburg; lastly, Ewell's old corps under Gordon, held the line on Lee's right before Humphreys and Warren, extending to Hatcher's run and Five Forks. Ewell was at Richmond. The Confederate cavalry numbered about 4,000, and was commanded by General Fitz Hugh Lee.

The line terminated on the left along Hatcher's run, a small stream which flows in an eastern direction. Four miles west of the intrenched Confederate line, where five wagon roads meet, Five Forks, the Confederates had constructed a heavy earthwork, with breast-works extending from it half a mile each way.

About Hatcher's run and Five Forks, the ground, broken in places into ridges, is generally low, level, sandy, often swampy, with more than half the surface covered with deep, tangled, primitive woods of pine, oak, cedar and holly. The small, swampy streams sluggishly seek the ocean through the Nottoway, Chowan and Albemarle sound.

Petersburg, the lines, Hatcher's run, Five Forks, Ream's station, are all in Dinwiddie county, Va.

From City Point to Aiken's landing and Deep Bottom, the James is the base and thoroughfare of supplies; and transports, tugs and schooners are constantly moving up and down; from City Point a military railway with stations and depots runs behind the Army of the Potomac to Hatcher's run. On this a general pass is sufficient, and no soldiers or civilians pay fare.

Behind the army, for its whole extent, with offices at the headquarters of each corps, and central office at City Point, runs a military telegraph. Grant, at City Point, is in almost instantaneous communication with every regiment, or company, or man of his vast army. The report of a rifle at Hatcher's run or Signal Hill, will click in the office at City Point. There the lines of intelligence concentrate. A telegraph runs thence along the James to Fortress Monroe, which is connected with Washington and the civilized world.

Wake me but for bad news, said Napoleon; so when all is quiet, the eyes and ears of Grant and Lincoln rest.

*March 13.*—The men report negro soldiers among the enemy's pickets. The *Richmond Enquirer* states that Wheeler has beaten Kilpatrick, who commands the cavalry with Sherman, and that he took from him his guns, ambulances, and a few prisoners. It also asserts an advantage gained by Rosser over a detachment from Sheridan.

The camps are becoming dry and pleasant.

The voice of the paymaster is heard in the land. We have six months' wages due, and think with pleasing satisfaction that it will be our turn soon.

*March 14.*—We rode to Dutch Gap and Aiken's landing, along the 25th corps front, after seeing that corps reviewed by General Weitzel. Gen. Grant and a number of friends were present—fair women and brave men. The day was fine, and officers and civilians from both armies, City Point and Washington, came to see this African review. The Confederates ascended trees, or stood in long gray lines upon their breastworks to witness the display.

In the evening we were informed that Sheridan was very near Richmond; that on his way down from the valley, he had torn up twenty miles of railroad, between Lynchburg and Richmond, and blown up the locks of the James river canal.

*March 15.*—A bright, windy day. Far and near all is very quiet, and we have no news. We had skirmish drill in the morning, and battalion drill in the afternoon. Gen. Birney, of the 25th corps, reviewed his division in the afternoon. The men marched well, and were well supplied with clothing, but the officers were but little accustomed to reviews. The staff officers of the different brigades did not have their swords drawn, and when they saluted the reviewing officer, they kept their hands at their heads until they had passed him. We have Richmond and New York papers; neither have any news. Gold in New York is 1.90. The evacuation of Richmond may be near at hand; we keep the sharpest watch of their movements. Whither will they go? To hold the city is with them a matter of life and death; they will cling to it with the utmost tenacity.

The Jews say that man was made of the dust of the earth; the Indian's tradition informs us that the different races of men were made of red, white and black clay; on a slab in ancient Thebes, an Egyptian god is represented sitting at a potter's wheel turning men and women from clay; our pickets report to-day that they see in Ft. Gilmer the Confederate soldiers making men of old clothes and straw.

*March 16.*—Windy and unpleasant. By general order all the Catholics in the division are excused from duty not absolutely necessary, on St. Patrick's day. A review is ordered for to-morrow, at 10.30 A. M. All are required to appear in full uniform, in

regalia full, excepting overcoats, and in the best possible conditions. At 8 P. M., it began to rain. This laid the dust which had been flying furiously, penetrating every nook and cranny. No papers, no mail.

*March 17.*—A fine, clear day, somewhat windy. The corps was reviewed at 2 P. M., by Gens. Grant, Ord, and Gibbon accompanied by the Secs. of War and the Navy, Stanton and Welles. The usual number of headquarter wagons filled with ladies and gentlemen came from City Point with Gen. Grant, and from every part of the army, from Washington and other cities, came "thronges of knights and barons bold." The review was probably ordered for Stanton and Welles. When Grant rode along the fronts of the different regiments they cheered vociferously, and repeated their greeting for the two Secretaries, who followed in a wagon, and for Capt. Robt. Lincoln, who rode on horseback behind them. They took their position for the march in review on the New Market road. The whole corps, except the 2d brigade, 3d division and the artillery, marched at quick time; that brigade passed the general at the double quick and the artillery on the run.

Nothing shows the power and grandeur of a nation more than its well equipped and well disciplined armies.

We attended, in 1862, near Washington, the grand review of the Army of the Potomac, ordered by McClellan for the benefit of Congress and the Nation: we have seen similar displays at Harrison's landing, Yorktown, St. Helena and Beaufort, but never have we seen before troops so well equipped and disciplined, never with such facility and precision of movement.

To-day rumor says that Sherman is at Fayetteville. He actually arrived there on the twelfth, and remained there until the 15th, when his columns moved northward, and were on the 17th bridging the small streams and quagmires, corduroying the soft, swampy, undulating, pine-covered surface between the Cape Fear and South rivers.

*March 18.*—The 2d brigade celebrating for St. Patrick's day. They had running, jumping, chasing a pig and climbing a greased pole. The 10th N. H. vols., were principals in this affair.

At 7 P. M., we heard heavy firing on the Petersburg front. We have nothing indicative of a move, in fact, we do not see how we can move.

To our library we have added several volumes found among the

commissaries, the Christian Commission, and at corps and department headquarters: Wolsey's Laws of Nations, Robertson's History of Mexico, The New York Code 1862, Shakespeare's Works, and a few numbers of the English Quarterlies.

Our camp-life appears increasingly monotonous. Charles XII. at Bender suffered less from *ennui* than we.

*March 19, Sunday.*—Warm and pleasant. Inspection by Capt. Curtis, the 98th declared for the fourth time the best in the brigade.

At the inspection to-day, one man in co. C, owing to his own carelessness, was found wanting a gun-wiper and a cap-letter.—Only this minus and nothing more in the regiment, and it was counted against us.

Col. Cullen's term has expired; he has orders to be mustered out.

We attended church at the brigade chapel, a stockade-like structure, built of logs, standing upright and covered with canvas. Service has been held in it during the winter several times a week, evenings, and once every Sunday, at 2 P. M.

*March 20.*—Warm and pleasant as spring in May at the north. We had monthly regimental inspection at 10½ to-day. In the afternoon we drilled the brigade.

All quiet, no rumor afloat; we have no idea that we shall ever have to march.

At 9 P. M., were directed to be ready to march at 8 in the morning, with tents struck, knapsacks packed and four day's rations.

*March 21.*—All up and busy tearing down, packing and cooking. The men are cheerful and happy. At 7, everything ready, we stack arms on the color-line and break ranks, after directing the men to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice.

The time for campaigning is at hand, and many of us think this order will prove no feint; we look with anxious interest at our camp and quarters and feel like blessing the hut that has sheltered us and the hearth that has kept us warm.

We have no transportation assigned, and know not where we are to go.

At 9 we were ordered to preside over a military commission, organized at division headquarters, to try officers who had overstayed their leaves. We reported at 10 A. M., convened the commission and adjourned until 2 P. M.

Our chaplain, who has been growing sick for a few days, left us for a short tour at the hospital. He smelleth the battle afar off.

We asked at division headquarters concerning the destination of our contemplated movement. They frankly asserted their ignorance. They were all packed, and had no idea of what was intended. We were informed that the Army of the Potomac had marching orders, and that it contained 100,000 rifles ready at its general's command to shoot. No movement was made during the day. At 12 it began to rain; at 2 P. M., we ordered the covering to be replaced on the barracks and the men to return to their quarters.

Eighteen deserters came in on the division front last night.

*March 22.*—The orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, were repeated. Ready at nine A. M.; the tenting taken from the houses, the baggage packed, and surplus stores sent to the rear. After standing in line an hour or more, we were directed to take our position at the breastworks.

At the same time the 2d brigade of the division marched to the rear, a mile or more, with all its portable baggage, and lay down and went no farther.

We remained at the breastworks until four P. M., when we were allowed to return to camp, replace the tenting over the houses and return to quarters. Later we were directed to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice. Thus the matter stands at seven P. M. Evidently, some big scare is up, or some movement is on foot. What has been going on at the left we are unable to say. Rumor says that Meade, taking what force can be spared, has gone to drive Johnston back upon Sherman and crush him between the two armies.

*March 23.*—Cleared up the camp and prepared for inspection. At ten A. M. Capts. Hooker and Babcock and Lieut. Ladd of the division staff inspected the 98th. Yesterday and to-day we sent away all our surplus regimental and private baggage to be stored at Norfolk.

For ourself we sent: items, a few silver forks and spoons, purchased in New York; our library; a coat pierced by two bullets in the battles of Drury's Bluffs and Cold Harbor; a lot of miscellaneous articles of vertu picked up during our service. We only know they went away and never were heard of more.

Major Lowndesbury is paying the 139th N. Y., and we sign our pay-rolls to be ready to-morrow.

The following letter shows for itself:

HEADQUARTERS 98TH N. Y. VOLS. }  
 In the Field, March 23, 1865. }

CAPTAIN :—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of to-day directing compliance with circular orders from corps headquarters, dated March 21st, requiring regimental commanders to make out and forward to those headquarters, lists of all suspected bounty jumpers in their commands, and in reply I am happy to inform you that this regiment has no bounty-jumpers, that no person ever deserted from it to the enemy, and that I have no list to make.

With respect, your obedient servant,

Lieut. Colonel commanding regiment.

To Captain G. H. Hooker,

Headquarters 3d Division, 24th army corps.

*March 24.* Lincoln, Grant, Meade, and others were at City Point arranging for a general advance on the 29th, to turn Lee's right, overwhelm his force and compel him to evacuate Petersburg. The plan was perfected and orders issued accordingly to the corps commanders. Late at night, they retired; a glow of satisfaction and complacency seemed to beam from the brow and face of the President.

Soon after 4, on the morning of the 25th, the telegraph operator at City Point rapped at General Grant's door, and, being admitted before the general had risen, said: "Gen. Parke telegraphs that Lee has broken his line and captured Ft. Steadman. He inquires for Gen. Meade." "General Meade is here," said Grant. "Tell Parke to recapture the fort and restore his line at once. Gen. Meade and myself will come to him immediately. Let the sentinel at my door take the dispatch to General Meade and tell him what I have said."

Grant arose in a few moments; his teeth became set, his lips compressed, his eyes fixed and the muscles of his face tense. He appeared struggling with an immense and awful purpose. Silent and imperturbable as Grant is, we look upon him here where he needs must be dramatic. He manifested nothing more than we have described; the sharpest eye could detect nothing more.

In five minutes a middle-sized, light bay horse champed his bit at the door. The horses of three or four staff officers were led to as many huts near by, and, a dozen rods to the left and rear, fifteen or twenty cavalrymen were seen to hastily mount and wait. Three minutes more and a rather tall, lank, thin-bearded, long-wrinkled-faced man, in major-general's uniform, rides up nervously twitch-

ing his bridle rein. This is Meade, and he is followed by two staff officers.



Standing in his door, Grant thus accosts him as he approaches: "Ah, General Meade, good morning. Shall we go?" He mounted his horse and they started at once, both at a round trot. The staff followed and the escort clattered and galloped after in the frosty morning air.

Not another person received the telegram; all the rest of City Point was undisturbed and still. If Sheridan had a ride in the valley

from Winchester to the front, Grant and Meade had one of twelve miles that morning also.

They arrived on the ground in time to see Parke and Hartranft recapture Ft. Steadman, restore the line and take about 2000 prisoners.

The failure at Ft. Steadman greatly disheartened Lee's troops; to join Johnston seemed impossible and no hope of escape remained.

Better to understand our memoranda we have turned aside for a short time to give the lay of the land, the constitution and operation of the hostile armies. By mapping out the field of view, the reader will more readily comprehend the duties, the responsibility and the relations of a regiment, one of many, composing the integral army.

*March 29.*—Since the formation of the Army of the Potomac in 1861, the public, by constant allusion, has become familiar with the "anaconda," a heavy, sluggish, reptile which moves with difficulty and, apparently, with an enormous amount of physical force.

How utterly and completely was Job confounded when asked the pertinent, conclusive and significant questions; "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook? Canst thou put a hook in his nose?"

The great Army of the Potomac, the military anaconda, has been a difficult beast to hook or mobilize. The famous war horse, Bucephalus, which Alexander reined and rode, had too much life and spirit; on the contrary, this Python of the Republic is deficient in life and activity, is unwieldy and unmanageable. Who

will put a hook in his nose and begin the process of training him? Who will give him spirit and agility? Who will utilize his immense force?

First, Gens. Scott and McDowell try their hand; then McClellan; Pope, McClellan again, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant. In the early part of the campaign of 1864, under the last two generals, the animal still moved with difficulty and immense effort; they suffered serious reverses and had no encouraging results. As the summer passed the constant training developed agility and mobility, and the Great Anaconda became all alive.

Sluggishly it dragged its slow length along across the Rapidan, the Wilderness, past Spottsylvania, over Cold Harbor to Petersburg, damaged and beaten on every field. For want of mobility it failed to enter Petersburg June 15. It failed again for the same reason, July 30, at the explosion of the mine, and, later, in its repeated efforts to extend towards Hatcher's run.

Now, frequent reviews, inspections, drills, skirmishes, battles, have rendered it capable of being moved, in an hour, on any point, or turned on a pivot.

Two long lines confront each other; one in blue and one in gray. That in gray is destitute of the conveniences and necessities of life. They are poorly fed, poorly clothed, and worse paid. They have no longer any spirit or heart in their cause; we seldom hear them shout or sing or cheer. On forty per cent. of them may be seen some article of clothing or piece of equipment captured from the line in blue. Their animals look jaded, poor and sorry; a third of the wagons have been captured from the Union army, a third have been impressed from Confederate citizens. From the first, they have been well-drilled and thoroughly mobilized; no better troops for march, assault and battle than those iron-sides have ever taken the field, and few generals rank higher than Hill, Longstreet and Lee. This history shall do them honor and give them its unavailing tribute. In all human probability the pens of strangers shall record their deeds, and the history of the Lost Cause shall be perpetuated by its enemies. Their superhuman efforts, their matchless energy, transcendent courage may not receive from our historians the candor and justice which the Carthaginians and Hannibal did from Livy, the Germans from Tacitus, and the French from Allison.

The line in blue, cheerful, happy, joyous, shouts and sings and



cheers. They have games and sports ; every mail brings presents, good news and encouragement. Well-paid and abundantly clothed, they eat from a full board, and drink from an overflowing bowl. To them no letters depict desecrating and destroying raids, burning homes, fleeing and homeless, destitute wives, relatives and families. The ravages of Sherman's army, the smoke from burning Charleston and Columbia worry not their slumbers. On the contrary, every gale that sweeps from the north to the south brings to their ears the strongest assurances of extravagance, abundance, prosperity and fabulous acquisitions of money. They daily throw away, waste and destroy food enough to maintain the line in gray.

Major Lowndesbury is paying the regiment to January 1st.

*March 25.*—The payment of the regiment finished. Four-fifths of the men sent home by mail or express or persons going north, half or two-thirds of their money. Capt. Wells leaves for the North to-day, and will take over \$1,000 to Lyons.

At 9 A. M., we were ordered to strike tents, pack knapsacks, and be ready to march at a moment's notice.

We soon after learned the cause of this order : The line of the 9th corps in front of Petersburg was broken and Fort Steadman captured, at 4 A. M., by the enemy. At 9 A. M., Parke, the commander of that corps, recovered his works, and restored his line.

This morning, at 3, the provisional division of this corps, the West Virginia troops, of whom we have spoken before, broke camp and went to the rear ; this afternoon they returned.

The Confederates are busy repairing their works in front.

The signal officers say their line is unusually weak.

The Signal corps has been wonderfully busy for the last few days, signaling, with flag by day and torch by night. Their activity excites our suspicion. The flag over the head is one, the flag at the right is two, the flag at the left is three, and the flag to the ground in front is four. The man who waves the flag or cuts the figures knows nothing of their import. The officers only understand the Signal Code, invented at the beginning of the war by Colonel A. I. Myer of the National Academy. Suppose the officer says 431 to the flagman. The latter makes the figures with his flag. Four thirty-one may mean, "The enemy is preparing to attack." The numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, admit of several thousand permutations, each of which may stand for a distinct phrase or sentence. Suppose the officer says 1123. The flagman executes these

figures, which are interpreted at the other station, and may mean, "Move at daylight on the enemy's works."

*March 26.*—Sunday morning inspection.

The brigade was paraded at 12.30 P. M., to witness the shooting of a private in the 81st N. Y., for attempting to desert through the picket line of the 4th division. The condemned man was about thirty years of age. In charge of the provost guard, he walked to the place of death. They seated him on his coffin, which was placed a few feet in front of his grave. The provost marshal of the division read the charges, specifications, findings of the court, and orders of the corps commander. Then ten privates with loaded rifles were marched and halted thirty feet before him. A cap was drawn hastily over his eyes, and at the beat of the drum the detail of ten stood at shouldered arms. The provost marshal then commanded: "Ready—Aim—Fire!" At the last command the squad fired; five balls passed through his breast, and he fell over on his left side upon the coffin—dead.

In the afternoon the whole corps was reviewed by President Lincoln and Gen. Grant. Besides the usual number of visitors from the army and the department, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Ord and half a dozen other ladies were present.

Though the whole corps was paraded for inspection, the 1st and 4th divisions and the 3d brigade of the 3d division only passed in review. Every one was cheerful and happy. During a part of the review several persons were introduced to Mrs. Lincoln, who appeared to hold from her wagon a reception *en passant*. Mr. Lincoln was silent, thoughtful, heavy; Mrs. Lincoln, courteous, gracious, pleasant.

At five P. M., we hear that the 1st and 4th divisions, under Ord, are to march during the night and join the army of the Potomac. We were directed as soon as dark to take a detail of five hundred privates and twelve officers and relieve the pickets of those divisions.

We took with us to assist us, Major Rogers of the 98th, Major Brooke and Capt. Seligson, of the 9th Vt. The line was long and irregular. With much perplexity and vexation we finished the posting and relieving about one A. M., and returned to camp, tired and sleepy, sadder and wiser men.

*March 27.*—The whole army is on the look-out. The two confronting forces have marching orders. Which shall take the ini-

tiative? Where will be the attack? Expectation and observation are keen and feverish. We are all eyes and ears; our slumbers, if we slumber, are not sleep. Our division now holds the front formerly held by the corps. It will be remembered that the 2d division went to Wilmington in January, and that yesterday the 1st and 4th marched with Gen. Ord to join Meade and Sheridan on the left. So the 3d division with 500 cavalry constitutes the right of the Army of the James. As an officer of the picket we rode along the line in the afternoon. The men were performing their duty well; all in front was still as death; no vernal zephyr sighed among the pines.

Near 5 P. M., the regiment moved to the right, three-fourths of a mile, and occupied the camp and quarters of the 199th Penn. vols. In the evening we brought over our baggage and sent five companies a half mile further to the right in a fort and along its flanking breastworks. The new position is on the Darbytown road, and our right front is picketed by the cavalry.

The cavalry picket is reconnoitered every night by Confederate scouts; they are not seen but heard making the noise of those who pass carefully in the woods.

The 1st and 4th divisions crossed the pontoon at Deep Bottom, on their way to Hatcher's run. All quiet as we retire, and rumor dead.

*March 28.*—Remained in camp. One-third of the regiment on detail for picket, the remainder are brushing, sweeping, repairing their new quarters. One can imagine with difficulty the amount of rubbish which a large and recently recruited regiment can make and leave. We collected several wagon loads of boxes, furniture, old clothing, and drew them away.

A new regiment of the 4th division, the 206th Penn., not having the unity or coherency of a mob, after marching a few miles to the rear, was ordered back and left behind to stay with us. Men of large bounties, but a short time in service, their deserted camp was full of boxes, trunks, camp-stoves and kitchen furniture, chairs, tables, stools and pieces of carpet. Going away for a day and a night, abandoning these articles and relinquishing their right to them forever, our veterans found them flotsam and jetsam and appropriated them. The Pennsylvanians on their return went through our camps inquisitively, impudently prowling, and "put in a claim for said articles." Those more disorderly making such demand in the camp of the 98th, were arrested and returned under guard to

their regiment. The commanding officer of the 206th forwarded a statement of the case to the division commander and asked that an officer might be sent through the veteran camps with authority to take his property wherever found. But before any action was taken in the matter the articles were abandoned again, and the parties were on the road to Richmond. Devens said our position was just and legally tenable; but the colonel of the Pennsylvanians never forgave us.

*March 29.*—All quiet. No news. Have the New York papers of the 28th. In the afternoon we heard heavy firing far to the left.

A report is current that the enemy is massing troops in our front. We are neither allowed to sleep nor rest, but stand in arms all the time.

We finished and mailed a history of the regiment for the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany.

After 9 P. M., they had a prolonged and heavy artillery battle on the line before Petersburg. It continued for more than an hour. About 12 P. M., we learned that the Confederates had attacked Parke's corps, and we were ordered to be ready to repel an attack, should one be made on our front in the morning.

*March 30.*—At 4 A. M., it began to rain, and continued, slackening at intervals all day.

Information is current that the attacks made on Parke's 9th corps yesterday, were repulsed.

The tour of duty comes for the men now every other day.

This time Grant has abandoned his strategy of a simultaneous attack on both Confederate flanks, and has drawn all the available troops from his right and centre to crush the enemy's right, and prevent the escape of Lee's army into North Carolina.

Warren's 5th corps and Humphreys' 2d relieved from the continuous line by Ord's divisions, and by extending Parke's corps, are this day between Hatcher's run and Gravelly run, near the White Oak road and the Boydton plank road, seeking the Confederate intrenched line, drenched in rain, water-logged and swamped.

Sheridan, still farther to the left, is pushing the enemy upon his intrenchments at Five Forks, boldly trying to ride him down, or drive him off, but unsuccessful; later in the day, he returns, in rain and mud, and bivouacs on the soaked and flooded ground near Dinwiddie Court House, six miles behind Warren and Humphrey.

Sheridan intended to cut loose from the army, and, raiding

round the enemy's right, destroy the Southside and Danville railroads; but Grant, who was on the field arranging and directing, changed his plans and recalled Sheridan. In his note of the 29th he said to Sheridan: "I want to end the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. Push around the enemy in the morning, (the 30th), and get to his rear, and we will act all together, as one army, until we shall see what can be done with the forces before us."

*March 31.*—Though our camp is at the extreme right of the intrenchment lines, and though five of our companies are half a mile still farther to the right in a detached fort, we are not uneasy; for, if our line is weak and thin, we know that the Confederate is weaker and thinner.

Col. Ripley, of the 9th Vt., whose regiment stood second to ours, is now a brevet brigadier, and General Devens has assigned him to the command of our brigade, known hereafter as Gen. Ripley's brigade.

In the afternoon we rode to the right in front of Signal Hill and beyond the picket line, on the ground occupied by General Longstreet's division last December. From the field into which his troops advanced, we could see our signal tower near Dutch Gap, the James river, Malvern Hills, our lines and all our forts and camps. He had intended to enter the lines after capturing some of the detached forts, of which fifteen covered our right flank. He might have taken one or more of these, because the ground is favorable for the operation of infantry—

being broken and intersected by ravines which run in such directions as to furnish good approaches to the redoubts. Our troops were nearly all veterans, commanded by able officers, and behind the breastworks were crouching more than a hundred cannon; so that unless he had a large force his success would have been of but little advantage.

This may have been Longstreet's opinion; and, again, he may have come for no other purpose than to reconnoitre; or his advance may have depended on the success of the Confederate gun-boats in their attempt to run the batteries and destroy the monitors at Aiken's and Dutch Gap.



## CHAPTER XXI.

The Battle of Five Forks—The Cannonade of the Army of the Potomac—Lee's Army driven from its Intrenchments—Lee's Telegram to Davis—The Evacuation of Richmond—Ewell fires the Iron-clads, the public Buildings and Bridges—The Sacking of the City begun—The Army of the James—The Note-book again—Our Bands exhaust their List of Tunes—The Look out near our Quarters—Supplies—How we passed the Winter—Gen. Ripley's Fall and Phantasy—A new Suit of Clothes—All packed up—Good News comes from the Left—We stand around Division Headquarters to receive it—The Night of April 2d and 3d—Ripley's Brigade—The Order to march—On to Richmond—How the Army of the James marched—How the Troops entered the City, and what they found and saw—The Flag of the 98th hoisted by Adjutant Oakley over the Confederate Capitol—Who stole the Honor from him—Details to guard the City and put out the Fire—The Fortifications—The first Night in Richmond—Libby and Castle Thunder—The 98th in the Old Market—Headquarters in St. Charles Hotel—President Lincoln in Richmond April 4th—The British Consul—Belle Isle—Destitution—The Responsibility—Our Provost Duty begins—Roaming Vagrants—La Table d'Hôte—Gen. Devens reviews his Division in Main street—Tell Maximilian to get out of Mexico and Lee and Johnston to surrender and stop the Fight.

THE storm ceased during the night of the 30th, and the morning of the 31st of March was bright and clear. Grant intended to remain quiet during the day, for the roads and ground to dry; but it was no time for Lee to rest, while the corps of Humphreys and Warren and the cavalry of Sheridan were concentrating on his right, threatening his line of retreat and communication. He withdrew from behind his intrenchments by thinning the line, 20,000 of the troops confronting Parke, Wright and Ord, from Petersburg to Hatcher's run, and, placing them under Pickett and Johnson, sent them to Five Forks and the junction of the White Oak and Boydton roads, to oppose what he falsely imagined one of Grant's characteristic flanking movements.

But as the Confederate army opposed the National at every point, from its extreme left to Richmond, Grant knowing the superiority of his own numbers, directed Sheridan to attack and turn, if possible, the enemy's right flank, while the other corps should assault

and break his lines. The movement of Pickett's and Johnston's divisions to the vicinity of Five Forks, so weakened Lee's left, that, on the morning of April 1st, Wright and Parke informed Meade that they could assault successfully. On that day Sheridan with 12,000 infantry and 9,000 cavalry, fought with Pickett the Battle of Five Forks, and captured, killed, wounded and demoralized an aggregate of ten thousand Confederates. The cavalry followed the discomfited enemy, until night ended the pursuit. The military telegraphs communicated the news, and the shout and yell of victory rolled along the Union lines. Few battles of the war were more brilliant, few more decisive.

Grant at once re-inforced Sheridan, and ordered all the batteries of the Army of the Potomac to open and continue the cannonade during the night. The air was lurid with the bombardment, the earth shook and trembled, and the heavens were lighted with fires not their own.

*April 2d, Sunday morning, at 4 o'clock*, the batteries ceased their deep-mouthed thunder, the troops advanced in overwhelming numbers, and the assault began. Parke carried the outer line in front of Petersburg, but was stopped at the second by Heth's division and troops under Longstreet, from north of the James. Wright and Ord were more successful.

They carried everything before them, and moving along the rear of the Confederate line towards the Appomattox, cut the hostile army in two, captured thousands of prisoners, and approached Petersburg from the south, endangering its communications.

Lee, Hill, Longstreet and Mahone were in the city consulting and listening to the sound of battle, evidently coming nearer.



"How is this?" said Lee to A. P. Hill, one of the ablest of his lieutenants, "General, your men are giving way." "The engagement is becoming general," said Hill. He drew on an overcoat which he had worn through the war, went out, organized an assault, and sought to recapture that part of his front forced by Parke in the morning. Reconnoitering in a wooded ravine, he was killed soon after by some soldiers

dressed in blue. In a few hours all the defences of Petersburg were captured, and the Army of Northern Virginia ruined.

For nearly four years the people of Richmond had been gratified with rumors such as the capture of Washington, of Baltimore, of Philadelphia; the destruction of McClellan's, Hooker's, Meade's, Sheridan's or Thomas' Army, or of a general uprising of the North in their favor. So on the 2d of April people said to each other in the streets: "We hear that Johnston has destroyed Sherman," and that "Lee has captured Sheridan and a portion of Meade's army."

In St. Paul's Episcopal church, which stands near the Capitol beside the park, Davis and Lee were accustomed to wor-



ship. On that bright and beautiful Sunday morning Colonel Taylorwood waited in the vestibule of that church until Dr. Minnegerode, the rector, finished his reading, and said: "Here endeth the first lesson," when he walked up the left hand aisle, past the two daughters of Gen. Lee, and handed a telegram from him to the Arch-Conspirator. Davis opened the message and read, substantially:

"My lines are broken in three places; Richmond must be evacuated this evening."

The thin, feeble, old man, neuralgic for life, rose trembling in his pew, and, with a crushing weight upon his mind, faltered out. For a few moments the choir, the pastor, the congregation were silent as the tomb.

The organ sounded, the choir chanted *Te Deum*, the service was soon after hastily closed, but before Dr. Minnegerode dismissed the congregation, he said:—"Gen. Ewell, the military governor of Richmond, desires the local forces to assemble at three o'clock this afternoon."

The war office and its different departments, the local authorities and the citizens, generally, soon understood that Lee's army was broken and the Confederacy ended. The dread reality passed from man to man. Hope and fear and rumor can no longer be indulged, the time for action has come. Through all their disasters, all their reverses, all their trials, fate has preserved the "Government" for this,

A deeper wreck, a greater fall,  
A shock to one, a thunderbolt to all.



Davis orders the coin in the banks to be sent to Danville, and the Confederate archives to be burned. A train of cars loaded with provisions—a quarter of a million of rations—destined for Lee's army, was ordered back, to transport the fugitive officials.

The people collect at the Danville depot. Several hundred citizens, including the Legislature, at nine P. M., embark on canal-boats for Lynchburg. Evacuation is unmistakable. The day of reckoning has come. Exultation has sunk in despair. Some seek safety in concealment, others in flight; those hide in their cellars and garrets, these fly over the country, northward, eastward and westward, a-foot, a-horseback, or in private conveyances. Vehicles, for man or baggage, command fabulous prices, by the hour, eighty or one hundred dollars in gold.

As in the sacking of a city, the tumult increased as night approached. The jails and the penitentiary were opened. Straggling soldiers and the rabble gathered in the streets, free from restraint. Hell was empty, and all the devils were there. As a precaution, the City Council ordered all intoxicating liquors to be emptied in the streets. The populace drank from the gutters and the uproar soon became ten-fold greater. The howling mob, composed of men and women, black and white, surged through the streets, broke open the stores and buildings, and scattered the dry goods, groceries, furniture, luxuries, Confederate bonds and money on the walk.

Near 4 o'clock in the morning, when the government officers had removed all that they could from the commissary department, they abandoned the vast stores remaining. A crowd, with bags, buckets, tin-pans, aprons, pushing and cursing, growling and fighting, then gained entrance, and well-nigh carried the building from its foundations by the rush.

Before several of the government offices the rabble kindled bonfires of Confederate archives.

The more respectable citizens remained within their dwellings, closed their blinds, barred their doors, and retired to their closets, garrets and basements.

After dark, Davis left the city; and before midnight, of the Confederate government, of Congress, of the War Department, of the State Authorities, nothing remained, not the shadow of a name.

After midnight, a more terrible element appeared, and the work of demolition began in earnest. Gen. Ewell ordered the destruc-

tion of the iron-clads; the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Virginia, and the receiving-ship Patrick Henry. At three in the morning, the great magazine near the Almshouse was blown up with a concussion that shook the foundations of the city, and was heard within the lines of the Army of the James. Next, the four principal warehouses of the city were fired, and, also, Mayo's bridge leading to Manchester, and the Danville and Petersburg railroad bridges. The conflagration spread beyond control, and soon thirty squares, a third of the city, were on fire. The War Department, the post-office, the treasury, many churches, banks, private warehouses, hotels and public buildings were in flames. In the black smoke, by the glare of the fire, the demon-like figures of busy plunderers moved, pushed, rioted for food and spoil. The cries of children, the wail of women, the yells of intoxicated men, mingled with the roar of the flame-tempest, the crash of falling buildings and the explosion of shells. And the moan of the sacked city ascended to heaven.

The Army of the James, commanded by Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, consisted on the first of April, of Devens' division of the 24th, and Ashborne's and Thomas' divisions of the 25th corps. Grant directed Weitzel to parade his men, display his force and hold the enemy before him, while the remainder of the army flanked and fought him out of Petersburg.

Though Weitzel observed the instructions of Grant, he could not deceive Longstreet. That general comprehended Grant's plan, and, thinning his lines, crossed the James with Banning's brigade and went to the assistance of Lee at Petersburg.

While our comrades were thus fighting about Five Forks, capturing the intrenchments, and, while the Confederates were evacuating their military Capital, the utmost quiet prevailed in the Army of the James. True, we heard the distant roar of cannon, and maintained the keenest circumspection, and, though the telegraph reported each day the result of the fighting, yet it was not until we marched into Richmond that we understood the crushing force of Grant's victories.

Saturday evening, April 1st, we wrote up our book as follows: A fine day with rather high wind. The troops inspected their ordnance and quartermaster's stores.

Rumor flies through the air with a hundred eyes, a hundred tongues. One report says that the Army of the Potomac is fighting

far to the left beyond the intrenched lines; another, that Lee and Davis, discouraged since the defeat of Saturday last, are proposing a conference and terms of peace. All is quiet in camp and front; our works simply hold themselves.

The enemy began to fire at Dutch-Gap and battery Brady again.

In the evening our bands exhausted their list of tunes: Sacred Music, National Airs, Waltzes, Reels, and Hornpipes. The men encored, danced and sang responsive. At ten P. M., we learned that Sheridan had driven the enemy from Five Forks and captured five thousand prisoners. The *Herald* of the 30th is sanguine of peace; the soldiers indulge the pleasing expectation with delight.

*Sunday, April 2d.*—Our quarters here in the camp of the 199th Penna. are excellent; we have a large, well-made log-house, twelve by eighteen, with shingle roof, warm and dry. Around it are five large pines, and the rustling breath of Spring sighing in their lofty tops sounds like the music of the spheres.

With a few poles and the branches of one of these, the men have ingeniously constructed a rural ladder, mounting eighty feet from the ground. From the platform above, the factories in Manchester and the Capitol and several churches in Richmond are visible, through our field glasses, seven or eight miles away.

Ascending this ladder to-day, which waved like a mast on the sea, we tied ourselves to the trunk, like Farragut, and expatiated free over all this scene of man.

Richmond the stake, the Confederate army, the Army of the James, our gun-boats and transports on the river lay before us and around us misty and wide.

Generally, during the winter, we have not been so well supplied as at Yorktown and Pungo. Norfolk and Baltimore are farther away, and the oysters, game and shad are beyond our reach. Still the express boats come to City Point, Point of Rocks, and Aikens; the army ration has been full and the sutler's shops overflowing.

The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; free from danger and calamity, we have had an estate of peace and comparative ease. Never in our life have we enjoyed ourself so much or felt so delightfully the pleasures of peace and plenty. The campaign of 1864 was long and severe; enjoyment after suffering, abundance after want afford increased relish and exquisite delight. Three times in our military life have we passed from danger, exposure, suffering and privation to plenty and quiet: from the

Peninsular campaign to Yorktown; from the demonstrations against Charleston to Pungo; from the campaign of 1864 to our present position. We have rested, recreated and enjoyed ourself. Let Fortune turn her wheel again.

At our quarters and those of Colonel Cullen and Gen. Ripley, we have passed the long leisure of winter not unprofitably. Cullen was fond of literature, and read elegantly. He had perused the ancient classics and the more celebrated German, French and British authors. He was particularly fond of Shakespeare, and quoted him frequently with felicity. We had several works on Field Fortifications, Topography, Marches, Sieges, Out-Post Duty and Grand Tactics or Strategy. These we were accustomed to read and comment upon; and we filled up the intervals of our leisure riding over the country, playing chess and backgammon, and practicing with our swords, rifles and revolvers.

One day five of us were trying the speed of our horses along the New Market road. Ripley had the lead, and, looking back to see how we followed, his saddle turned and he fell to the ground, striking on his head and shoulders. We took him up insensible. It was several days before he recovered. He afterwards said that during the few hours in which he lay insensible, the world and everything he had ever seen passed before him in phantasmagoria, like a panorama; that he heard what we said to him and to each other, that he distinctly recognized us, but had no disposition to speak or reply. He was not in pain, but enjoyed the phantasy. He only became sensible of the bruise and contusion as he acquired his faculties. He said that no living man ever looked farther into Hades than he, or approached nearer that bourne whence no traveler returns, and that he saw the Elysian Fields at times and smelt the sulphurous smoke of hell.

When at City Point a few weeks ago, we ordered a suit of regulation clothes complete throughout. We selected the material and gave our measure there, but the articles were made in Baltimore. We needed them for the summer's campaign, and yesterday they came. The quality of the goods was not extravagant, but such as officers of our rank were wearing. One black felt hat, \$12; one pair of boots, \$25; one pair of dark blue trousers with sky-blue welt, \$28; one dark blue frock coat, \$75; one colonel's shoulder straps, gold embroidered, with silver embroidered spread eagle, \$15; one vest, same material as the coat, \$20.

After the usual Sunday morning inspection we had nothing to do. Everybody is out of quarters enjoying the fine sun-light, reading, writing, lounging in the open air. The baggage, rations, ordnance are all packed or with the men. Not a personal article unpacked, all in trunk or satchel, box or barrel. We open our desk to write an endorsement and re-lock it again when we are done.

Good news comes from the left; the whole Army of the Potomac moved to-day. Tremendous cannonading in that direction all day. About noon we hear that the 6th and 9th corps have broken the enemy's line, that Sheridan with his cavalry and portions of the 5th and 2d corps is sweeping from the left, and closing in on Petersburg. After hearing the dispatch, said Devens, "How perfectly quiet we are while all that is going on." Another telegram at 2 P. M.

We stand around division headquarters and listen like Oedipus, while the seer rehearsed his fate. Grant says that he has about 10,000 prisoners, and that he expects to enclose the Confederate army before night, between his own and the Appomattox. "That is glorious," said Ripley, "we can hear the crash of Lee's broken army. The history of the Confederacy is closed."

An hour later Grant telegraphs to corps headquarters that he has ordered demonstrations on the Bermuda Hundred front to draw troops from our side, and that he may order us to advance in the morning.

An order was immediately sent to regimental commanders requiring them to be ready in the morning at 4 o'clock with three days' cooked rations and sixty rounds of ammunition. They were directed for every twenty men in their respective regiments to carry two axes and two shovels. Further they were to be in light marching order, and leave their knapsacks and camp equipage behind under guard.

The order and the telegrams were received in the camps with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. "Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again."

Near 5 P. M. Grant telegraphs again:—"The Confederates have been driven from their intrenchments before Petersburg throughout their whole extent."

As the adjutant general at division headquarters read the dispatch to those standing about his office, a rather tall, dark-com-

plexioned, sallow-visaged man, in citizen's clothing, of the Christian Commission, said: "Now is the death of John Brown avenged, and the blood of slaves drawn by the lash expiated in the loss of millions of dollars and a million of men! Even so may it be."

Copies of the telegram were circulated through the camps, and as the sun sank behind the hills of Chesterfield all the bands were playing, and the men shouting, singing and laughing.

The night of the second and third of April, 1865, was clear, warm, and not unpleasant. A light mist arose along the line of the James, which the sun dissipated in the early morning. The wind was laid, the air was still, the stars blazed full and bright.

At 10 P. M., a few lights were visible in our camps, but no sounds were heard.

A dozen officers collected at division headquarters discussed the advance ordered for the morning, the probable strength of the opposing line, the resistance it would offer to our troops, and the chances for entering Richmond. Several expressed an opinion that the Confederates were evacuating that city because it could be held no longer. Orderlies and officers were constantly passing to and from the pickets, maintaining the greatest vigilance, and reporting to Gen. Devens every unusual circumstance.

We have stated that the Army of the James then consisted of Gen. Devens' 3d division of the 24th corps, and Gens. Ashborne's and Thomas' divisions of the 25th corps, and that the troops of the 25th corps were negroes. Gen. Godfrey Weitzel was in command of this army, the remnant of Ord's force, all that was left on the north side of the James.

Our brigade, the 1st of Devens' division, was formed of the 13th N. H., the 19th Wisconsin, the 81st, 96th, 98th and 139th N. Y., and was led, as we remarked, by Brevet Brig. Gen. Ripley, of the 9th Vermont.

Lossing, in his "Civil War in America," designates this Ripley's brigade of negro troops, and says it entered Richmond first; but Greeley, in "The American Conflict," writes that "Draper's black brigade" was in advance.

The truth is, both corps approached the Confederate works at the same time, in line of battle and in column, following the skirmishers in advance; but when the works were found empty, and when the evacuation of the city was ascertained, the white troops

being veterans, better drilled and handled, took the lead, marching into the city by the New Market road and the old Osborn pike. The skirmish line was not recalled, but kept the advance, deployed; then, first, marched Gen. Weitzel and his staff; next, Gen. Devens and his staff, and thirdly, Gen. Ripley and his staff, followed by the first organization which entered the city, the 98th N. Y. volunteers.

A few minutes after 2, on the morning of the 3d, the sentinel on duty at the door, called us and said that he heard a heavy report towards Richmond. We arose, listened a short time, and hearing nothing more, retired. An hour later he aroused us again, and informed us that he had heard several explosions in the same direction, and just then one louder and deeper than ever. We asked him to call the corporal of the guard. At our request the corporal ascended the ladder on our signal-tree, and said that he saw a great light in Richmond. Standing on the ground, we observed several flashes in that direction, but could hear no report.

At 3.30 A. M., one of Devens' aids passed our quarters with a deserter from the enemy. He belonged to a Virginia regiment, and said that the Confederates were leaving their line in front, that they all had orders to march at 1 o'clock, that they were going to help Lee, that in the hurry of getting ready he had found an opportunity to get away, that the Confederacy was "busted up," and that he did not wish to fight any longer.

Near 4, soon after our reveille was sounded, we heard the loudest explosion of the morning, and though there was no wind, our door and window rattled, and the leaves trembled on the pine and holly. At that time the authorities blew up the great powder magazine standing at the edge of the city, on the bank of Shoe-koe creek.

Later reports from the picket inform us that a negro, riding in a buggy, and driving a mule down the New Market road into camp, said that Richmond was evacuated, and that the Confederate army and government was "all done gone."

Doubting, for the news seems too good to be true, the men suppressed their feelings as best they could; but they were unable to eat for joy. Deserter after deserter came in, and the evacuation was confirmed. The desperate battle we had anticipated had changed to a triumphal march.

The men are packing up, collecting their baggage and storing it

in our house, to be left under guard and sent for from Richmond. Caps are snapping, ramrods are jingling, the companies are forming and the regiments are taking line.

At 4.30 the skirmish line was forming, and the division was at the breastworks waiting the order to advance.

Across the camps and drill-grounds, behind, and tracking after us, were cooks, servants, orderlies, loaded with every description of baggage; around us all the bands were playing "inspiring airs," and flags and colors were waving in the light vernal wind.

Near 5 A. M. the advance was sounded from division headquarters in the saddle; the picket line moved forward; the first brigade followed at an interval of forty rods, and a six gun battery, composed of 3-inch rifled pieces, wheeled in behind. The other brigades and batteries of the 3d division, in the rear, at regulation spaces, took up the line of march.

In this order, the division approached the enemy's works; the picket line pressed through his abatis and chevaux de frise, descended into his ditch and ascended his parapet without opposition; and the batteries and regiments, marching by the flank, with curious observation, laughing and talking, passed through his sally port.

At the same time, half a mile toward the river, on our left, in similar manner, the 25th corps, headed by General Weitzel and Draper's black brigade, passed through Fort Harrison, on to Richmond along the Osborn turnpike.

Half way to Richmond, from the exterior line of Confederate fortifications, these two roads unite, and from their intersection Devens' division had the advance.

Not a person was seen until we arrived in the vicinity of Powhatan Seat, the family residence of the Mayos; from there the sides of the road were crowded with negroes and poor whites, male and female, old and young, who had come out to meet us. They waved their handkerchiefs, hats, bonnets and hands in greeting, and shouted for joy. Some threw themselves down on the ground, and then sprang up again; some embraced each other and sobbed and cried; some pressed into our ranks and grasped the men by the hands. Ejaculations like these were heard on every hand from every tongue:—Bless de Lord! Now I see de Lord comin'; I said it, I knowed it, I seed it. Glory, Hallelujah! Amen, Amen,



Amen! De Kingdom's comin'; De Day of Jubilee is here; De Millenium is come! Massa Lincoln set us free! Is massa Lincoln here? Oh, how fine! Let Gabriel come and all de Saints in Glory! De promise is come to pass; I see de hebbens open; now I is ready to go! How glad I am, how happy I is dat I hab lived to see dis day!

They turned around, and, crowding in the road, walked back to the city.

We entered the city at Rocketts, near 7 A. M. and the line of march led up Main street to 17th, thence up Franklin to the City Hall, opposite the Capitol Square. All that part of the city between the Capitol grounds and the river, consisting of warehouses, mills; stores and banks, was in flames; and we heard constantly the sound of falling walls and the report of exploding shells. To avoid the bursting missiles, we passed to Franklin through 17th street, rather than through 16th, and even then, as we filed into Governor street from Franklin a few fragments of shells fell harmlessly among the men.

Arrived opposite the front entrance of the City Hall, we halted. Across the street the Capitol grounds were filled with goods taken from the burned district; and the portico and steps of the edifice were densely packed with the homeless tenants, extremely old, extremely young, sick and infirm.

Adjutant Oakley, followed by a color-sergeant, pressed his way through the crowd and, ascending the building, first waved our regimental flag from the roof of the Capitol of the Southern Confederacy. Leaving the sergeant with the flag, Oakley descended. An hour after, Sergeant Hardy was relieved by Lieut. J. L. De Peyster, of Weitzel's staff; and De Peyster, assisted by Capt. Langdon, Weitzel's chief of artillery, hoisted over the building a storm-flag which had waved over the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans, during Gen. Butler's administration.

De Peyster was honored by Gov. Fenton with a brevet lieutenant colonelcy, but no member of the 98th ever received from any one a thank or the merest recognition for the service. When De Peyster raised his garrison flag over the Capitol of Virginia, he displaced the silken colors of the 98th. He may parade his honors and vaunt over his services among his princely friends and relatives, but in this particular an unpretending adjutant and plain sergeant in the 98th were an hour ahead of him on the calendar of time, if not on that of history.

A sergeant, a corporal and six privates were taken from the regiment and placed on guard over the late residence of President Davis ; other details were made from the brigade and sent to take charge of the Governor's house, the City Hall and the Capitol. Later, General Shepley was appointed military governor of the city, and Col. Fred Manning provost marshal.

As the regiments of the division arrived they were sent to guard the roads leading to the city, to take charge of the prisons, to seize the arms and government stores, to maintain order, and to put out the fire.—The colored troops were halted below Rocketts, and not allowed to enter the city.

About 10 A. M., we were directed to move the regiment out on the Mechanicsville pike a few miles, to take possession of the hospital near Union Hill, and to watch the fortifications lying between that turnpike and the Woodbury bridge road.

Near the hospital, the surgeon in charge, with a few of his assistants, came out to meet us. He said that he had five hundred sick and wounded in the wards, and medicines and provisions in store sufficient for two or three days. He desired to know what we intended to do with them, and what he should do. We replied that we would report his statement to headquarters, and that in the meantime he should remain at his post of duty and take care of the hospital as he had been doing.

We continued our march to the first of the two lines of earthworks which surrounded the city. There, on a green plat by a little stream, where the road passed through one of the larger redoubts, we halted and allowed the men to break ranks and scatter near the stacks of arms.

We had opportunity to ride along the double wagon track *cor-duroy* road which ran behind the breastworks throughout their whole extent on the north side of the river. We noted the breastworks, the detached forts, the ditch, the magazines, the abatis, the rifle-pits, the huge cannon, and tried to form some idea of the labor expended in constructing the defenses of the already captured city. Add to the two lines before us, the intrenchments about Ft. Harrison and Drury's Bluffs, the works on the south side of the river and on the lower peninsula, and we have an undertaking equal to any of the great enterprises of the world ; the walls of Babylon, the pyramids, the Erie canal—anything but the Chinese wall.

The 98th returned to the city in the afternoon and, about 5

o'clock, stacked arms on the Capitol grounds in front of the City Hall with headquarters in the room belonging to the Court of Hustings. Devens' office was above, in the rooms of the Circuit Court; and Army headquarters were in President Davis' mansion.

Guards were posted at the hotels, churches, depots and more important places. Libby prison and Castle Thunder, with several hundred prisoners, were transferred to our authorities. The prisoners were liberated, and Libby was soon filled with straggling or captured Confederate soldiers and disorderly persons.

During the disorder several of the foreign consuls asked for protection, and the 98th sent details for the British, German and Italian consulates.

In the early evening, the city settled into quiet; few were seen in the streets but Union soldiers; few sounds were heard but the clatter of Union orderlies and the footfalls of Union patrols. The fires still smouldered in the ruins of the great warehouses. At intervals, here and there over the burning district, they reached some more combustible matter and, flashing through the smoke, lit up the evening sky, and then all was dark again.

The most degraded of the populace of Richmond were burned out of home and clothes and bread the night before. They straggled through the streets, collected on the corners and vacant places, half clothed, wrapped in sheets, bed clothes and sacks. They carried children, bundles and every conceivable article of household and kitchen furniture. For want of more room and a better place, our authorities collected them in and around the great Capitol. On the steps, on the portico, in the halls, in the lobbies they slept; on both sides of the walks, on the ground, in long, close ranks they lay. In the auditors' rooms, in the President's room, in the hall of the House of Delegates for the state of Virginia, on the chairs and desks; in the library, among the books and papers, on the blanks and forms; in the Confederate Halls of state where the magnates so lately sat and held high conclave, this hungry, homeless, destitute, vicious, criminal, abandoned rabble crowded, jostled, shuffled its way, and like unclean beasts lay down and slept.

We read in Lossing's history:

"Major A. H. Stevens, 4th Mass. cavalry, and Major E. Graves, of Gen. Weitzel's Staff, were sent, with a small squadron of cavalry, to demand of the Mayor, Joseph Mayo, the surrender of the city." How did they know he was in it, or where he was to be

found? To demand the surrender of what they already possessed. To demand the surrender of the city which was in extreme need of their presence to snatch it from entire destruction by conflagration and sacking by a howling mob.

In the next sentence he writes: "They were courteously received, and the keys of the public buildings were handed to them at the City Hall at seven o'clock."

If "courteously received," then men receive each other "courteously" everywhere, every day. They shook hands with the Mayor, after finding him at the City Hall, and said good morning, and that was the courteous reception. As to the keys of the public buildings, the jails and prisons had been thrown open the night before and their contents emptied upon the streets, and the City Hall was filled the night before with men, women, children, goods and furniture from the burned district. The truth is, Mayo had nothing to surrender or deliver, not even himself. While the 98th was standing at parade rest in front of the City Hall, and the arrival and peaceable intent of the Yankees was generally known, Mayo came there between 9 and 10 A. M., and reported to our authorities. Stevens and Graves, riding with the skirmish line, entered the city before the regiment, not exceeding ten minutes. We wish to disabuse the public of the falsity of these statements, made probably to some reporter, whose letter or account has furnished the basis of Lossing's history.

In the second following sentence again we read: "At eight o'clock Gen. Weitzel and staff rode in at the head of Ripley's brigade of negro troops who had the honor of first entering the late Confederate capital, when Lieut. De Peyster ascended to the roof of the Virginia State House, in which the Confederate congress had so lately held its sessions, and, assisted by Capt. Langdon, Weitzel's chief of artillery, hoisted over it the grand old flag of the Republic!"

There was not a negro soldier in Ripley's brigade, and when De Peyster hoisted the "grand old flag of the Republic," he took down the silken colors of the 98th.

So much for history as written by Benson J. Lossing. De Peyster graces the story better than Oakley, and historians are susceptible. The truth is that the colors of the 98th waved over the Capitol from 8 to 9 A. M., until they sent back to Weitzel's headquarters and procured Lossing's "Grand Old Flag" and Greeley's

"real American Flag," of which they are so particular to speak and ascribe the honor of raising to Lieut. De Peyster.

No resistance was offered to our entry, occupation or possession of the city; on the contrary, nearly every one we saw, whether in window, door or street, welcomed us with shouts and smiles as friends and deliverers.

In that afternoon when we returned from our march on the Mechanicsville pike, we observed that the troops of the second brigade, who had followed us into the city, and who were directed to put out the fire, had surrounded it by tearing down a few buildings, checked its progress and subdued its force. A third of the city, the heart of Richmond, valued at many millions of dollars, was consumed.

As we rode near the ashes of the city post-office, we saw a woman hold in her handkerchief and show to her friends all that she had saved of her burned child—a handful of hair, a few pieces of bones and a few first joints of fingers. Near the Custom House, on Carey street, the soldiers had improvised a morgue and collected about twenty dead bodies taken from the ruins. Near the great magazine, beyond the African church, about two hundred inmates of the alms-house were killed by the shock of the great explosion. The building was of wood, and stood alone near the magazine on the side-hill, and many of the paupers were blown out through the doors and windows, and scattered on the ground from fifty to a hundred feet away. The chimneys were thrown down, the doors and windows were crushed in, the sides of the house were blown apart; in short, in all history, nothing has equaled the destructive force of the explosion since the capture of Jericho.

On the morning of the 4th of April, we were directed to place the regiment in the old market on 17th street, and take possession of, govern, watch and guard, all of the lower part of the city from 16th street. Our district included the Virginia Central railroad depot, nearly all of the tobacco ware-houses, Libby Prison, Castle Thunder, Chimborazo hospital, a portion of the city called Bird in Hand, and Rocketts, the port of Richmond. We received no orders, no rules, no law; but immediately set to work patrolling the district, establishing rounds, posting guards, seizing arms, stores, and public property. The men occupied the ground floor of the old market, the officers had the rooms above, and regimental or district headquarters were in the St. Charles hotel.

That hotel had been occupied by the Medical Staff and Sanitary Commission of the state of Georgia; and, besides, we found stored there many of the instruments and maps stolen by the Confederates from the United States Coast Survey; as, transits, levels and theodolites. In it we found about a thousand poor whites and negroes from the burned tenements, crowded from garret to cellar, rapacious and unclean as Virgil's harpies. These we sent, with all their children, baggage, traps and stores, to Chimborazo hospital. This was an infectious riddance, a salutary and sanitary labor, only equaled by Hercules in the destruction of the Stymphalian birds.

Late in the afternoon, the detail which we had sent back in the morning to our old camp for stores, returned. In the suburbs of the city they had impressed four yokes of oxen and a heavy wagon which had a high box constructed like a surf-boat. On this wagon and on the oxen were piled, hung or tied everything belonging to the regiment left behind, trunks and bedding, provisions and clothing, arms and quartermaster's stores. As they approached the old market they reminded us of those headquarter wagons which followed the conquest of Europe in Carlovingian days.

For a military capital the spoils were inconsiderable. Of the 5,000 sick, over 3,000 were in ours, the second or lower district; of the 500 heavy cannon, all those found from the Mechanicsville turnpike around to the river below, were first placed under guards of the 98th; of the 5,000 stands of small arms, nearly 3,500 were seized by us and turned over to the ordnance department; and of the locomotives and cars, all those belonging to the Virginia Central were in the 2d district.

President Lincoln had been at City Point since March 24, in communication with Gen. Grant at the front. He at once telegraphed the fall of Richmond to Washington, and soon far and near the news was sent over the loyal states, and the feeling of gratitude and joy was not less exuberant and demonstrative in the Northern cities than in Richmond. In most of these all business was suspended, and the public offices closed. The people burned bonfires, fired salvos and shouted themselves hoarse.

In the afternoon, the President came to Rocketts with Admiral Porter in his flag ship, the Malvern. Thence they went in a row-boat to the foot of 17th street. Landing there, and, accompanied by six or eight of the crew armed with carbines and revolvers, they walked to Weitzel's headquarters in the Davis mansion. His

arrival was soon known by all, and the greater part of the city thronged about the Capitol and the City Hall to see him. He soon after rode around the Capitol grounds and through the more crowded streets, in an open wagon drawn by four horses. Wherever he passed the people made the wildest demonstrations of joy; they shouted, sang and threw up their hats, and rushed towards him. In the evening he returned to City Point.

At 10 o'clock on the night of the 4th of April, the city enjoyed the security and repose of Rochester; our guards, rounds and patrols had more power and activity than a metropolitan police; and they promptly arrested every disorderly person, and effectually silenced every uproar and disturbance.

Near sunset, a sergeant, with two privates, was dragging, pushing, and forcing a rather large, burly, red-faced, noisy and intoxicated Englishman to the lock-up in the old market. Just at that time the Englishman chanced to see the British consul passing by on horseback, and throwing up his arms, he shouted to him, saying: "I am an Englishman; I have been arrested for nothing; I am a loyal citizen of England. Come and have me released." The consul dashed up to the sergeant at full speed, and vociferated: "Release him. He is an English subject. I am the British consul, and demand his immediate release in the name of Her Majesty, the Queen of the British Empire." This was "big talk" for Sergt. Rhodes, but he coolly replied: "There stands the commanding officer of the district on the front steps of the building; you must go and speak to him."

The writer had witnessed the whole affair. The consul then dashed up to us and said: "Who commands the troops here?" We replied that we were that officer. He then, manifesting much excitement, spoke fast and loud: "I am the British consul here, and ask by what authority you arrest one of our citizens? In the name of the British Government I demand his immediate release." We directed the sergeant to bring the prisoner to us, and then asked why he had arrested the Englishman? He answered: "For being drunk and disorderly; we found him crazy drunk, yelling and howling, and trying to fight the guard." The writer then addressed the consul: "We are here, as you see, with these troops to maintain order, and restore the city to peace and law. It seems to us that you should assist us in this duty by restraining or confining your drunken citizens, rather

than by seeking to turn them loose. We cannot release your British subject. The sergeant will confine him in our lock-up until he is sober, and then he will let him go." The consul saw that he had been a little too fast, suppressed with difficulty his rising thoughts, said, finally, that he would report the case, and rode away. In the morning we discharged Her Majesty's loyal subject, and never heard of him again. We often saw the consul afterwards, but he never saw us, or looked at us, or spoke to us, or in any way recognized us.

We were detailed for division officer of the day for the 5th. For this duty it was our last tour; after that our office had a civil character, and was executive, administrative and judicial. During the day we rode around and through the city, and visited the guards, the prisons, the public places, and the headquarters of the different districts, and directed the guards and patrols to compel the owners or lessees of property to sweep the streets in front of their lots. It was high time for this measure; for the streets during the four years of Confederate rule had never felt a broom. The filth and rubbish already needed the cleansing fire and the disinfecting brimstone, the rain, of Sodom and Gomorrah.

We passed over to Belle Isle, an island in the James above the bridges, in the upper part of the city. The lower part of it was turfless, packed and trodden like a sheep-pen. A few board shanties still stood on the upper part, which rose above the water five to ten feet; the lower portion is sandy, and at times submerged. Being above the falls, the river flows rapidly around it. The prisoners were kept on the lower or barren end, and suffered more than those in Libby prison, because they were without shelter. At first they had a few ragged tents, but in "the days of starvation" they had neither tents, barracks, nor shanties; but, in rain, frost and snow, winter and summer, often without blankets, coats, shoes, and hats, they lay on the bare ground without wholesome and sufficient food.

About five acres of the lower portion of the island were surrounded by a ditch and breastwork, along which sentinels were stationed at intervals of fifty feet. Within that enclosure the prisoners were crowded in varying numbers from five to ten thousand. They were enlisted men, and all the brutality and cruelty which Southern ingenuity and hatred could suggest were practiced upon them. They were denied the use of the river water, and



were not allowed to visit the higher and shaded part of the island. Scorched in summer, frozen in winter, sick, hungry, naked, the unconscious offenders died, but nature wronged appealed to nature's God; the men of the South threw away their property and lives in unavailing conflict, and the hopes and expectations of the leaders of the Confederacy have perished forever. The description of the treatment and condition of the Union soldiers on Belle Isle during portions of the years 1863 and 1864, constitutes one of the most horrid pages in the Book of Time.

The bridge for the Richmond and Petersburg railroad crossed the river just below, and the windows of many of the finest residences of the city look out upon the island. Add to the horrors of Libby those of Belle Isle, Salisbury and Andersonville, and we have a parallel for the persecutions and cruelties of the religious wars of Europe, or, for the conquest of India as described by Burke.

Just at this time there are no provisions in the city; the people are everywhere asking for food, and every citizen whom we accost tells us of pressing need and actual destitution. The Confederates burned the public stores, warehouses and commissary buildings, and there are no private supplies. Bread and meat will do; tea, coffee and sugar are out of the question. Nothing short of starvation can exceed their condition. The base of an army, a beleaguered city for four years, the crime and shame of the Confederacy have centered and settled here. The prostitution and infamy of all the Southern cities have gravitated here, and held their orgies unrestrained.



EWELL

The citizens charge Davis and General Ewell with burning the city, and speak of their conduct with unmitigated severity. Leaving the populace in anarchy and destitution, they sought to plunge them still deeper in misery and wretchedness by burning their property and homes, and compelling them to abandon the city and fly with them.

Ewell denies the allegation, and attributes the firing of the public buildings to the mob; but the people of Richmond unanimously laid upon him the responsibility of the

fiendish act. Upon our entry, with them, not a shadow of a doubt of his complicity in the affair existed; let him, therefore, stand in the shade, and let a dark mantle hide his memory from the light of military renown.

At 10 A. M. the provost marshals of the districts met at Weitzel's headquarters and marked out a line of procedure; in the afternoon, as department commander, he announced the different districts of the city and their commanders, and required the people to register at the district headquarters. By that order it became our duty to register every person living in the second district, to govern and patrol it, to quell disorders, to arrest and confine straggling soldiers, and to administer the oath of allegiance to such as were willing to take it. To assist us we had the 98th and 81st N. Y. vol., and just outside of the city was encamped on Chimborazo hill, for reserve and support, the 206th Penn. vols.

So our provost duty now begins to have method and take form and shape. We go to the city library and procure blank books; we have passes and paroles printed at the office of the *Richmond Whig*. We take one of our regimental clerks and detail Lieut. Sperry to assist us; and we *borrow* from the 2d auditor's office at the Capitol some office-furniture, a table, a desk, some law books, the Code of Virginia and the City Ordinances. We ourselves are to be the law, the judge and the jury, and we shall try from ten to fifteen cases a day. From us the appeal is to the department commander, and from him to the authorities at Washington. No decision shall be reversed or sent back for correction. We have more than 15,000 people to govern, and our constabulary establishment numbers something less than seven hundred officers and men.

The city is full of refugees, white and black; every house, barn, shed and cellar is crowded, and every road is streaming full, pouring in the stragglers from Lee's army and the contrabands from the surrounding country. They roam and idle through the streets in the day time, and sleep in the woods, groves and door-yards at night. Hungry and destitute, their intents are peaceable and their objects charitable.

The commissaries are unloading immense quantities of provisions at Rocketts; army wagons are carrying them to different points in the city for distribution to the famishing populace; but little tea, sugar and coffee, but little pork and beef, but plenty of hard bread

and codfish. Hard bread and codfish in half rations to everybody every day ; but the other articles only on the orders of physicians and provost marshals.

The first families of Virginia, as well as the last families, dislike hard bread and codfish, but prefer flour, meal and meat. They ask for the other articles, and take the codfish under protest. They say there is no relish in the hard bread, and that they cannot eat the "stinking fish." Nevertheless, the families of Lee and of many other officers who are still in the army, send in their requisitions for food, and from the family of Robert E. Lee down to that of the lowest trooper they eat the "destitute ration." Richmond never held before such piles of hard bread and so many huge casks of codfish.

By 10 A. M. of the 7th, we were well established in our office. The rooms and halls of the St. Charles were full of people ; the walk and street in front were crowded and packed like a mass meeting. They wished to register their names, to take the oath of allegiance, to obtain permits to open business, to make complaints against soldiers, citizens, negroes, and to ascertain on what basis to settle their old accounts.

At 4 P. M. we direct the guard at the lower door to permit no more to enter ; at 5 P. M. the hotel is closed, and we take our dinner. On our board, *la table d'hote*, we had lettuce and asparagus sent from Powhatan Seat by Mr. Mayo, fresh shad from the James, butter obtained of a Mr. Thorn who lived on the Williamsburg road near Seven Pines, and beef, bread, rice, coffee and sugar purchased of the commissary.

At 6 P. M., on horseback, we rode through our district and made the rounds of the guards. The French tobacco blazed up at intervals in the fallen warehouses, and the fire still smouldered in the rubbish of the burnt buildings.

We learned at headquarters that Gen. Sheridan and the 6th corps captured, yesterday, at Sailor's creek, Gen. Ewell with his division consisting of six thousand men.

To-day the streets were full of people from early business hours until dark ; women and children were everywhere. It was gratifying to see the security they manifested.

To-morrow, Gen. Devens will review, in Main street, his grand old division for the last time, and all Richmond will turn out to see the parade. Every one shall commend the scarred and war-worn veterans, heroes of more than twenty battles, and acknow-

ledge that for drill, correct carriage, ease of movement and precision of manœuvre it far surpassed any similar organization in the Southern army.

In the evening we were entertained by a band of music, and honored with a call from twenty citizens "who were loyal from the first." Several speeches were made; the orators deplored the war, promised glorious times for the future, said that Maximilian must get out of Mexico, and that Lee and Johnston should surrender at once and stop the war.



## CHAPTER XXII.

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The Retreat of Lee—Pursuit and Capture of the Army of Northern Virginia—Sheridan, Ord and Wright capture Ewell's Division—The March from Amelia to Farmville—Lee's Council of War—He overrules its Decision—How the National Army was supplied—Grant to Lee, and Lee in Reply—Sheridan's Forced March to Appomattox Station—He captures Four Trains loaded with Supplies for the Confederate Army—Sheridan on the March—His Scouts—The Country marched over by Sheridan and Ord—Sheridan's Advance on the Morning of the 9th of April—The Last Charge of the Army of Northern Virginia—Lee goes to hold a Conference with Grant—Grant leaves the Army of the Potomac and joins Sheridan—The Cessation, the Interview, the Surrender—Correspondence of Grant and Lee—Appearance of the two Commanders—The Confederates return to their Homes and the Army of the Potomac to Washington.

THE intelligent and inquiring reader naturally asks, at this point of our progressive history, where are our comrades, Gen. Ord and the three divisions of our corps, where is the Army of the Potomac and what is it doing? Where is Gen. Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia?

Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated simultaneously, and while the government, the civil authorities, made what haste they could toward Lynchburg and Danville, Gen. Ewell with the military joined the army of Gen. Lee near Amelia court-house

Immediately upon the discovery of the evacuation of Petersburg and of the direction of Lee's retreat, Gen. Grant broke his army into three detachments and began the pursuit. Driven from the Southside railroad, compelled to abandon Petersburg, Lee sought a new base of supplies in the Danville road and directed the several columns of his broken army to meet at Amelia court-house, a station on the new line south of the Appomattox in the pathway of retreat. Thither he ordered rations and stores from Danville to meet him. There he hoped to hold the National army in check

until the Confederacy could be re-established and his own command united with that of Johnston.

A train bearing supplies was sent from Danville, but through some mistake it proceeded to Richmond. When Lee arrived at Amelia court-house and learned the blunder, he became discouraged, hope forsook him; for poorly supplied at best, his soldiers had been six days marching and fighting. He had hoped with his army of 35,000 men united at that point and well provisioned to overwhelm the detachments of Grant as they should arrive. Now he had no alternative but to continue the retreat. Behind him in hot pursuit along the Southside railroad were Ord, Wright and Sheridan; north of these, near the Appomattox and behind him, were Meade and the Army of the Potomac. Lee arrived at Amelia court-house on the 4th, and remained there until the morning of the 6th, waiting and foraging for supplies. This was valuable time irreparably lost. During these two days he might have reached and crossed the Appomattox 35 miles distant at Farmville; but when he resumed his westward march on the morning of the 6th, Sheridan, Ord, and Wright with the sixth corps were swarming and camping round him; and Gen. Reade, Ord's adjutant general, was pressing forward with a detachment of infantry and cavalry to seize that important crossing, anticipating his line of retreat.

From Amelia the horrors of the Army of Northern Virginia began. It was completely surrounded by the Union forces; its progress was a running fight. Tired, sleepless, hungry, many of the men threw away their arms and knapsacks and marched a general route, a famished, heartsick, silent and tumultuous crowd. On front, flank and rear our forces pressed upon them. Sheridan, Ord and Wright co-operating, pierced the Confederate line this day, captured sixteen cannon, four hundred wagons and Ewell's division, consisting of 6,000 men. Nothing on record exceeds that terrible day's march from Amelia to Farmville; while our soldiers were exulting in numbers and success, the condition of the Confederates was deplorable. The men everywhere straggled and fell behind. Famished animals hitched to wagons and cannons stood at short intervals beside the road. Our forces pressed them too close for rest, the country was too poor for forage, the roads too bad for them to further drag along. The straggling soldiers often lay on the ground and refused to rise or speak when our men ap-

proached. Lee felt that he was playing a losing game with his troops, and fought and marched without spirit and hope.

Early on the morning of the 7th, Lee's army had crossed the Appomattox at Farmville. His efforts to destroy the bridges had failed. Half of his soldiers had thrown away their arms; what ammunition, cannons and wagons they still retained could be hauled but little further. The Union forces, eager, confident, hot in pursuit, were closing in overwhelming forces around him. His officers held a consultation. They united in the opinion that "every effort to save the army will increase its disaster;" in short, they cannot advance; they have no men, no ammunition, no means, no ability to fight any longer. They recommended a surrender of the army. But Lee could not see the exigency. He placed his army in some earthworks which had been constructed a few miles west and north of Farmville, on the stage road to Lynchburg, and began to intrench. Humphreys, with the 2d corps, crossed the river in pursuit, and pressed upon him with two divisions. Humphreys was repulsed, and Lee was encouraged. Lee halted and intrenched to allow his trains to get in advance, to gain time. During the day our generals, Crook and Gregg, having forded the river above, attacked a body of infantry guarding some wagons which were at the left, and in advance of Humphreys. The cavalry was driven off, and Gregg was taken prisoner. This is the Gregg who figured with us in 1862 at Bottom's bridge, and in the advance to Seven Pines.

In the meantime, Sheridan, Ord and Griffin were marching south and west of Farmville, near Prince Edward's court-house, to prevent the Confederates from retreating on Danville. Meade and Grant were at Farmville, superintending the crossing of the Army of the Potomac, the 6th and 2d corps. Our troops were supplied from City Point by the military railroad and army wagons. The rations were issued from the wagons to the regiments wherever found. The men, for several days, had nothing to eat but pork and hard bread. They were in arms day and night. But few hours were allowed for rest and sleep; they ate from their haversacks and drank from the streams. After the repulse of Humphreys and Crook, Lee received from Grant the following note:

April 7, 1865.

"GENERAL—The result of the last week must convince you of the



*R. E. Lee*





hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate states' army, known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

"U. S. GRANT, Lt. General.

"Gen. R. E. LEE."

Lee received the communication during the afternoon, and withheld his reply until evening. Thus closed the 7th without advantage, unfavorable to the Union cause. During the night, Lee resumed his march, taking the road to Lynchburg, encouraged by his success over the 2d corps, and hoping to elude Sheridan, who, miscalculating, was seeking to head him off from retreating towards Danville.

On the morning of the 8th, Grant received at Farmville, Lee's letter of the 7th:

April 7, 1865.

"GENERAL:—I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood. and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on consideration of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, General.

"Lt. General U. S. GRANT."

When the morning of the 8th unshrouded the movements of Lee, all hands resumed the pursuit. Sheridan was informed of the direction he had taken, and turning northward sought to get in his advance again and cut him off from Lynchburg; while Grant and Meade, with the 2nd and 6th corps pressed upon his rear and endeavored to bring on a general engagement.

During the morning, Grant sent a reply to Lee's despatch of the 7th:

April 8, 1865.

GENERAL:—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say, that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will

designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT, Lt. General.

General R. E. LEE.

The Confederates, to supply Lee's army, had sent up four trains of provisions and stores from Lynchburg to Appomattox station on the Lynchburg railroad, five miles south of Appomattox courthouse. His scouts inform Sheridan of this, and Sheridan makes for Appomattox station. With him are Crook, (who re-crossed the river after his repulse at the wagon trains by the infantry,) Custer, Merritt, Devin, with their cavalry; they are followed by the detachment of the 24th corps commanded by Ord, and the 5th corps by Griffin. After a march of 28 miles, Custer leading the advance, reached and surrounded the depot and trains late in the night and snatched the supplies from Lee's starving army. "This was the most unkindest cut of all."

Without delay, Custer and Devin pushed northward toward Appomattox court house. Sheridan hastened up the remainder of his cavalry and disposed his whole force across the path of the approaching Confederate army. He informed Grant of his position, and said that the surrender or destruction of Lee's army was inevitable. Fighting until after midnight, he drove the enemy's advance back upon his main body, captured 25 guns, a hospital train, a park of wagons and several hundred prisoners.

After marching all night, Ord and Griffin arrived at Appomattox station, where the infantry were allowed to rest and prepare their morning meal. They were informed that the van of Lee's army was but five miles distant, that the cavalry had just driven it back upon the main body, and that they were to advance as soon as possible and prevent the farther progress of the enemy.

Thus matters moved on the 8th after night drew the curtain. Lee, deeming nothing but cavalry before him, had not lost all hope of saving his army, as will be seen by the following letter which he sent to Grant in the evening:

April 8, 1865.

GENERAL:—I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object

of all, I desire to know whether your proposal would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States' forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lt. General U. S. GRANT.

During the greater part of this day's long march, Ord and Sheridan rode together with the reserve cavalry, and Devin, Crook and Custer were in front.

From Farmville, several wagon roads lead westward; the southern runs near the South-side railroad, which it crosses a few miles east of, and then again a few miles west of, Appomattox station. A short distance north of this road, and parallel with it, lies the second; and north of the Appomattox circuitously runs westward the third, which intersects the second near Appomattox courthouse, and the first a short distance beyond Appomattox station. Sheridan, Ord and Griffin took the first and second, and Lee with his army, followed by the Army of the Potomac, pursued the third. We may represent Lee's course by the bow, Sheridan's by the string; Sheridan has the inside track. If Lee can pass Appomattox station first, he will save his army in the fortifications of Lynchburg and the mountain fastnesses of western Virginia; but if Sheridan can make that important strategical point first, he will block Lee's way, head him off and crush him between his own and the Army of the Potomac.

From Amelia to Appomattox the country is rolling, undulating and variously diversified. Amelia, Buckingham and Prince Edward were organized into counties nearly a quarter of a century before General Sullivan made his raid on the Indians in central and western New York. The upland is poor and worn out; the bottom lands are fertile. The products are wheat, corn, oats and tobacco. The idle and thriftless way of living, the injudicious, ignorant and short-sighted mode of cultivation pursued by the inhabitants have deteriorated the country and the farms.

A member of Ord's staff, an acquaintance of ours, who accompanied him on the march, related to us, on his return to Richmond, many incidents and particulars. Ord, he said, was generally loquacious, but Sheridan was silent and thoughtful. Sheridan

appeared intensely absorbed in the march, and nervously attentive and alive to every report or word that came from the front. Whenever he heard a volley or cannon shot he would dash off furiously, taking the direction of the sound, and never return or compose himself until it ceased or he understood all that was going on. From the generals in front, orderlies and officers were constantly going and coming, conducting citizens, negroes and scouts, or bringing information. During the intervals when no reports were heard and the march was uninterrupted, he would become cheerful and engage in conversation. On one occasion he broke half an hour's silence by muttering to himself, "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

He soon after began to talk about Burns and his poetry with a Mr. Gile, a citizen of Amelia county, whom he had *induced* to go with him as a guide, and who was a descendant of Gov. Gile, of Virginia. He said that Burns was his favorite poet, and that no person had ever equaled him in the number of the pictures which he had given in his complete little poems. In the purity of his figures and images, in the beauty and sublimity of his sentiments, he was behind none of the great orators, poets or moralists of the world. The house of Hanover might have its place and figure in history, but he would rather be Robert Burns than possess the glory of all the Georges. "What," said he, rising in his saddle, "is being President, to living forever in the mouths of men! How beautiful, how complete, how chaste, how perfect in themselves are a hundred of his little songs or poems! How the simple characters from the vales and hillsides of Scotland live in his Doric lays!"

He liked to talk of his raids and battles, and dwelt long upon their turning points and causes of success. He had a well instructed and efficient corps of scouts and spies. He questioned them closely, listened to them attentively, heard them through, and for important information or hazardous enterprizes rewarded them princely. The scouts were organized, enrolled and paid, yet to each of the three who informed him of the four trains waiting with supplies for Lee's army at Appomattox station, he gave one hundred dollars in gold. For a week or ten days before he undertook any of his raids he was accustomed to examine by his scouts and spies the route intended to be taken.

Without waiting for a reply in the morning to his letter of the

evening, Lee, thinking he could brush the thin cloud of cavalry from his front, which had captured his supplies and driven back his van-guard since night fall, ordered Gordon to advance at daylight and clear the way with Hill's old corps. This was the last charge of the Army of Northern Virginia, and in vigor and dash fell far beneath its former efforts. Misfortune, hunger, bootless courage and energy had exhausted its force and quenched its spirit.

Before sunrise, Sheridan with the reserve cavalry, had joined our forces near the court-house; the infantry under Ord and Griffin, after marching all night and breakfasting at Appomattox station, had resumed the march at daylight, and was hastening on to support the cavalry.

The cavalry dismounted to receive the enemy's attack, and retired slowly before his advance; but when the infantry arrived and formed upon suitable positions, the cavalry, unmasking its firm line of battle, retired from the field to the right, mounted and prepared to attack the enemy's left flank. The Confederates seeing the gleaming bayonets of the dense masses of infantry before them lost the heart to charge or fight. They hesitated, they broke, they ceased to advance. Gordon, soon after, sent towards that part of the line still held by Gen. Custer, a white flag and asked for a brief suspension of the battle until he could send a message to Gen. Lee. The messenger found Lee, Mahone and Longstreet together sitting on a log, smoking by a camp-fire. They were waiting for the result of Gordon's advance, knowing that the existence of the army depended upon the success of his charge. But when Lee learned that Gordon had failed he said to Longstreet: "General, I leave you in charge. I am going to hold a conference with General Grant." He ordered a white flag to precede him, and rode to the rear towards our lines. Arriving at his own picket line, he was met by the bearer of a white flag from General Grant, who handed him the following letter in reply to his own of the evening before:

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:—Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they will hasten that

event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Lt. General.

General R. E. LEE.

Grant, after sending this letter to Lee in the early morning, left the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Appomattox, and was hastening to join Sheridan and Griffin, when a courier overtook him and delivered the note below from Lee :

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:—I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lt. General, U. S. GRANT.

After Sheridan received the white flag, he rode to Appomattox court-house, where he met Gen. Gordon, who commanded the enemy's advanced corps, and who informed him that Lee and Grant were then making arrangements for the capitulation of the Confederate army. At that time Lee was with his own picket towards the rear next to the Army of the Potomac, and Grant having changed his route, had ridden all night after Sheridan. The armies of Lee and Sheridan were between the two commanders. Soon after, however, Grant having ridden thirty-seven miles during the night, arrived at Sheridan's headquarters, whence he sent word to Lee that he assented to his request, and named for the place of interview the small brick dwelling of Mr. Wilmer McLean, one of the five houses which composed the village of Appomattox court-house.

The morning of the 9th of April was damp and foggy ; but the rising sun dispelled the mist, thinned the clouds and broke at intervals through their scattered fragments. The leaves were out on a few trees, and roses, violets and daffodils were blooming in the door-yards.

When the time arrived for the interview, Grant, accompanied by Ord, Sheridan and their staffs walked to the house. Lee's

blooded, iron-gray horse, wearing a one line bridle and a plain saddle, with the owner's initials upon a corner, was nibbling at the grass, in charge of a Confederate orderly. Grant and two aids entering the house while the rest sat down on the porch, found Lee and Col. Marshall, his chief of staff. Lee stood beside a table, wearing a light bluish-gray uniform, a military hat with a gold cord, buckskin gauntlets, high-riding boots, and a beautiful sword. His hair and beard were long and gray. He was tall and soldierly.

"Grant, with his slouched hat, dark-blue frock-coat unbuttoned and covered with mud, light-blue pantaloons, tucked in his soiled boots and a dark waistcoat—wore no sword, and no indications of his rank except the double row of buttons on his coat, and the three silver stars. They shook hands, sat down and talked of business. Lee asked no modifications of Grant's terms."

Subsequently, Grant said speaking of the interview: "I had ridden that morning thirty-seven miles. I was in my campaign clothes, covered with dust and mud. I had no sword. I was not even well mounted. I found Gen. Lee in a fresh suit of Confederate gray, with all the insignia of his rank, and at his side the splendid dress-sword which had been given to him by the state of Virginia."

The business was discussed briefly, courteously, frankly. The terms were liberal, such as are usually accorded in an honorable military surrender, and were couched in epistolary formula. Grant stated them in a letter to Lee, and Lee accepted them in a letter of even date to Grant. We copy the letters:

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, }  
Virginia, April 9, 1865. }

GENERAL:—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you on the 8th inst., I propose to receive the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of his command. The arms, artillery and public property, to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done each officer and man will be allowed to return



to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authority so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.

General R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }  
April 9, 1865. }

GENERAL:—I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lieutenant General U. S. GRANT.

After the letters were signed, Lee said that he had forgotten one thing, but that it then was too late to speak of it—"permission to allow the enlisted men to keep their private cavalry and artillery horses." Grant replied, "I will instruct my paroling officers that all the enlisted men of your cavalry and artillery who own horses are to retain them, just as the officers do theirs. They will need them for their spring plowing and other farm work." "General," said Lee with emotion, "there is nothing that you could have done to accomplish more good either for them or the government."

The officers of Lee's army gave the following personal parole :

"We, the undersigned prisoners of war, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having this day been surrendered by Gen. R. E. Lee commanding said army, to Lieut. General Grant commanding the armies of the United States, do hereby give the solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate states or in any military capacity whatever against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities."

From the 26th of March to the 9th of April, Lee had lost in prisoners twenty-five thousand, and in killed and wounded fourteen thousand. He surrendered 26,000, of whom 9,000 were armed, 16,000 stands of small arms, 150 cannons, 71 colors, 1,100 wagons

and 4,000 horses and mules. In less than five days the paroling was finished. The Confederates were disbanded, and with all their private property allowed to return to their homes, and thus, like the baseless fabric of a vision ended the Army of Northern Virginia. The Army of the James went to Richmond and the Army of the Potomac to Washington, and the march from the Rapidan to Appomattox court-house cost, in killed, wounded and missing, the National government one hundred thousand men.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

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The Military Government of Richmond and Vicinity—Gen. Patrick, Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, sets up his Office in the City—Gen. Dent, Military Governor—The City divided into four Districts—The Headquarters of the Assistant Provost Marshals—Registry of the Citizens; they take the Oath of Allegiance—Robert A. Mayo waits to take the Oath—Richard Turner—Libby Prison, April 10th, 1865—The Inadequacy of Punishment—The Port of Richmond—The Assassination of President Lincoln—How the News was received—General Lee's Arrival in Richmond—The Writer's Provost Court and the Newspapers—Miss Van Lew—The Left Wing of Sherman's Army passes through the City—President Johnson's Proclamation—Governor Pierpont—The Northern and the Southern Soldier—The Capture of Davis—Reconstruction—General Lee—The Mayor resuscitates his old Police—Gen. Patrick mustered out—Trade—The NEW YORK TRIBUNE on the Negro—The Work of the Legislatur—Old Powhatan—Mrs. Gen. Winfield Scott

AT some future time, if not now, it may be interesting, if not serviceable to the public, to know how Richmond was governed during the interval between the Hegira of the Confederate Authorities and the re-establishment of the civil polity of the State. The rural portions of Virginia were divided into districts and sub-districts, of which military officers were placed in command and held responsible for the peace and order of the territory. Soon after the surrender of Lee, the African portions of the population were placed under charge of an established gradation of officers comprising and specifically designated the Freedman's Bureau. The employment, management, conduct and interests of all those who had been slaves were turned over to that department; nevertheless, the military authorities seldom hesitated to arraign, try and punish the negroes. After the troops were withdrawn, the Bureau, exercising its proper functions, assumed a qualified control of the affairs of the Freedman.

About the time Lee left his intrenchments before Petersburg, Gen. M. R. Patrick, the provost marshal general of the Army of the Potomac, transferred his headquarters from City Point to Richmond, and established himself in the House of Delegates. Gen. Patrick had been provost marshal of the city of Mexico. He was a resident of Seneca county, New York, and was a candidate on the Democratic ticket for state treasurer in 1865.

Consulting, instructing, harmonizing the assistant provost marshals, he organized and established the military government. Though a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and for some time a tutor in that institution, he was neither an able nor a very practical man. His age rendered him inactive, and his subordinates too often acted without consulting him. Soon after Patrick's advent, Gen. F. T. Dent, brother-in-law of Gen. Grant, was sent down as military governor of Richmond. They represented the extremes in party politics; Patrick did not like Dent, and Dent heartily reciprocated the aged general's feelings. Patrick was unostentatious; Dent and his family occupied the house of the governor of Virginia. He was affable, courteous and accessible. He paid but little attention to military rules and the gradations of rank, and seemed intent upon punishing the Confederate and exalting the negro, the Unionist and the National soldier. Patrick relieved Dent and sent him out of the city.

The headquarters of the provost marshal of the first district were in Pizzini's store on Broad street. Headquarters of the second district, (those of the writer), were at first in the St. Charles hotel, on the corner of 16th and Main streets, and subsequently were removed to the corner of Main and 25th streets, near the centre of the district. Of the third district the office was at the corner of Cary and 2d streets, and that of the fourth district on Franklin street in the Exchange Hotel.

During the military regency, 3,915 prisoners and citizens took the oath of allegiance at Patrick's office; at Pizzini's store, 2,768; at our headquarters 3,749; at the headquarters of the 3d district, 2,144; at those of the 4th district, in the Exchange Hotel; 1,148 soldiers and citizens, and 1,833 paroled soldiers took the oath at Libby Prison.

*April 8th*, we called on Gen. Weitzel in Jefferson Davis' mansion. He said that he had sent for us to know how we were getting

along, what we were doing and what was the condition of the people in our district ; if the registry was complete, if the citizens were resuming business, and what buildings were occupied by our forces in the district.

We replied that we allowed every one to sell the necessities of life, as flour, meat, fish, milk, fruit ; that the citizens were receiving permits from Gen. Patrick to resume business without restraint or formality ; that the farmers in the vicinity were plowing, sowing, planting and building fences ; that a great deal of crime and suffering still existed in the city, and that in our district alone, from one to five persons were murdered every night.

Several of the editors have resumed publishing their papers ; the *Richmond Whig* appears in twice its usual size.

*April 9th, Appomattox day.* We kept open the register, and administered the oath until 11 A. M.—We were perplexed by the multitude of questions, and wearied by their endless repetition. A tall, well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking, red-faced person tried to push back the guard and get ahead of his turn to take the oath, when the guard placed his rifle before him and bade him halt. The red-faced gentleman said, “Mr. Marshal I would like to get up there now ; I have some friends waiting outside.” We replied, “We are sorry to deny you ; we have but one rule here.” Said he, “You do not know who I am.” “It can make no difference who you are. Wait a moment and your chance will come,” was our reply. Lieutenant Sperry, with two clerks, was then making all possible haste, filling up the blank certificates, waiting upon those subscribing the oath, and we were administering it to four at a time. The red-faced man waited submissively for his opportunity, and, when it came, wrote his name and took the oath respectfully. His name excited our curiosity, and we afterwards learned that he was the brother of the Mayor of the city, Joseph Mayo, the owner of several tobacco ware-houses and of Powhatan seat.

In the afternoon we harnessed our horse to a buggy, which had been the property of Mallory, the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, and rode for a few hours through the upper part of the city. None of the churches were open, but our chaplain held service in the old market at 2 P. M.

Later, while driving with Mr. Grainer, the owner of Castle Thunder, we learned that Gen. Lee had surrendered his army to Gen.

Grant in the morning. The Grainers were friendly, hospitable and patriotic, and received the news with gratification.

*April 10th.*—The routine of our duty is not yet habitual; work and business press upon us. Every hour we have an application for an officer to go and search for property stolen during the fire and concealed in houses, cellars and garrets. Now we send a detail to investigate the circumstances of a theft, a street fight, a tenantry row or a murder: again, we send another to take an ambulance, obtain a coffin and bury a dead negro, pauper, citizen or soldier. We manage the two cemeteries of our district, and carry on an undertaker's business; we send the surgeons to the sick, and have details making coffins and digging graves.

One of the steamboats in the Baltimore and Richmond line lost the baggage of a passenger, and refused to make restitution. After timely notice we tied up the boat, though it carried the mail, until the article was found or its equivalent paid.

An engine of the Virginia Central railroad ran over a man and cut off his leg. On information and complaint, we addressed a note to the superintendent and requested him "to call around."

At the day appointed for hearing and determining, the parties appeared by counsel with witnesses. The case was heard, and the road directed to pay the injured man \$3,000. The superintendent took a transcript of our notes and appealed to the department commander, and from him to the authorities at Washington. At each place the decision was sustained; but, at Washington he received the rather unsatisfactory assurance that if the finding of the provost marshal was changed it would be for the purpose of increasing the amount of the penalty.

Secret information came to us that Dick Turner had escaped from Libby and was hiding somewhere, lurking in the city. We detailed Sergt. Allen and five of our sharpest men, and directed them to search him out, and bring him to us dead or alive.

Dick Turner was a Confederate keeper of Libby Prison, who robbed the Union prisoners for years, under Gen. Winder, of their money, watches and clothes.

While confined in Libby by the National authorities, Dick Turner occupied a little subterranean room under the side-walk by himself. Though his punishment was not precisely an exemplification of the Mosaic law, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,

yet his condition reminded us forcibly of the manner in which Dante has meted out retribution :

When living, full supply  
Ne'er lacked me of what most I coveted :  
One drop of water, now, alas ! I crave.

After three days of the closest searching and diligence, Allen and his companions struck Turner's trail. They pursued him for several weeks, and finally arrested him at night in one of the upper rooms of his own house, and dragged him forth. Though armed with two revolvers, a large knife and a carbine, he made no resistance, but surrendered like a child.

Major Richard Turner was Gen. Winder's lieutenant at Richmond, as Captain Henry Wirtz, who was hanged at Washington for his treatment of Union prisoners, was his lieutenant at Andersonville. We delivered Turner to the provost marshal general for trial by a military commission then organized and in session. He never was tried or punished.

The large tobacco warehouse of Mr. Libby, on the corner of Cary and 19th street, was confiscated in 1861 for public purposes. It stood beside the James river canal below the bridges. Mr. Libby was a Unionist. The structure was three stories high, and built of brick, well lighted with numerous windows. Each floor was divided into two rooms, so that there were six rooms forty feet wide and one hundred in length. It had no ceilings, no plaster on the walls, and the floors were of rough planks. Libby was for officers only, and, at one time, contained twelve hundred in rank from a second lieutenant to a major-general. Only ten feet by two for each man. They had no other place in which to eat, wash, dry their clothes, sleep and live. Confederate guards were stationed around the building outside at close intervals. They were directed to shoot any of the prisoners who should approach within three feet of the windows. The sentinels took delight in shooting at those of the "Yankees" who sought to air their dirty, vermin-infested blankets and clothing, or breathe the vital air.

To-day, April 10th, nearly one thousand Confederate prisoners are confined in Libby, and, as we dismounted at the office-door we saw women and children outside talking to their friends and relatives within, throwing them apples, oranges, packages of

candy, food and clothing. The crowd outside is as large as that inside. The windows are full of Confederate soldiers talking, laughing, singing, eating. An indefinite number of prisoners under guard outside are mingling with the crowd. Reader, peruse the trial of Wirtz, or the Rebel War Clerk's Diary, and pause at the horrors of the "dead line." Do you believe in pains and penalties and retributive justice? Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments? Have you any fixed convictions concerning Man, Duty, Right, God, Justice? If so, what should be the punishment of the men represented by Commissary General L. B. Northrup, Brigadier General John W. Winder, Major Richard Turner, and Captain Henry Wirtz? Grecian history and mythology have transmitted to us in symbols and allegories the severest and most horrible penalties which fear could feign or imagination conceive. But to roll the stone of Sisyphus, to turn on Ixion's wheel, to thirst in Tantalus' flood, or to suffer the gnawings of Titius' vulture, is childish pastime to the punishment which those Confederate monsters deserve. The crime at Libby, Belle Isle and Andersonville shall stand on the calendar with burying alive, sawing asunder and burning at the stake; and we fancy that nothing less than the eternal fires of the lake burning with brimstone, the fires of hell, can burn their sins away.

The Southern people are very glad at the prospect of peace; every one is willing to take the oath. Nearly every man was in the Confederate service; a few purchased at a large price exemption from military duty. The people are submissive; we have not heard a word to mar the good feeling between both parties. Gen. Lee will be here the 15th.

Within a few days the port of Richmond has changed as by the wand of enchantment. The hum of trade is heard where recently nothing was audible but the rumble of army wagons and the slow clank of hammers on Confederate iron-clads. Steamers and schooners line the wharf, and wagons, drays and busy people fill the streets. The mud, filth and grass of four years are being cleared away, and the hotels, stores and shops are filled with goods and cheerful and happy crowds.

*April 15th.*—The regiment moved out of the city and went into tents yesterday, a mile distant, at Camp Lee.

This morning we received a note from Gen. Patrick, which directed us to report immediately to him in person. Under the



strongest injunctions of secrecy he informed us that President Lincoln was assassinated last night and that he died this morning at five o'clock. He cautioned us in regard to our district, and sent us a reserve of one hundred men. We stationed them at Libby, the old market, and over the captured arms and artillery.

Gen. Lee and staff with Gen. Pickett arrived in town to-day. The city is full of paroled prisoners ; but we apprehend no danger, for they have had enough of the war. They come without parade or display and go quietly to their homes. We passed the day and the night in the saddle.

*April 19th.*—The day for Mr. Lincoln's funeral. The military offices are shut. The Army of the James, coming back from Appomattox court-house, is encamping around the city. The men come streaming into town. We arrest them and confine them, and still they come. We cause to be read our orders to the hotels and saloons, forbidding them to sell intoxicating drinks to soldiers, and yet every day we are annoyed with drunken and disorderly soldiers. In the city are still hundreds of unemployed white and colored people, and how to get rid of them or to find employment for them are questions serious and practical.

We hear that Johnston has surrendered to Sherman.

*May 1st.*—After to-day no person can do business in the city who has not taken the oath of allegiance. From 8 A. M. until 4 P. M. our office was crowded to overflowing. Yet we have acquired a wonderful self-possession. We work without strain and never worry.

Every evening the reporters of *The Times*, *The Whig*, *The Republican* and *The Bulletin* make a transcript from our record for publication the following day. Though our jurisdiction was wider and the discretion as to punishments greater, the reader will recognize a similarity between our decisions and those of the police-courts in the neighboring cities. We copy a few cases, as reported, from the files of these papers in our possession :—

“The provost marshals have their judicial acumen taxed with all manner of queer cases. Rents, family jars, and numerous other matters, are daily brought before them. They are quicker in their decisions than the civil courts, but manage, nevertheless, to give satisfaction.”

“CLEANING OUT A SUTLER.—A sutler of the 4th Mass. cavalry, named Nye, doing business in the eastern part of the city, was yesterday carried before the provost marshal of the 2d district upon the charge of

refusing to settle with his landlord, a Mr. Owen, for rent and damages to the premises. The charge having been established to the satisfaction of the marshal, sutler Nye's establishment was by his order closed till such time as he might see fit to satisfy the just demands of his landlord."

"Philip Weber, charged with selling liquor to soldiers was found guilty and sent to Castle Thunder. Upon the announcement of the decision, Weber made a pathetic appeal to the provost marshal, stating that he had been confined in the Castle for six months during the Confederate reign because he had aided Union prisoners to escape. The marshal replied: 'You were no doubt a valuable friend to the Union cause, but in order to put money in your pocket you now, in direct violation of orders, sell intoxicating liquors and fill the city with persons rife for the commission of all manner of crime. I intend to put a stop to it.'" Weber was then marched to the Castle, looking crest-fallen and woe-begone.

"William Timberlake, charged with hiring a horse and wagon from I. B. Kidd (no relation of Captain Kidd) two days and not paying for the same, was Kid-knapped and fined six dollars."

"THAT SENTENCE.—We saw George Wright, the iron thief, whose sentence was so happily hit off by the provost marshal of the 2d district, enjoying his evening promenade on yesterday afternoon with a hundred pounds of iron on his back, a placard, 'The Iron Thief,' on top of that, while a soldier escorted him, and two armed guards with fixed bayonets brought up the rear. He did not appear to enjoy his prominence, but moved slowly up the street, 'larding the lean earth as he walked along.'"

"We have heard of the Iron Duke, an Iron General, an Iron Brigade, but the Iron Thief is creating more excitement just now than all the rest.'"

*May 3d.*—The van of the Army of the Potomac reached Manchester yesterday on its way to Washington. Its baggage will go by water. A large number of the officers are in the city; Gen. Meade is stopping on a boat in Rocketts.

At her request, we called on Mrs. Van Lew, an aged, wealthy Union lady. She desired the possession of some real estate which she alleged had been taken from her during the war. Her daughter, Miss Van Lew, subsequently postmistress of Richmond, took great interest in the welfare of the Union prisoners during the war. She also entertained our scouts at her residence, and often furnished our authorities with valuable information.

The maiden lady, Miss Van Lew, at that time was probably forty years of age, was a superior person of talent and information, was

an enthusiast for liberty and equal rights, and talked of patriotism and a united country like Theodora in Lothair, or some of the characters in Corinne speak of the unity and freedom of Italy. She was elegant and fascinating.

The authorities have appointed a Provost Judge, to whom the more difficult cases relating to the rights of soldiers are sent. They have also established a military commission for the trial of the graver offences between citizens, and citizens and soldiers. A court of conciliation or arbitration formed of eminent lawyers of the city is also in contemplation.

Richmond has, just now, as many military centers as Washington. Gen. Hallock, commanding the department of Virginia and North Carolina; Gen. Ord, commanding the department of Virginia; Gen. Ludlow, commanding the department of the Peninsula; Gen. Dent, military governor of the city of Richmond, and Gen. Patrick, provost marshal general, all have their headquarters here.

Gen. N. M. Curtis, one of the heroes of Fort Fisher, commands the department of Danville, and the 98th is to be withdrawn and sent to Lynchburg. The arduous duty of patrolling, guarding and watching has worn out our men; they are tired and sick of the city.

A few civilians will be employed as policemen, under charge of a chief of police, who will co-operate with the assistant provost marshals.

On the 6th, the 2d and 5th corps passed through the city. The 24th was drawn up to receive them. The 5th corps did not look so well as the 2d; the men marched disorderly and were poorly dressed. Gens. Meade, Griffin, and Humphreys were present.

*May 9th.*—The city is full of men belonging to the 14th corps, which lies across the river, near Manchester. Their trains are crossing the pontoon to-day, on their way to Washington. The 20th corps will be here to-morrow. They formed the left wing of Sherman's army. These are some of the men who left Tennessee last November, and, with short intervals of rest, have been marching ever since. Those whom we have seen are, generally, boys or middle-aged men. The corps are commanded by Gens. J. C. Davis and A. S. Williams.

On the 20th they marched through the city, passing Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, our headquarters and the Capitol. In ease and agility of movement they surpass the Army of the Potomac. They appeared well, were well clothed, had few trains for

baggage, but were supplied with pack mules. The regiments were larger than those of the 24th corps. A fine ambulance train accompanied them; the animals were in good condition and mostly of southern stock.

Each brigade was followed by a number of negroes, leading cows and goats, horses, mules and colts. On the backs of the animals were tied every imaginable article of household and kitchen furniture, and various pets, such as opossums, coons, foxes, eagles and poultry.

President Johnson has issued an executive order directing Gov. Pierpont to assume command of the state of Virginia. He also directs the district court to resume its business, and to libel persons not exempt by the Amnesty Proclamation. This is aimed at officers in the military service above the rank of colonel, and at those in civil life worth twenty thousand dollars. The order repudiates all the acts of Govs. John Letcher and William Smith and President Davis, and causes a sensation in the higher walks of Confederate society.

Until that time, Francis H. Pierpont, provisional governor of Virginia, had kept his court at Alexandria. Now all expect him at Richmond, every day, with the officers necessary to work the machinery of government. Gov. Pierpont was a man of no presence or ability, was of middle stature, rather stout, of dark complexion, with thick, curly, black hair, and looked like a bummer. He arrived on the 26th of May, and all the dignitaries went down to Rocketts to meet him. A battery fired a salute, and a regiment of infantry escorted him to the governor's mansion.

A careless observer can mark plainly the contrast in spirits between the Northern and Southern soldier. The former has been successful, well clothed and paid, and is soon to be mustered out. He has seen a great part of the Southern states, has fought in the battles of his country, and claims its benediction. He manifests agility, vivacity and inspiration in gesture, walk and speech. The latter, the Confederate, has lost all, is bankrupt, and without occupation or any means of support but his hands. His motions are slow and heavy, his countenance is dejected, his civility is sad. His home, in many instances, has been invaded, his dwelling burned, his family, relatives and friends broken and scattered, his fields and property devastated or plundered, and the blasting, burning fires of war are smouldering around his hearth-stone.

*Sabbath* 14.—Official routine is now so established that we need do no business on Sunday. The guard arrests and confines the disorderly until Monday. So we attended services in the First Presbyterian church at 11 A. M. This was Dr. Moore's. The congregation was small, unostentatious, and apparently devout.

This is one of the three churches, standing on the highest ground in the city, the spires of which we have seen at different intervals for the last four years. We saw them from Fair Oaks in 1862, from the vicinity of Drury's Bluffs, May, 1864, and again from Fair Oaks October, 1864.

Gen. Turner informed us that Jefferson Davis, with his family, were captured, the 11th, in Irwin county, Ga., while trying to escape to the Gulf of Mexico. Of all his officials, Postmaster General, Judge John H. Reagan, of Texas, then acting as secretary of the Treasury, alone remained faithful to him, and was captured with him. That crowd of legislators and civil dignitaries that left Richmond with him, by rail and canal-boat, had, like the followers of Charles the Twelfth from Pultawa, scattered, fallen out, deserted, taken different routes.

Gen. Wilson, commanding a body of cavalry at Macon, hearing that Davis was flying southward, and having his activity stimulated by the hope of a reward of one hundred thousand dollars proclaimed by the President for the arrest of the arch-traitor, sent out two detachments to attempt his capture. The two parties soon struck Davis' trail, approached his camp, surrounded and captured his escort which had dwindled to a raiding party.

Gen. Wilson thus tells the story of his apprehension: "Mrs. Davis and her sister, Miss Howell, after clothing him (Davis) in the dress of the former, and put on his head a woman's head-dress, started out, one holding each arm, and besought Col. Pritchard's men, in most piteous terms, to let them take their poor old mother out of the way of the firing. Mrs. Davis said: 'Oh! do let us pass with our poor old mother, who is so frightened and fears to be killed.' One of Pritchard's men catching sight of the President's boots below the skirts of his dress, suspected at once who the poor old mother was, and replied; 'Oh, no, you don't play that game on us; those boots don't look much like they belong to a woman. Come down, old fellow!'"

The fugitives were taken to Savannah. Davis was soon after removed to Fortress Monroe, where he was confined in a casemate

of the Fortress for a long time. He was subsequently released on bail, but was never tried. To-day (1878) he is living with his family unmolested in Memphis, Tenn., driving an insurance business.

For a short time, the reconstruction of the rebellious states and the disbanding of the army will claim the attention of all those who have taken active part or who have felt any interest in national affairs for the past four years. The current of events has changed, the time for news has passed. People hear no more of battles, raids, or propositions for peace. The progress of a campaign is no longer to be watched, but the rise and fall of merchandise, the activity of industrial interests, the freaks of politicians and the development of political events. So the times change, and we change with them.

*June 4, Sunday.*—Attending St. Paul's Episcopal church at 11 A. M., we saw Gen. Lee and his daughter Agnes, was introduced to them by Dr. Mayo, and invited to call upon him at his residence.

This, also, is one of those three conspicuous edifices defiantly visible to the Union troops at intervals for several years. Its spire is 208 feet high, and the model of the Corinthian order, much elaborated.

General Lee was very pleasant, social and accessible. He remained after service a short time in the vestibule, conversed with his friends, and was introduced to all who sought his acquaintance. He wore a suit of light-colored French broad-cloth, a light gray, broad-rimmed, felt hat, and carried a gold-headed cane. Though over sixty, he talked with vivacity and moved with agility. In stature he was five feet ten or eleven, his head large, his features long, his shoulders broad, his person spare, his nose Grecian, his bluish gray eyes were large and full, his beard and hair thick, well trimmed and almost white. Agnes appeared more intellectual than beautiful. Her hair was dark, her complexion light, her figure slim, slender, lithe and tall.

A number of ex-Confederate officers waited about the door of the church until he came out, to receive his greeting and to answer his inquiries concerning their health and welfare.

Though respected, he was not a popular general with the officers of his army. He disliked work and the routine of business. When in the field, he was neither social nor accessible, and received advice and suggestions with fury, manifest disapprobation or anger.

Like Grant, however, he never interfered with political affairs, and this secured his standing with the "Government."

Visitors from the North are as numerous as ever. The hotels, boats and streets are full of strangers. They scatter over the roads and along the fortifications. They engage the vehicles of the city and of the government to visit the battle-fields. They return to their homes carrying canes, balls, fragments of shells and bones. Robbing a battle-field of its bones is a species of Vandalism not hitherto witnessed in this country.

The battle grounds are being surveyed and mapped, and the direction, distance apart, and construction of the lines shown.

*June 9.*—All quiet—warm and close. We called by invitation on Gen. Patrick. He and a number of other officers are soon to be mustered out. Patrick introduced us to his successor, our old friend, Gen. Turner, Gillmore's chief of staff in the department of the south.

So long as we lived in Richmond our relations with Gen. Turner were friendly and confidential: he called at our office almost every day.

The Mayor's court is in full blast and the city prisons have changed hands.

As to the trade in the city, the times are dull. The people have no money. They can buy those things only which are necessary. Rents are high, and laborers are out of employment. The stores are full of goods; the supply is greater than the demand. Soldiers and strangers alone have money.

Several batteries and régiments are preparing to be mustered out.

Nothing can exceed the complacency with which the negroes promenade the streets. They take their wives or female friends and put on all those airs which particularly struck them as attractive in days of old. They go walking, stopping, staring along the street, some in rags, others in respectable clothing. A few of them are staid, steady, and well-bred.

The New York *Tribune* says that, "the condition of the negro in Richmond has not been improved by our occupation, that all that is necessary to bring him back to slavery is the auction block." That is false; for if the laboring man's paradise is a place where he can obtain food and clothing without work or pay, then the negroes here are in bliss to-day. The authorities have furnished them food, shelter and clothing, protected them in the rights of

American citizens and found them places to work as fast as possible in order that they may become self-sustaining.

*June 15.*—Every day the boats bring numbers of Confederate prisoners, discharged from Northern prisons. The order requiring our guards to arrest persons wearing insignia of rank in the Confederate service or even the Confederate button went into force to-day. They had no occasion to arrest any one, but asked a few privates from the country and from the North to cut off the button.

The troops have collected and sent to Fortress Monroe all the war material, as cannon, arms, and stores, found about the city.

Governor Pierpont has a quorum in each house of the legislature together. In his message he requests the legislators to legalize the marriage of negroes, to impose a tax of 15 per cent., and to fix the rate of interest at 7 3-10.

*June 21.*—General Terry has relieved both Gens. Ord and Halleck; the former goes to Oregon, the latter to California. All the surplus general and staff officers have been sent to their homes to report thence by letter to the Adjutant General. Several batteries and the three New Hampshire regiments of the 3d division were mustered out to-day.

*June 23.* The 98th is at Manchester, with nothing to do but to hold inspections and keep its military status.

The legislature adjourned to-day. It passed several local and private statutes, imposed taxes to support the government, extended the stay-law, amended the code, provided for amending the constitution and made provisions for restoring disfranchised persons to citizenship. The speaker said, just before adjourning the House of delegates: "Virginia is now safe. Whatever they may do to other states, they cannot now force a provisional government upon her. Whatever they may do to other states, they cannot now saddle negro suffrage upon us."

*June 24.* We spent an hour, in the morning, in composing a series of general police and sanitary regulations for the district, and sent them to the *Republic* for publication.

Then, going into the office, we attended to every person present, heard the reports from the officers, sergeants and posts of the district, repeated our orders, gave directions for the day, signed the reports, opened the mail, answered the inquiries of our superiors, received a few morning calls, and, at eleven, said to Lieut.



Sperry, our assistant, that he must do the best that he could for the remainder of the day in the office ; that we did not feel in any mood for work ; that we were going to rest until 4 P. M., when we would dine with Mr. Robert A. Mayo, at Powhatan seat, and that we should return before 9 in the evening. Said we: "Sperry, dispose and dispatch as well as you can. If any think you are the provost marshal, don't tell them different." Sperry was a clever boy, an excellent administrative officer but unaccustomed to executive duty.

Having our horse hitched to Secretary Mallory's buggy, we were soon on our way riding towards Powhatan on the river road. The river was beautiful and the opposite shores and hills. The navigation to Rocketts is good for vessels drawing ten feet of water, and, at the wharf and along the river, eleven gun-boats and steamers were in sight.

Powhatan Seat, the dwelling of Robert A. Mayo, is about a mile below the city and sixty rods from the river. It has been a family possession for more than one hundred years, and was the residence of Col. John Mayo, of Revolutionary memory, who built and owned Mayo's bridge.

There, under the regal elms which stand in the door yard, Powhatan, the Indian town, was built, and there old Powhatan the king held his court. There they point out to the visitor the two stones upon which the body of John Smith was laid when about to be killed by order of the Indian emperor. They say to him that there lay Smith's head when the emperor's daughter Pocahontas stepped beside him and entreated with tears that his life might be spared, and there she seized Smith's head and placed it under her own to protect it from the clubs of his executioners. The historical fable says that the sight so moved Powhatan that he permitted Smith to live, sent him back to Jamestown and ceded him a large district of territory for two guns and a grindstone.

Mrs. Gen. Winfield Scott was a Mayo, and this was her home. Here, while a major and a colonel, he twice offered her his heart and hand, and was as often refused ; but becoming a general, adding years, weight and experience to his argument, he was not denied. People said that it was a splendid marriage, that they were a splendid couple, above the average size, florid, dignified ; but she, her heart, it was incompatible, and they never could agree. For nearly fifty years General Scott was the greatest living military cele-

brity of the New World. He was admired, feted, honored, praised. Beauregard, McClellan and McDowell were his boys, his favorites, facile in his hands and to his touch. But his *hauteur*, his self-conceit and want of soul and sympathy and common sense, the Mayo never could admire or overlook or bear. Anybody but the stilted general. She was happiest when away.

Mr. Mayo was familiar with the great men who have figured in the history of his state, and entertained us with recollections of Madison, Monroe, Marshall and others. He said that President Madison was a small, cross-eyed man, of wide forehead, and that he wore as long as he knew him the same faded brown overcoat; that Monroe was wrinkled and weather-beaten, ungraceful in attitude and gesture, and that his speeches had no merit. Judge Marshall appeared revolutionary and patriarchal. Tall, with a face of genius and an eye of fire, he surpassed them all in the faculty of condensation; he could distil an argument down to its essence. He spoke seldom, but his short speeches attracted great attention. Of all the great men of Virginia he thought Gov. Tazewell the most polished, brilliant and intellectual.



## CHAPTER XXIV

The Fourth of July—The 98th at Manchester—Political Matters—Capt. John Smith—Franklin Stearns gives a Party—The 98th goes to Danville and is scattered over four Counties—A Day among the Lawyers—Real Estate—An Interview with Gen. Lee—The 98th and the 20th N. Y., Militia—The Muster out and the Order to proceed to Albany—The Ride down the James and up the Chesapeake to Baltimore—Up the Hudson—Arrival at Albany—The Flag presented by the Ladies of Lyons returned to them—Interview with Governor Fenton—Promotions in Recognition of Service—The final Payment—The Address and Departure for Home.

WHEN Capt. John Smith, in 1609, first went up to the Great Falls of the James, where Richmond is now situated, he found an Indian village on the north bank, two miles below, called Powhatan. It consisted of a dozen wigwams, and stood in a cleared arable field of 200 acres. It had a palisade fort built of poles and bark. Smith called the place "Nonesuch," bought corn of the natives and tried to settle there. Dissensions in his party compelled him to return to Jamestown. Richmond took its chances as a frontier settlement and trading post until 1742, in the reign of George II., when by law it became a town. At the time of Arnold's invasion in 1781, it contained a population of 1,800, of whom the leading persons were Scotch and Scotch-Irish. The falls or rapids of the river are seven miles in length, and the James river canal passes around them. The city is connected with Manchester by two bridges 350 yards long; it is built on Richmond and Shokoe hills; rich plantations surround it; the wide, winding river stretches below, and from every eminence the landscape presents the great requisites of interest, grandeur, beauty and variety. For salubrity it is one of the first cities in the United States, the annual average of deaths being one in eighty-four.

*July 3.*—During the evening we gave permission to shoot off a few rockets and fire-crackers to let the people know that the 4th of July was at hand. A short time after and the whole district

was in a blaze. For four years, the Confederates had not celebrated the 4th, and the younger class of the community manifested much curiosity and interest.

Several excursions are advertised for to-morrow; one to City Point, another to Dutch Gap. The daily papers and large posters announce a celebration in the Park; the delivery of an oration, the reading of the Declaration of Independence and a poem.

*July 4.*—The usual salute of one gun for each state was fired at sunrise.

We had no business, no arrests, and the city was quiet. Not a breath stirred, and the day was fine and warm. The programmes were generally filled as announced, and many, not every one, appeared to observe the anniversary with delight.

As for ourself, we heard the oration in Capitol square, attended to various miscellaneous matters about our office, and at 4 P. M., left the wharf at Rocketts on the old Confederate flag of truce boat "John Allison" for a trip to Dutch Gap. As the route lay along a part of the river we had never seen, we were anxious to view the country and the fortifications. Some artillerymen with cranes and derricks were removing the heavy Brook's guns from the forts on Fox's island. With these guns the Confederates had fired at Dutch Gap and battery Brady. From the field along Dutch Gap Mr. Fox was cutting a large crop of clover. Two weeks before our visit a small tug had passed through the Gap at high tide. In previous years several futile attempts were made in the legislature of Virginia to obtain an appropriation for cutting across the narrow neck of land rendered famous by the operations of Butler. The parapet and embrasures of Fort Darling were broken down and destroyed, the guns removed, and nothing remained but its position, at a bend of the river on a bluff, which commands the channel from below.

*July 7.*—Several organizations are preparing to be mustered out. The 98th is at Manchester in camp. A few of the men have been discharged, but, generally, no changes have occurred for a long time. The regiment will soon be ordered to Lynchburg, where it will be distributed by companies over four counties; which it will be required to govern, watch and guard.

Political matters begin to ferment. Union men are finding fault with the Mayor, Joseph Mayo, the most popular man in Richmond, who has held office for many years. To prevent his

being elected Gov. Pierpont refuses to order an election, and Gen. Turner declares that if elected he will not permit him to enter upon the duties of the office. Yesterday, by a card in the city papers, Mr. Mayo withdrew from the canvass. Messrs. Wm. Taylor and Smith are candidates; the former is informally nominated by his friends, and the latter by himself. Mr. Sturdivant, an officer in the late Confederate army, is, informally, a candidate, sustained by the Secession influence.

*July 11.*—In an interview yesterday with Gen. Curtis, who is to govern the department of Lynchburg, he said that he intended to take us with the 98th to his new command. He will give us a satrapy of four counties.

*July 18.*—Three regiments, including the 98th, left by cars, the 15th, for Lynchburg. Each regiment had six army wagons and two ambulances which followed under guard along the wagon road.

We heard and decided twenty-three cases, and our office was crowded with business all day. The county election was held yesterday. By request of the Governor we placed a guard at the polls in the court-house. One arrest was made by order of the presiding officers for disorderly conduct.

The Union ticket was defeated. The successful candidates were officers in the Confederate service. It is very difficult for a stranger to tell which is the Union party. Both parties make the same claims, and allege the same charges against each other.

The city election will be held on Tuesday, the 25th. The people are becoming aroused, and many individuals apprehend difficulty.

The health of the city is improving, and every one is able to talk of political matters, negro suffrage and reconstruction.

On the 12th, General Terry suppressed the *Richmond Whig* on account of its secession proclivities. Even yesterday half a dozen fights occurred before the presence of our guard was required at the county polls. But few white troops now remain, and Terry has ordered two colored regiments to encamp in the vicinity. Their presence excites suspicion, and provokes guessing. Terry has scattered about in the department more than 20,000 men.

*July 24.*—In the evening, we called on Mr. Taylor, the Union candidate for Mayor, and saw at his store several of his friends. So far Mr. Taylor has been before the people simply as an indi-

vidual standing on his own merits; to morrow he will announce himself by a card a candidate for the mayoralty. Mr. Sturdivant, Confederate candidate, will also announce himself publicly.

The 25th.—The day for city election. All quiet; not an arrest in our district.

The two candidates have published their manifestoes, two very similar papers. All the rabid Secessionists, soldiers and officers, supported Mr. Sturdivant, and said they could not vote for Mr. Taylor after reading his card. Mr. Sturdivant was elected by over 500 majority.

The *Republic* speaks plainly of the result, and says that those who have supported Mr. Sturdivant show but little desire to conciliate the North, while they have constantly asked the North to conciliate the South; that though the power of the rebellion is broken its spirit still remains, and that the ashes of the old Confederacy will retain heat enough to warm a Secession party for fifty years.

The preparation of our notes and observations for publication after an interval of more than ten years from their composition has enabled us sometimes to observe the perspective and grouping of the historian. Imperfectly, of course, for we have not a competent history of the late war. Lossing and Greeley have written nothing better than annals, and the efforts of other writers are out of the question. True the army correspondents of the newspapers have photographed the passing events and battles, but for sensational effect. So far the histories are but little better than a patch-work, made of the papers and army reports with scissors and pen. If any one better than another, John W. Draper has discovered and represented the importance of leading ideas, facts and events, the reason of military movements and the meaning of political acts. He has often helped us trim our little bark.

Aug. 1st.—Gen. Turner will not allow the recently elected municipal officers to discharge the functions of their offices. Among other reasons for this step, he alleges that they were officers in the Confederate service, that, at their election, ex-Confederate soldiers were permitted to vote, while Union men by their absence during the war lost their residence.

The war among the papers of the city is fairly inaugurated. The *Republic* is in sentiment strongly for the Union. It speaks plainly and boldly. On the contrary, the *Bulletin* expatiates on the

beauty of supporting soldiers for office, and calls the *Republic* a radical, fault-finding, peace-disturbing, lying sheet.

A few days ago, Franklin Stearns gave a dinner to Gov. Pierpont and his friends. There were present Frank Smith, the treasurer of the state, Mr. Chandler, the marshal of the district of Norfolk, Col. Brown, chief of the Freedmen's Bureau for the state, Gen. Turner, Cols. Ordway and Smith, and a large number of ex-officers and civilians. The preparations were ample and the entertainment sumptuous. Two bands rendered the choicest pieces of music, toasts were read, speeches made, and a few danced in the evening on the green. When they read from the head of the table, "The future of the state of Virginia," they called on us to speak.—Among other things we said, "Virginia, the mother of presidents, was for a long time the first state in the Union. By an intelligent, enlightened and liberal policy she can regain her former place. Her geographical position is central and advantageous; her long and numerous rivers, her wealth of soil, of forests, of mines invite the artizan, the farmer, the laborer, the capitalist. Let your legislature give more attention to internal improvements. Tap the Western trade and travel: run a railroad to Fortress Monroe and another to the Ohio.

Break up your large estates, resurvey your lands and bring them conveniently into market. Seek to turn the current of western emigration this way, cease to proscribe and repel, begin to induce and invite. Every industrious and thrifty settler with his family will add ten thousand dollars to your valuation. Revise your common school laws and give your state a modern common school system. Out and down with your foolish aristocratic ideas of cast and family. Open your eyes to what is going on around you and try to understand the enterprise, the industry, the economy of the day. Learn of your enemies; and remember that in the contest just ended, free labor and modern civilization prevailed." A few tried to cheer once or twice, but it was no go. After dinner Stearns and Frank Smith said privately to us that they were glad to hear us talk so; that it was just the thing; that we hit the nail on the head, but that it would not do for them to say so.

The 98th is scattered over the counties of Henry, Patrick, Franklin and Pittsylvania, with headquarters at Danville. It is to be ordered here at once and mustered out. We are to be relieved. Our sands are nearly out. In the afternoon we rode down through

Rocketts and home through Oak Wood cemetery. On its farther edge is the Union burial ground. Since our occupation of the city that part has been fenced. The graves were marked by a little piece of pine board three inches wide. A few bodies have been removed. Many people were slowly walking among the thousands of graves, looking for certain numbers. No order or method had been observed in burying, and there appeared no other way than to seek and find the little board bearing the number obtained from the registry.

Aug. 16th. In the morning, we called by request on Gen. Turner, the provost marshal of the city, for the purpose of deciding upon the manner of our taking off, of our being relieved. We had a long interview in relation to our official duty, the disposition of the guards, patrols, posts, and the general conduct of the district.

Aug. 18th. The weather is cool, and stirring about is not so unpleasant. Yesterday we turned over the district and the books and papers of the office to our successor. We are to remain in the city until the 21st arrives to be mustered out.

We like to rest; the remark of Scipio that he never was so busy as when he had nothing to do, applies to us. To day we have knit the loose ends of various matters together, arranged, endorsed, packed up our orders, papers, letters, written our memorandum and set our house in order.

We have leisure now to be friendly and social. We have time to interview our friends. One day we spent the afternoon with the lawyers on Franklin street, near the Exchange Hotel and the office of the Richmond *Whig*. During our rule in the city they were uniformly kind and obliging to us. They opened their offices and libraries to us and proffered every assistance. Many of them had repeatedly called on us and had cases and business before us. A majority of them have offices in the city and manage small farms in the vicinity.

The evening of the 21st we received at our rooms the local reporters of the Richmond papers. They came, as they said, "to bid us farewell and thank us for the courtesy of our office." They were Walker of the *Republic*, Witter of the *Bulletin*, Goddin of the *Times*, and Lewis, marine reporter for all the city papers, or, as he styled himself, general correspondent for the Richmond press.

The next day the agents of real estate in the city held a conference at the office of Messrs. Grubb & Williams. They sought ways



and means for inducing discharged soldiers and northern people to settle in Virginia. Nearly every acre of farm land in the state was for sale, and the price varied from three to forty dollars per acre. We were present by invitation, and in a few words developed our plan, which looked to a breaking up of the large parcels or estates, reorganization of society and an increasing of the number of industrial interests or pursuits. The job we proposed was too big for the agents; it was not taken, and the northern laborers stayed away. The land about Dutch Gap, Aikin's landing, Deep Bottom, Spring Hill, the New Market, the Darby-town road, Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, can be bought from eight to ten dollars an acre, in parcels of from three to eight hundred acres.

One day, accompanied by Dr. Mayo, we called on General Lee at his residence, a three story brick building on Franklin street. We found several civilians and Union officers in his front parlor, who, like ourselves, had come to see the Southern chieftain. After waiting a short time, he entered the room, and we were introduced one after another. He appeared very agreeable, pleased to see us, and accosted us with the easy grace and affability of a man well-bred and long accustomed to good society. He asked each of the officers from what part of the North he came and what service he had seen. He remarked that he regretted the war more than any one, that he was glad it was ended, that he felt that the North and South would quietly settle down, heal the wounds, repair the loss, and soon be one nation again. An officer replied: "General, I have often heard it said that if the Army of Northern Virginia had been commanded by any other person than yourself the war would have ended long before it did." Lee bowed to him and replied pleasantly: "On the contrary, it was said in the congress at Richmond, that had that Army been commanded by another, it would have captured Washington and Philadelphia and thus prolonged the war or obtained the independence of the Southern states. We cannot tell; the South has tried hard enough to be free. It seems that she has deserved her independence, but an overruling Providence disposes these things. Though deploring the war and most ardently wishing for peace, I have been forced by an inexorable duty to take the sword against my country, my convictions, and hope. We submit and are glad that we belong again to so great and good a government."

While speaking to us Dr Mayo said, "You remember, General,

that the Colonel lent Agnes and me his buggy to go to White House." "Ah, indeed," said he, "you place the whole city under obligation for what you and your regiment have done, and then you oblige us personally besides. I am very thankful. I shall never forget it. We wished to send a few things to my sons who are trying to manage the plantation there. We had no conveyance. You were very kind to lend us yours. Thank you, Colonel, thank you."

Several companies of the regiment arrived in Manchester on the 23d. Their camp is along the bank of the James, near the Danville depot. The officers are engaged at the muster-out rolls. Though the ranks have been thinned by discharges for expiration of term of service, the books show an aggregate of nearly 550 men, of whom between three and four hundred are present.

On the 26th, we left our quarters in Richmond and occupied a tent in the camp. At this time of the year, it is very pleasant living in tents. Sunday the 27th, we inspected the regiment for the last time, and on the 30th, at 2 P. M., held our last dress parade.

The men were in excellent spirits, not a person reported sick; their clothing, arms, and accoutrement were complete, according to regulations, and in good order.

During the afternoon of the 31st of Aug., the regiment was mustered out in camp by Major Fred. Martin, chief commissary of musters for the department of Virginia. This was the first regiment he had mustered out himself, and he spoke in complimentary terms of the books, rolls and appearance of the men.

At 8 P. M., the officers of the 98th met those of the 20th N. Y. militia in the office of *The Republic* by invitation from the proprietors of that paper.

From our occupation of Richmond the two regiments were intimately associated together. The 20th was Gen. Patrick's favorite regiment. Its camp was on the edge of the city, near Union Hill, and it furnished details, officers and men, for the districts.

The band of the 20th was present, refreshments were served and every one enjoyed the entertainment.

The officers arranged that the 20th should meet the 98th at 8 on the morning of Sept. 1, at the corner of Main and 14th streets, and escort it to the wharf.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 1st of Sept., we started for home and found the 20th at the appointed place.

Besides the escort of the 20th regiment, the 98th was accompanied to the boat by nearly a thousand people, male and female, white and black, acquaintances, friends and citizens, attracted by the martial display, the music, and the crowd. They covered the wharf, the street, the sheds and smaller houses, and at eleven, when our transport moved away, they shouted, yelled, and waved their handkerchiefs, hats and bonnets. The regiment had been long in the city, many of the men had formed strong and earnest attachments, and although the band played "Home, Sweet Home," we observed, that morning, as they shook hands, and said farewell, among the crowd, many sad faces and weeping eyes.

Before leaving camp, we received the following order :

"Office of the Chief Commissary of Musters, }  
Department of Virginia.

"To the Commanding Officer 98th New York Volunteers.

"SIR : Immediately after the muster-out of your command, you will proceed in charge of the same to Albany, New York, and there report to the chief mustering officer of the state for payment and final discharge.

"The quartermaster's department will furnish transportation for twenty-one officers and three hundred and fifty-one men.

"By command of Maj. Gen. Terry.

"FRED. MARTIN,

"Brevet Major U. S. Vols.,

"Chief Commissary of Muster."

*Sept. 1, 1865*, was a beautiful day, bright, warm. A light, thin haze obliterated the definition of distant objects, and hung, like a veil of gauze, between us and the remoter hills and sloping forests. The men stood constantly on deck, and recognized and greeted, with a shout, in succession, as they passed down the James, Fort Harrison, Dutch Gap, Deep Bottom, Bermuda Hundred, City Point, Haxalls, Harrison's landing, Old Jamestown and Newport News. They often said to each other, "Look, look your last." They told all the stories of the Peninsular Campaign, they sang all the songs of the war, they recounted all the incidents of their service, they talked the battles over, and showed how fields were won.

The James is a lordly river, and moves in majesty between its level banks. The world is full of unwritten music, and the voices of nature blended harmoniously that day.

At nine in the evening, we stopped to put some dispatches on shore at Fortress Monroe, and then steamed up the Chesapeake.

The 47th and 81st N. Y. were embarking at the fortress ; having been mustered out, they too were going to Albany. The bay was serene and beautiful. We had a fine moonlight ride. The stars they shot along the sky.

We sat on deck, until late in the night, listening to music, singing, and conversation, and observing the shores, the passing vessels, and the sky,

“ Planets, suns and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense.”

After eleven on the morning of Saturday, the 2d, we arrived in Baltimore. The Monumental city was quiet as Sunday. The men ate at the restaurants, and the officers at the Eutaw House. The war had added largely to its business, then schooners, transports, lined its docks, and filled its harbor ; merchants, sutlers, manufacturers, soldiers, crowded in its warehouses, shops, hotels and streets. Now, the war over, all is changed ; its harbor and streets are empty, business dull, and speculation dead.

We called at once on the quartermaster, and received transportation to New York, by way of Philadelphia, Camden and Amboy. The 47th arrived while we were disembarking, and, an hour later, the 81st.

Two trains of cars were made up to carry the three regiments to Philadelphia. After many delays, we left the depot near sunset, and arrived in Philadelphia, at sunrise, on the following morning. So far no accident has occurred, and none are left behind.

An individual, representing the Cooper Shop Association, met us at the depot, and invited the three regiments to breakfast. The invitation, after the long ride, was cordially and cheerfully accepted. The food was in abundance, clean, well cooked and served. The men sat on chairs and benches beside short tables covered with cotton or linen cloths, and well supplied with cups and saucers, knives and forks, spoons and plates. Fresh bread, boiled potatoes, boiled fresh beef, tea and coffee, composed the bill of fare. Within two hours, the three regiments, numbering fifteen hundred men, were served and done.

The Cooper Shop Association was one of the two free refreshment

saloons for volunteer soldiers in Philadelphia, which were organized in the early part of the war to give food to passing soldiers, and which expended, in money and supplies for that purpose, over \$200,000.

Telegrams were sent before us, informing the people, at the different towns and stations, that three old regiments, returning home from the war, would pass, during the day, from Camden to New York.

Soon after 9 A. M., Sunday, September 3d, we drew out of the depot, and started on our safe and pleasant ride through New Jersey. The day was still, bright and warm. The two trains were generally in sight, and along the route the people collected in the fields, at the crossings of the roads, at the stations, in the towns and cities, waved their handkerchiefs and flags, and cheered and shouted. We had never seen such an ovation. New Jersey was a continued demonstration.

Near 5 P. M., we arrived in New York, and took the regiment to the barracks near Castle Garden. There the men received a supper of the plain 'army food. The tables were of pine boards, and poorly supplied with dishes. The victuals were indifferently prepared and served. Everything looked dirty, filthy and neglected. The officers did not eat at the barracks. When the baggage arrived, we loaded it on the river-boat, "Thomas P. Way," and near 8 P. M., the 98th, men and baggage, were on the homeward route again, steaming up the Hudson.

It was autumn, and moonlight arose on our way. The river, its bold, rocky banks on the one side, its green fields and towns on the other, graceful with hills and dales and leafy woods; the large full moon, the stars, the hundred little boats constantly in sight, unitedly made the way interesting and pleasant. The sky was of a tender blue, serene, unflecked by a single cloud, the evening hours of a Sabbath day, and the earth everywhere in her green robes of summer.

"Heavens! What a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!"

The tourist will look in vain the world over for more beautiful and interesting scenery than he may observe along the Hudson

from New York to Albany, in Autumn, when the moon is riding at her full.

The soldiers enjoyed the whole journey intensely ; careless and happy, pleased they knew not why, silent and attentive, they surrendered themselves to the pleasures of taste and imagination. Accustomed to live out doors and observe closely every object, the river with its sublime and beautiful scenery passed in moving procession by them, less actual than by daylight, more real than a panorama.

Near six o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the 98th arrived in Albany. The hour was too early for Capt. Muhlenberg, chief mustering officer of the state ; so we took the regiment at once to the Veteran Reserve Corps barracks, two miles out on the road to Troy. We found already there waiting the completion of their rolls, in the hands of the paymasters, the 3d, the 100th, the 192d N. Y. vols.

About 9 A. M., after being well established in the new camp, we reported to Capt. Muhlenberg at his office and received the following order :

State of New York, Northern Division, Headquarters of the Acting Assistant Provost Marshal General, and Superintendent of Volunteer Recruiting.

Special Orders, }  
No. 444.

Albany, Sept. 4th, 1865.

Colonel—Commanding the 98th N. Y. Infantry, having reported to these headquarters pursuant to instructions from the chief commissary of muster, department of Virginia, Aug. 31st, 1865, will proceed with his command to the Veteran Reserve Corps barracks and report on arrival to Col. J. E. Farnam, commanding post, for the purpose of procuring camping ground and subsistence while awaiting payment and final discharge.

FRANK P. MUHLENBERG,

Brevet Major, U. S. A., Acting Chief Mustering Officer.

During the afternoon, we procured teams, drew up our baggage and pitched our tents, the men only occupying the barracks. Towards evening, the 81st arrived, making five regiments in the camp. The 47th remained in the city of New York.

We called upon Gov. Fenton, Adjutant General, Wm. Irvine and Colonel B. C. Gilbert, the appointing clerk. They spoke in complimentary terms of the regiment, seemed to know as much of it as we did, and said they would do anything in their power to acknowledge its services. We replied that there were a number of

vacancies in the field and line, and that in our opinion the Governor could confer no greater favor upon the regiment and its friends than to fill them from its ranks. They approved the suggestion, and requested us to make the application.

We have orders to turn in the regimental property. The ordnance and quartermaster's stores we took to Albany; the regimental and company books we boxed carefully and sent to Washington.

On the 12th, the Governor signed commissions for the following persons with date of rank from April 3d, 1863, the day of our entrance into Richmond: Major Wm. H. Rogers to be Lt. colonel; Capt Alfred C. Wells to be major; Lieuts. L. B. Sperry, S. B. Powell, S. S. Short, to be captains; first Sergeants, John McCullough, Samuel Howes, G. W. Adams, William Johnson, Alonzo A. Rhodes and Peter Baer, to be first lieutenants; and Sergeants, Frank Myers, Samuel C. Hardy, J. M. H. Davis, A. D. Williams, George Milam, William Bowles, Eusebe Lalime, Henry Holbrook and Thurston G. Foster to be 2d lieutenants.

Knowing that certain ladies of Lyons had presented, in 1862, a silken banner to the regiment, we directed the adjutant to deliver the flag to Col. Rogers, and request him to return it to them, and at the same time to hand the colonel a copy of the following letter of acknowledgment and transmission for the regiment:

Albany, New York, }  
Sept. 13th, 1865. }

To Misses Fanny Cramer, Julia Holley and others, Ladies of Lyons, N. Y.:

I have the honor to return to you by the hands of Col. Wm. H. Rogers, on behalf of the 98th N. Y. vols., the banner which you gave us in 1862, when at the call of the President, we set out to fight for the integrity of our country. We have unfurled it boldly before the enemy's lines and never suffered it to be disgraced or dishonored.

We were happy to receive it and bear it, a pledge of your encouragement and support, the sign of hope and triumph; and, now, by the blessing of God, the enemies of our country having been vanquished, the Constitution and the laws re-established and we, coming home from the war, desire to return the beautiful emblem to those who gave it

As in the tented field this banner of our native state often reminded us of our distant homes, our former free and happy country, and the noble women who gave it us; so, hereafter, may it recall to the mind of those who shall gaze upon it, the scenes though which it has passed, the occasion upon which it was presented and the fidelity, courage and pa-

triotism of those who bore it in the battles around Petersburg and Richmond.

During the 16th, the enlisted men were paid. In addition to pay, arrears of bounty and allowance for clothes, each man received transportation to the place of his enlistment. The rolls having been signed the night before, the men were marched to the paymaster's tent by companies and paid alphabetically. All were ready to go, and as soon as paid they turned away and took the cars for home.

As the last soldier received his stipend we noted the hour, Sept. 16th, 1865, three o'clock and twenty minutes. Oct. 10th 1861, we enlisted, our term of service then not wanting of four years thirty days.

We thought it suitable and proper that on disbanding the 98th we should make a speech. One evening we called the men together and spoke to them our farewell address substantially as follows :

FELLOW SOLDIERS :—You are returning from a war which has shaken the industrial interests of the world. Your marches, toils and battles have been crowned with success. In all the rebellious states the Constitution and laws are supreme. Henceforth our country shall be one and undivided forever. You are about to sever those ties which have united you in the nation's darkest hours and which have been cemented and grown stronger in contest and victory ; but your friends and relatives will rejoice to receive you, glorious survivors, returning from the overthrow and dispersion of their enemies and the final triumph of their cause.

The battles in which you have been engaged shall live forever in your country's annals. On the mountains, in the valleys, on the rivers, the plains, the lakes, and in the towns and cities, the narrative of your sufferings, toils and victories shall elicit in all time the warmest commendation.

The issues of the contest were the struggles of progress and modern ideas against ancient opinions and prejudice ; posterity will therefore regard the achievement of emancipation and the establishment of nationality as victories won for modern civilization, right and justice.

To those of your comrades who have died in the line of duty, no tribute can be too great, no honors too flattering. Though left unburied on the battle-field, though their bones are blanched by the rains and winds of heaven, though they lie in unknown and unmarked graves, though they smoulder in the trenches around Petersburg and Richmond, yet



our free and united country is their monument, and its history shall wreath their names and graves with everlasting greenness.

You who have periled your lives for the integrity of the nation, are now citizens again. Your duties are still great and your responsibilities tremendous. The voices of your comrades living and dead call upon you to be socially and politically true in heart and head. Society needs everywhere, brave, earnest and truthful men, and such men everywhere succeed.

The possibilities of your country are infinite. Its constitution and laws contain elements which shall regenerate the political world. The people advocating universal education, an unfettered career is open to talent, the intelligence of the nation is being organized; in making and dispensing law and holding the places of honor and profit, audacious ignorance is yielding to the intellect of the country. Soon the Stars and Stripes will indicate the land of stability and progress, liberty and laws, opportunity for talent, justice to all.

Look around. All is peace. And God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness and prosperity. He has allowed you to partake the reward of your patriotic toils. You who for four years have put everything at hazard in your country's cause on picket, in the assault, and charge, on the field strewn with the dead and the dying, shall henceforth be blessed and consecrated by future generations with those who fought at Yorktown, Bennington and Saratoga. Niches are prepared for you beside Revolutionary heroes. All is peace. Look abroad into this lovely land which your valor has contributed to unite, defend and fill with happiness and prosperity. Look abroad into the whole earth and see what a name you have given to your country, what a praise you have given to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude due you for the improved condition of mankind and the emancipation of four millions of the human race.

Return to your homes, endeavor to be good citizens, and the patriotic and just will everywhere honor, respect and help you. This is an age of reforms and advancement, combat the evil, labor for the good.

The work which we proposed is finished. The service of the 98th is associated with the Nation's History and our Notes and Observations relate to some of the more important events which transpired in the struggle of the Republic for existence. The story of the soldier is the history of the war.









